



The Bancroft Library

University of California • Berkeley









AMERICAN MISCELLANY.

CONSISTING OF

CHOICE SELECTIONS

FROM THE WRITINGS OF

HEADLEY,	CHANNING,	WEBSTER,	BRYANT,
COOPER,	AMES,	STORY,	WILLIS,
IRVING,	JEFFERSON,	HAVENS,	PERCIVAL,
POE,	WIRT,	ADAMS,	HALLECK,
WOODWORTH,	MELVILLE,	ALLSTON,	BRAINARD.

AND OTHER ENGLISH AUTHORS.

BATH, N. Y.

R. L. UNDERHILL & Co.

1851.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

LIBRARY & HERBARIUM

1000 5th Avenue, New York, N. Y.

RECEIVED
JAN 10 1900
AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
LIBRARY & HERBARIUM

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

LIBRARY

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

1900

AMERICAN MISCELLANY.

PART I.

NARRATIVE PIECES.

Mount Tabor.

WHAT strange contrasts this earth of ours presents. It seems to be the middle spot between heaven and hell, and to partake of the character of both. Beings from both are found moving over its surface, and scenes from both are constantly occurring upon it. The glory from one and the midnight shades from the other meet along its bosom, and the song of angels and the shriek of fiends go up from the same spot. Noonday and midnight are not more opposite than the scenes that are constantly passing before our eyes. The temple of God stands beside a brothel, and the place of prayer is separated only by a single dwelling from the "hell" of the gambler. Truth and falsehood walk side by side through our streets, and vice and virtue meet and pass every hour of the day. The hut of the starving stands in the shadow of the palace of the wealthy, and the carriage of the Dives every day throws the dust of its glittering wheels over the tattered garments of Lazarus. Health and sickness lie down in the same apartment; joy and agony look out of the same window; and hope and despair dwell under the same roof. The cry of the new born infant and groan of the dying rise together from the same dwelling; the funeral procession treads close on the heels of the bridal party, and the tones of the lute and viol have scarcely died away before the requiem for the dead comes swelling after. Oh! the beautiful and the deformed, the pure and corrupt, joy and sorrow, ecstasies and agonies, life and death, are strangely blent on this restless planet of ours.

But the past and future present as strange contrasts as

the present. What different events have transpired on the same spot. Where the smoke of the Indian's wigwam arose, and the stealthy tread of the wolf and panther was heard over the autumn leaves at twilight, the population of New York now surges along. Where once Tyre the queen of the sea stood, fishermen are spreading their nets on the desolate rocks, and the bright waves are rolling over its marble columns. In the empty apartments of Edom the fox makes his den, and the dust of the desert is sifting over the forsaken ruins of Palmyra. The owl hoots in the ancient halls of kings, and the wind of the summer night makes sad music through the rents of once gorgeous palaces. The Arab spurs his steed along the streets of ancient Jerusalem, or scornfully stands and curls his lip at the pilgrim pressing wearily to the sepulchre of the Saviour. The Muezzin's voice rings over the bones of the prophets, and the desert wind heaps the dust above the foundations of the seven churches of Asia. Oh, how good and evil, light and darkness, chase each other over the world.

Forty-seven years ago, a form was seen standing on Mount Tabor with which the world has since become familiar. It was a bright spring morning, and as he sat on his steed in the clear sunlight, his eye rested on a scene in the vale below, which was sublime and appalling enough to quicken the pulsations of the calmest heart. That form was Napoleon Bonaparte, and the scene before him the fierce and terrible "BATTLE OF MOUNT TABOR." From Nazareth, where the Saviour once trod, Kleber had marched with three thousand French soldiers forth into the plain, when lo, at the foot of Mount Tabor he saw the whole Turkish army drawn up in order of battle. Fifteen thousand infantry and twelve thousand splendid cavalry moved down in majestic strength on this band of three thousand French. Kleber had scarcely time to throw his handful of men into squares, with the cannon at the angles, before those twelve thousand horse, making the earth smoke and thunder as they came, burst into a headlong gallop upon them. But round those steady squares rolled a fierce devouring fire, emptying the saddles of those wild horsemen with frightful rapidity, and strewing the earth with the bodies of the riders and steeds together. Again and again did those splendid squadrons wheel, re-form and charge with deafening shouts, while their uplifted and flashing scimitars gleamed like a forest of steel through the smoke of battle; but that same wasting fire received them; till those squares seemed bound by a girdle

of flame, so rapid and constant were the discharges. Before the certain and deadly aim as they stood fighting for existence, the charging squadrons fell so fast that a rampart of dead bodies was soon formed around them. Behind this embankment of dead men and horses this band of warriors stood and fought for six dreadful hours, and was still steadily thinning the ranks of the enemy, when Napoleon debouched with a single division on Mount Tabor, and turned his eye below. What a scene met his gaze. The whole plain was filled with marching columns and charging squadrons of wildly galloping steeds, while the thunder of cannon and fierce rattle of musketry, amid which now and then was heard the blast of thousands of trumpets, and strains of martial music, filled all the air. The smoke of battle was rolling furiously over the hosts, and all was confusion and chaos in his sight. Amid the twenty-seven thousand Turks that crowded the plain and enveloped their enemy like a cloud, and amid the incessant discharge of artillery and musketry, Napoleon could tell where his own brave troops were struggling, only by the simultaneous volleys which showed how discipline was contending with the wild valor of overpowering numbers. The constant flashes from behind that rampart of dead bodies were like spots of flame on the tumultuous and chaotic field. Napoleon descended from Mount Tabor with his little band, while a single twelve-pounder, fired from the heights, told the wearied Kleber that he was rushing to the rescue. Then for the first time he took the offensive, and pouring his enthusiastic followers on the foe, carried death and terror over the field. Thrown into confusion, and trampled under foot, that mighty army rolled turbulently back towards the Jordan, where Murat was anxiously waiting to mingle in the fight. Dashing with his cavalry among the disordered ranks, he sabered them down without mercy, and raged like a lion amid the prey. This chivalric and romantic warrior declared that the remembrance of the scenes that once transpired on Mount Tabor, and on these thrice consecrated spots, came to him in the hottest of the fight, and nerved him with tenfold courage.

As the sun went down over the plains of Palestine, and twilight shed its dim ray over the rent and trodden and dead-covered field, a sulphurous cloud hung around the summit of Mount Tabor. The smoke of battle had settled there where once the cloud of glory rested, while groans and shrieks and cries rent the air. Nazareth, Jordan and Mount Tabor! what spots for battle-fields!

Roll back twenty centuries and again view that hill. The day is bright and beautiful, and the same rich oriental landscape is smiling on the same sun. There is Nazareth with its busy population,—the same Nazareth from which Kleber marched his army: and there is Jordan rolling its bright waters along,—the same Jordan along whose banks charged the glittering squadrons of Murat's cavalry; and there is Mount Tabor,—the same on which Bonaparte stood with his cannon; and the same beautiful plain where rolled the smoke of battle, and struggled thirty thousand men in mortal combat. But how different is the scene that is passing there. The Son of God stands on that height and casts his eyes over the quiet valley through which Jordan winds its silver current. Three friends are beside Him: they have walked together up the toilsome way, and now the four stand mere specks on the distant summit. Far away to the north-west shines the blue Medeterranean—all around is the great plain of Esdraelon and Galilee—eastward, the Lake Tiberias dots the landscape, while Mount Carmel lifts its summit in the distance. But the glorious landscape at their feet is forgotten in a sublimer scene that is passing before them. The son of Mary—the carpenter of Nazareth—the wanderer with whom they have ate and drank and travelled on foot many a weary league, in all the intimacy of companions and friends, begins to change before their eyes. Over his soiled and coarse garments is spreading a strange light, steadily brightening into intenser beauty, till that form glows with such splendor that it seems to waver to and fro and dissolve in the still radiance.

The three astonished friends gaze on in speechless admiration, then turn to that familiar face. But lo, a greater change has passed over it. The man has put on the God, and that sad and solemn countenance which has been so often seen stooping over the couch of the dying, and entering the door of the hut of poverty, and passing through the streets of Jerusalem, and pausing by the weary wayside—aye, bedewed with the tears of pity, now burns like the sun in his midday splendor. Meekness has given away to majesty—sadness to dazzling glory—the look of pity to the grandeur of a God. The still radiance of heaven sits on that serene brow, and all around that divine form flows an atmosphere of strange and wondrous beauty. Heaven has poured its brightness over that consecrated spot, and on the beams of light which glitter there, Moses and Elias have descended; and, wrapped in the same shining vestments, stand beside

him. Wonder follows wonder, for those three glittering forms are talking with each other, and amid the thrilling accents are heard the words "Mount Olivet," "Calvary," the agony and the death of the crucifixion. Peter, awe-struck and overcome, feeling also the influence of that heavenly atmosphere, and carried away by a sudden impulse, says to Jesus, in low and tremulous accents: "It is good to be here; let us build three tabernacles; one for thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias." Confused by the scene and dazzled by the splendor, he was ignorant what he was saying. He knew not the meaning of this sudden appearance, but he knew that heaven was near and God revealing himself, and he felt that some sacred ceremony would be appropriate to the scene; and while his bewildered gaze was fixed on the three forms before him, his unconscious lips murmured forth the feeling of his heart. No wonder a sudden fear came over him, that paralyzed his tongue and crushed him to the earth, when in the midst of his speech he saw a cloud fall like a falling star from heaven, and, bright and dazzling, balance itself over those forms of light. Perhaps his indiscreet interruption had brought this new messenger down, and from its bosom the thunder and flame of Sinai were to burst; and he fell on his face in silent terror. But that cloud was only a canopy for its God, and from its bright foldings came a voice, saying, "This is beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, hear ye Him."

How long the vision lasted we cannot tell, but all that night did Jesus, with his friends, stay on that lonely mountain. Of the conversation that passed between them there we know nothing: but little sleep, we imagine, visited their eyes that night; and as they sat on the high summit and watched the stars, as they rose one after another above the horizon, and poured her light over the dim and darkened landscape, words were spoken that seemed born of heaven, and truths never to be forgotten were uttered in the ears of the subdued and reverent disciples.

Oh, how different is heaven and earth! Can there be a stranger contrast than the Battle and Transfiguration of Mount Tabor? One shudders to think of Bonaparte and the Son of God on the same mountain; one with his wasting cannon by his side, and the other with Moses and Elias just from heaven.

But no other desecration can destroy the first consecration of Mount Tabor; for baptised with the glory of heaven, and honored with the wondrous scene of the Transfiguration, it stands a *Sacred Mountain* on the earth. *Headley.*

The Shipwreck.

"When the tide falls," he said in a voice that betrayed the agony of fear, though his words expressed the renewal of hope, "we shall be enabled to walk to land."

"There was One, and only One, to whom the waters were the same as a dry deck," returned the cockswain; "and none but such as have his power will ever be able to walk from these rocks to the sands." The old seaman paused and turning his eyes, which exhibited a mingled expression of disgust and compassion, on his companion, he added, with reverence,—*"Had you thought more of him in fair weather, your case would be less to be pitied in this tempest."*

"Do you think there is much danger?" asked Dillon.

"To them that have reason to fear death. Listen! do you hear that hollow noise beneath ye?"

"'Tis the wind, driving by the vessel!"

"'Tis the poor thing herself," said the affected cockswain, "giving her last groans. The water is breaking up her decks, and in a few minutes more the handsomest model that ever cut a wave will be like the chips that fell from her timbers in framing!"

"Why, then, did you remain here?" cried Dillon, wildly.

"To die in my coffin, if it should be the will of God," returned Tom. "These waves, to me, are what the land is to you; I was born on them, and I always meant that they should be my grave."

"But I—I," shrieked Dillon, "I am not ready to die!—I cannot die!—I will not die!"

"Poor wretch!" muttered his companion; "you must go, like the rest of us; when the death-watch is called, none can skulk from the muster."

"I can swim," Dillon continued, rushing with frantic eagerness to the side of the wreck. "Is there no billet of wood, no rope, that I can take with me?"

"None; everything has been cut away or carried off by the sea. If ye are about to strive for your life, take with ye a stout heart and a clean conscience, and trust the rest to God!"

"God!" echoed Dillon in the madness of his phrensy; "I know no God! there is no God that knows me!"

"Peace!" said the deep tones of the cockswain, in a voice that seemed to speak in the elements; "blasphemer peace!"

The heavy groaning, produced by the water in the timbers of the Ariel, at that moment added its impulse to the raging feeling of Dillon, and he cast himself headlong into the sea.

* * * * *

"Sheer to port, and clear the under-tow! sheer to the southward!"

Dillon heard the sounds, but his faculties were too much obscured by terror to distinguish their object; he, however, blindly yielded to the call, and gradually changed his direction, until his face was once more turned towards the vessel. The current swept him diagonally by the rocks, and he was forced in an eddy, where he had nothing to contend against but the waves, whose violence was much broken by the wreck. In this state he continued still to struggle, but with a force that was too much weakened to overcome the resistance he met. Tom looked around him for a rope, but all had gone over with the spars, or been swept away by the waves. At this moment of disappointment his eyes met those of the desperate Dillon. Calm, and inured to horrors, as was the veteran seaman, he involuntarily passed his hand before his brow, to exclude the look of despair he encountered; and when a moment afterwards, he removed the rigid member, he beheld the sinking form of the victim, as it gradually settled in the ocean, still struggling, with regular, but impotent strokes of the arms and feet, to gain the wreck, and to preserve an existence that had been so much abused in its hour of allotted probation.

"He will soon know his God, and learn that his God knows him!" murmured the cockswain to himself. As he yet spoke, the wreck of the Ariel yielded to an overwhelming sea, and, after a universal shudder, her timbers gave way, and were swept towards the cliffs, bearing the body of the simple-hearted cockswain among the ruins."

Cooper.

Fayaway, the Typee Girl.

The beauteous nymph Fayaway was my particular favorite. Her free pliant figure was the perfection of female grace and beauty. Her complexion was a rich and mantling olive, and when watching the glow upon her cheeks I could almost swear that beneath the transparent medium there lurked the blushes of a faint vermilion. The face of this

girl was a rounded oval, and each feature as perfectly formed as the heart or imagination of man could desire. Her full lips, when parted with a smile, disclosed teeth of dazzling whiteness; and when her rosy mouth opened with a burst of merriment, they looked like the milk-white seeds of "arta," a fruit of the valley, which, when cleft in twain, shows them reposing in rows on either side, imbedded in the red and juicy pulp. Her hair of the deepest brown, parted irregularly in the middle, flowed in natural ringlets over her shoulders, and whenever she chanced to stoop, fell over and hid from view her lovely bosom. Gazing into the depths of her strange blue eyes, when she was in a contemplative mood, they seemed most placid yet unfathomable; but when illuminated by some lively emotion, they beamed upon the beholder like stars. The hands of Fayaway were as soft and delicate as those of any countess; for an entire exemption from rude labor marks the girlhood and even prime of a Typee woman's life. Her feet, though wholly exposed, were as diminutive and fairly shaped as those which peep from beneath the skirts of a Lima lady's dress. The skin of this young creature, from continual ablutions and the use of mollifying ointments, was inconceivably smooth and soft.

I may succeed, perhaps, in particularising some of the individual features of Fayaway's beauty, but that general loveliness of appearance which they all contributed to produce I will not attempt to describe. The easy unstudied graces of a child of nature like this, breathing from infancy an atmosphere of perpetual summer, and nurtured by the simple fruits of the earth; enjoying a perfect freedom from care and anxiety, and removed effectually from all injurious tendencies, strike the eye in a manner which cannot be portrayed. This picture is no fancy sketch; it is drawn from the most vivid recollections of the person delineated.

Were I asked if the beauteous form of Fayaway was altogether free from the hideous blemish of tattooing, I should be constrained to answer that it was not. But the practitioners of this barbarous art so remorseless in their inflictions upon the brawny limbs of the warriors of the tribe, seem to be conscious that it needs not the resources of their profession to augment the charms of the maidens of the vale.

The females are very little embellished in this way, and Fayaway, and all other young girls of her age, were even less so than those of their sex more advanced in years. The reason of this peculiarity will be alluded to hereafter. All the tattooing that the nymph in question exhibited upon her

person may be easily described. Three minute dots, no bigger than pin-heads, decorated either lip, and at a little distance were not at all discernable. Just upon the fall of the shoulder were drawn two parallel lines half an inch apart, and perhaps three inches in length, the interval being filled with delicately executed figures. These narrow bands of tattooing, thus placed, always reminded me of those stripes of gold lace worn by officers in undress, and which are in lieu of epaulettes to denote their rank.

Thus much was Fayaway tattooed. The audacious hand which had gone so far in its desecrating work stopping short, apparently wanting a heart to proceed.

But I have omitted to describe the dress worn by this nymph of the valley.

Fayaway—I must avow the fact—for the most part clung to the primitive and summer garb of Eden. But how becoming the costume! It showed her fine figure to the best possible advantage; and nothing could have been better adapted to her peculiar style of beauty. At times, when rambling among the groves, or visiting at the houses of her acquaintance, she wore a tunic of white tappa, reaching from her waist to a little below the knees; and when exposed for any length of time to the sun, she invariably protected herself from its rays by a floating mantle of the same material, loosely gathered about the person.

As the beauties of our own land delight in bedecking themselves with fanciful articles of jewelry, suspending them from their ears, hanging them about their necks, and clasping them about their wrists; so Fayaway and her companions were in the habit of ornamenting themselves with similar appendages.

Flora was their jeweller. Sometimes they wore necklaces of small carnation flowers, strung like rubies upon a fibre of tappa, or displayed in their ears a single white bud, the stem thrust backward through the aperture, and showing in front the delicate petals folded together in a beautiful sphere, and looking like a drop of the purest pearl. Chaplets too, resembling in their arrangement the strawberry coronal worn by the English peeress, and composed of intertwined leaves and blossoms, often crowned their temples; and bracelets and anklets of the same tasteful pattern were frequently to be seen. Indeed, the maidens of the Island were passionately fond of flowers, and never wearied of decorating their persons with them; a lovely trait in their character, and one that ere long will be more fully alluded to.

Though, in my eyes at least, Fayaway was indisputably the loveliest female I saw in Typee, yet the description I have given of her will in some measure apply to nearly all the youthful portion of her sex in the valley. Judge ye then, reader, what beautiful creatures they must have been.

Melville.

A Descent into the Maelstrom.

By this time the first fury of the tempest had spent itself, or perhaps we did not feel it so much, as we scudded before it, but at all events the seas, which at first had been kept down by the wind, and lay flat and frothing, now got up into absolute mountains. A singular change, too, had come over the heavens. Around in every direction it was still as black as pitch, but nearly overhead there burst out, all at once, a circular rift of clear sky—as clear as I ever saw—and of a deep bright blue—and through it there blazed forth the full moon with the lustre that I never before knew her to wear. She lit up every thing about us with the greatest distinctness—but, oh God, what a scene it was to light up!

I now made one or two attempts to speak to my brother—but, in some manner which I could not understand, the din had so increased that I could not make him hear a single word, although I screamed at the top of my voice in his ear. Presently he shook his head, looking as pale as death, and held up one of his fingers, as if to say '*listen!*'

At first I could not make out what he meant—but soon a hideous thought flashed upon me. I dragged my watch from its fob. It was not going. I glanced at its face by the moonlight, and then burst into tears as I flung it far away into the ocean. *It had run down at seven o'clock! We were behind the time of the slack, and the whirl of the Strom was in full fury!*

When a boat is well built, properly trimmed, and not deep laden, the waves in a strong gale, when she is going large, seem always to slip from beneath her—which appears very strange to a landsman—and this is what is called *ruding*, in a sea phrase. Well, so far we had ridden the swell very cleverly; but presently a gigantic sea happened to take us right under the counter, and bore us with it as it rose—up—up—as if into the sky. I would not have believed that any wave could rise so high. And then down we came with a

sweep, a slide, and a plunge, that made me feel sick and dizzy, as if I was falling from some lofty mountain-top in a dream. But while we were up I had thrown a quick glance around—and that one glance was all sufficient. I saw our exact position in an instant. The Moskoe-strom, whirlpool was about a quarter of a mile dead ahead—but no more like the every-day Moskoe-strom, than the whirl, as you now see it, is like a mill-race. If I had not known where we were and what we had to expect, I should not have recognised the place at all. As it was, I involuntarily closed my eyes in horror. The lids clenched themselves together as if in a spasm.

It could not have been more than two minutes afterward until we suddenly felt the waves subside, and were enveloped in foam. The boat made a sharp half turn to larboard, and then shot off in its new direction like a thunderbolt.—At the same moment the roaring noise of the water was completely drowned in a kind of shrill shriek—such a sound as you might imagine given out by the waste-pipes of many thousand steam-vessels, letting off their steam all together. We were now in the belt of surf that always surrounds the whirl; and I thought, of course, that another moment would plunge us into the abyss—down which we could only see indistinctly on account of the amazing velocity with which we were borne along. The boat did not seem to sink into the water at all, but to skim like an air-bubble upon the surface of the surge. Her starboard side was next to the whirl, and on the larboard arose the world of ocean we had left. It stood like a huge writhing wall between us and the horizon.

It may appear strange, but now, when we were in the very jaws of the gulf, I felt more composed than when we were only approaching it. Having made up my mind to hope no more, I got rid of a good deal of that terror which unmanned me at first. I suppose it was despair that strung my nerves.

It may look like boasting—but what I tell you is truth—I began to reflect how magnificent a thing it was to die in such a manner, and how foolish it was for me to think of so paltry a consideration as my own individual life, in view of so wonderful a manifestation of God's power. I do believe that I blushed with shame when this idea crossed my mind. After a little while I became possessed with the keenest curiosity about the whirl itself. I positively felt a *wish* to explore its depths, even at the sacrifice I was going to make; and my principal grief was that I should never

be able to tell my old companions on shore about the mysteries I should see. These, no doubt, were singular fancies to occupy a man's mind in such extremity—and I have often thought since, that the revolutions of the boat around the pool might have rendered me a little light-headed.

There was another circumstance which tended to restore my self-possession; and this was the cessation of the wind, which could not reach us in our present situation—for the belt of the surf is considerable lower than the general bed of the ocean, and this latter now towered above us, a high, black mountainous ridge. If you have never been at sea in a heavy gale, you can form no idea of the confusion of mind occasioned by the wind and spray together. They blind, deafen, and strangle you, and take away all power of action or reflection. But we were now in a great measure, rid of these annoyances—just as death-condemned felons in prison are allowed petty indulgences, forbidden them while their doom is yet uncertain.

How often we made the circuit of the belt it is impossible to say. We careered round and round for perhaps an hour, flying rather than floating, getting gradually more and more into the middle of the surge, and then nearer and nearer to its horrible inner edge. All this time I had never let go of the ring-bolt. My brother was at the stern, holding on to a small empty water-cask which had been securely lashed under the coop of the counter, and was the only thing on deck that had not been swept overboard when the gale first took us. As we approached the brink of the pit he let go his hold upon this, and made for the ring, from which, in the agony of his terror, he endeavored to force my hands, as it was not large enough to afford up both a secure grasp. I never felt a deeper grief than when I saw him attempt this act—although I knew he was a madman when he did it—a raving maniac through sheer fright. I did not care, however, to contest the point with him. I knew it could make no difference whether either of us held on at all; so I let him have the bolt, and went astern to the cask. This there was no great difficulty in doing; for the smack flew round steadily enough, and upon an even keel—only swaying to and fro, with the immense sweeps and swelters of the whirl. Scarcely had I secured myself in my new position, when we gave a wild lurch to starboard, and rushed headlong into the abyss. I muttered a hurried prayer to God, and thought all was over.

As I felt the sickening sweep of the descent, I had in-

instinctively tightened my hold upon the barrel, and closed my eyes. For some seconds I dared not open them—while I expected instant destruction, and wondered that I was not already in my death-struggles with the water. But moment after moment elapsed. I still lived. The sense of falling had ceased; and the motion of the vessel seemed much as it had been before, while in the belt of foam, with the exception that she now lay more along. I took courage and looked once again upon the scene.

Never shall I forget the sensations of awe, horror, and admiration with which I gazed about me. The boat appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down, upon the interior surface of a funnel vast in circumference, prodigious in depth and whose perfectly smooth sides might have been mistaken for ebony, but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun around, and for the gleaming and ghastly radiance they shot forth, as the rays of the full moon, from that circular rift amid the clouds which I have already described, streamed in a flood of golden glory along the black walls, and far away down into the inmost recesses of the abyss.

At first I was too much confused to observe anything accurately. The general burst of terrific grandeur was all that I beheld. When I recovered myself a little, however, my gaze fell instinctively downward. In this direction I was able to obtain an unobstructed view, from the manner in which the smack hung on the inclined surface of the pool.—She was quite upon an even keel—that is to say, her deck lay in a plane parallel with that of the water—but this latter sloped at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, so that we seemed to be laying upon our beam-ends. I could not help observing, nevertheless, that I had scarcely more difficulty in maintaining my hold and footing in this situation, than if we had been a dead level; and this, I suppose, was owing to the speed at which we revolved.

The rays of the moon seemed to search the very bottom of the profound gulf; but still I could make out nothing distinctly, on account of a thick mist in which every thing there was enveloped, and over which there hung a magnificent rainbow, like that narrow and tottering bridge which Mussulmen say is the only pathway between Time and Eternity. The mist, or spray, was no doubt occasioned by the clashing of the great walls of the funnel, as they all met together at the bottom—but the yell that went up to the Heavens from out of that mist, I dare not attempt to describe.

Our first slide into the abyss itself, from the belt of foam above, had carried us a great distance down the slope; but our farther descent was by no means proportionate. Round and round we swept—not with any uniform movement—but in dizzying swings and jerks, that sent us sometimes only a few hundred yards—sometimes nearly the complete circuit of the whirl. Our progress downward, at each revolution, was slow, but very perceptible.

Looking about me upon the wide waste of liquid ebony on which we were thus borne, I perceived that our boat was not the only object in the embrace of the whirl. Both above and below us were visible fragments of vessels, large masses of building timber and trunks of trees, with many smaller articles, such as pieces of house furniture, broken boxes, barrels and staves. I have already described the unnatural curiosity which had taken the place of my original terrors. It appeared to grow upon me as I drew nearer and nearer to my dreadful doom. I now began to watch, with a strange interest, the numerous things that floated in our company. I *must* have been been delirious—for I even sought amusement in speculating upon the relative velocities of their several descents towards the foam below. ‘This fir tree,’ I found myself at one time saying, ‘will certainly be the next thing that takes the awful plunge and disappears,’—and then I was disappointed to find that the wreck of a Dutch merchant ship overtook it and went down before. At length, after making several guesses of this nature, and being deceived in all—this fact—the fact of my invariable miscalculation—set me upon a train of reflection that made my limbs again tremble, and my heart beat heavily once more.

It was not a new terror that thus affected me, but the dawn of a more exciting *hope*. This hope arose partly from memory and partly from present observation. I called to mind the great variety of buoyant matter that strewed the coast of Lofoden, having been absorbed and then thrown forth by the Moskoe-strom. By far the greater number of the articles were shattered in the most extraordinary way—so chafed and roughened as to have the appearance of being stuck full of splinters—but then I distinctly recollected that there were *some* of them which were not disfigured at all.—Now I could not account for this difference except by supposing that the roughened fragments were the only ones which had been *completely absorbed*—that the others had entered the whirl at so late a period of the tide, or for some reason, had descended so slowly after entering, that they did not

reach the bottom before the turn of the flood came, or of the ebb, as the case might be. I conceived it possible, in either instance, that they might thus be whirled up again to the level of the ocean, without undergoing the fate of those which had been drawn in more early, or absorbed more rapidly. I made, also, three important observations. The first was, that, as a general rule, the larger the bodies were, the more rapid their descent—the second, that between two masses of equal extent, the one spherical, and the other of *any other shape*, the superiority in the speed of descent was with the sphere—the third that between two masses of equal size, the one cylindrical, and the other of any other shape, the cylinder was absorbed the more slowly. Since my escape, I have had several conversations on this subject with an old school-master of the district; and it was from him that I learned the use of the words ‘cylinder’ and ‘sphere.’ He explained to me—although I have forgotten the explanation—how what I observed was, in fact the natural consequence of the forms of the floating fragments—and showed me how it happened that a cylinder, swimming in a vortex, offered more resistance to its suction, and was drawn in with greater difficulty than an equally bulky body, of any form whatever.

There was one startling circumstance which went a great way in enforcing these observations, and rendering me anxious to turn them to account, and this was that, at every revolution, we passed something like a barrel, or else the yard or the mast of a vessel, while many of these things, which had been on our level when I first opened my eyes upon the wonders of the whirlpool, were now high above us, and seemed to have moved but little from their original station.

I no longer hesitated what to do. I resolved to lash myself securely to the water cask upon which I now held, to cut it loose from the counter, and to throw myself with it into the water. I attracted my brother's attention by signs, pointed to the floating barrels that came near us, and did everything in my power to make him understand what I was about to do. I thought at length that he comprehended my design—but, whether this was the case or not, he shook his head despairingly, and refused to move from his station by the ring-bolt. It was impossible to reach him; the emergency admitted of no delay; and so with a bitter struggle, I resigned him to his fate, fastened myself to the cask by means of the lashings which secured it to the counter, and precipitated myself with it into the sea, without another

moment's hesitation. The result was precisely what I had hoped it might be.

Poc.

A Hunt for a lost Comrade.

THE morning dawned, and an hour or two passed without any tidings of the Count. We began to feel uneasiness lest, having no compass to aid him, he might, perplex himself and wander in some opposite direction. Stragglers are thus often lost for days; what made us more anxious about him was, that he had no provisions with him, was totally unversed in "wood craft," and liable to fall into the hands of some lurking or straggling party of savages.

As soon as our people, therefore, had made their breakfast, we beat up for volunteers for a cruise in search of the Count. A dozen of the rangers, mounted on some of the best and freshest horses, and armed with rifles, were soon ready to start; our half-breeds Beatte and Antoine also, with our little mongrel Frenchman, were zealous in the cause; so Mr. L. and myself taking the lead, to show the way to the scene of our little hunt, where we had parted company with the Count, we all set out across the prairie.—A ride of a couple miles brought us to the carcasses of the two buffaloes we had killed. A legion of ravenous wolves were already gorging upon them. At our approach they reluctantly drew off, skulking with a caitiff look to the distance of a few hundred yards, and there awaiting our departure, that they might return to their banquet.

I conducted Beatte and Antoine to the spot whence the young Count had continued the chase alone. It was like putting hounds upon the scent. They immediately distinguished the track of his horse amidst the trappings of the buffaloes, and set off at a round pace, following with the eye in nearly a straight course, for upwards of a mile, when they came to where the herd had divided, and run hither and thither about a meadow. Here the track of the horse's hoofs wandered and doubled and often crossed each other; our half-breeds were like hounds at fault. While we were at a halt, waiting until they should unravel the maze,

Beatte suddenly gave a short Indian whoop, or rather yelp, and pointed to a distant hill. On regarding it attentively, we perceived a horseman on the summit. "It is the Count!" cried Beatte, and set off at full gallop, followed by the whole company. In a few moments he checked his horse. Another figure on horseback had appeared on the brow of the hill. This completely altered the case. The Count had wandered off alone; no other person had been missing from the camp. If one of these horsemen were indeed the Count, the other must be an Indian. If an Indian, in all probability a Pawnee. Perhaps they were both Indians; scouts of some party lurking in the vicinity. While these and other suggestions were hastily discussed, the two horsemen glided down from the profile of the hill, and we lost sight of them. One of the rangers suggested that there might be a straggling party of Pawnees behind the hill, and that the Count might have fallen into their hands. The idea had an electric effect upon the little troop. In an instant every horse was at full speed, the half-breeds leading the way; the young rangers as they rode set up wild yelps of exultation at the thoughts of having a brush with the Indians. A neck or nothing gallop brought us to the skirts of the hill, and revealed our mistake. In a ravine we found the two horsemen standing by the carcass of a buffalo which they had killed. They proved to be two rangers, who, unperceived, had left the camp a little before us, and had come here in a direct line, while we had made a wide circuit about the prairie.

This episode being at an end, and the sudden excitement being over, we slowly and coolly retraced our steps to the meadow; but it was some time before our half-breeds could again get on the track of the Count. Having at length found it, they succeeded in following it through all its doublings, until they came to where it was no longer mingled with the tramp of Buffaloes, but became single and separate, wandering here and there about the prairies, but always tending in a direction opposite to that of the camp. Here the Count had evidently given up the pursuit of the herd, and had endeavored to find his way to the encampment, but had become bewildered as the evening shades thickened around him, and had completely mistaken the points of the compass.

In all this quest our half-breeds displayed that quickness of eye, in following up a track, for which Indians are so noted. Beatte, especially, was as staunch as a veteran

hound. Sometimes he would keep forward on an easy trot; his eyes fixed on the ground a little ahead of his horse, clearly distinguishing prints in the herbage, which to me were invisible, except on the closest inspection. Sometimes he would pull up and walk his horse slowly, regarding the ground intensely, where to my eye nothing was apparent.—Then he would dismount, lead his horse by the bridle, and advance cautiously step by step, with his face bent toward the earth, just catching here and there, a casual indication of the vaguest kind to guide him onward. In some places where the soil was hard, and the grass withered, he would lose the track entirely, and wander backwards and forwards, and right and left, in search of it; returning occasionally to the place where he had lost sight of it, to take a new departure. If this failed he would examine the banks of the neighboring streams, or the sandy bottoms of the ravines, in hopes of finding tracks where the Count had crossed. When he again came upon the track he would remount his horse, and resume his onward course. At length after crossing a stream, in the crumbling banks of which the hoofs of the horse were deeply dented, we came upon a high dry prairie, where our half-breeds were completely baffled. Not a foot-print was to be discerned, though they searched in every direction; and Beatte at length coming to a pause, shook his head despondingly.

Just then a small herd of deer, roused from a neighboring ravine, came bounding by us. Beatte sprang from his horse and levelled his rifle, and wounded one slightly, but without bringing it to the ground. The report of the rifle was almost immediately followed by a long halloo from a distance. We looked around but could see nothing.—Another long halloo was heard, and at length a horseman was descried, emerging out of a skirt of forest. A single glance showed him to be the young Count; there was a universal shout and scamper, every one setting off full gallop to greet him. It was a joyful meeting to both parties; for, much anxiety had been felt by us all on account of his youth and inexperience, and for his part with all his love of adventure, he seemed right glad to be once more among his friends.

As we supposed, he had completely mistaken his course on the preceding evening, and had wandered about until dark when he thought of bivouacking. The night was cold yet he feared to make a fire, lest it might betray him to some

lurking party of Indians. Hobbling his horse with his pocket handkerchief, and leaving him to graze on the margin of the prairie, he clambered into a tree, fixed his saddle in the fork of the branches, and placing himself securely with his back against the trunk, prepared to pass a dreary and anxious night, regaled occasionally with the howlings of the wolves. He was agreeably disappointed. The fatigue of the day soon brought on a sound sleep; he had delightful dreams about his home in Switzerland, nor did he wake until it was broad daylight.

He then descended from his roosting-place, mounted his horse, and rode to the naked summit of a hill, whence he beheld a trackless wilderness around him, but at no great distance, the Grand Canadian, winding its way between borders of forest land. The sight of this river consoled him with the idea that, should he fail in finding his way back to the camp, or, in being found by some party of his comrades, he might follow the course of the stream, which could not fail to conduct him to some frontier post, or Indian hamlet. So closed the events of our hap-hazard buffalo hunt.

Irving.

Extract from Adam's Eulogy on Madison.

AND what my friends and fellow citizens—what is our duty to our own? Is it not to preserve, to cherish, to *improve* the inheritance which they have left us—won by their toils—watered by their tears—saddened but fertilized by their blood? Are we the sons of worthy sires, and in the onward march of time have they achieved in the career of human improvement so much, only that our posterity and theirs may blush for the contrast between their unexampled energies and our nerveless impotence? between their more than Herculeanean labors and our indolent repose? No, my fellow citizen, far be from us; far be from you, for he who now addresses you has but a few short days before he shall be called to join the multitude of ages past—far be from you the reproach or suspicion of such a degrading contrast. You too have the solemn duty to perform, of improving the condition of your species, by improving your own. Not in the great and strong wind of a revolution, which rent the mountains and break in pieces the rocks before the Lord—for the Lord is not in the wind—not in the earthquake of a revolutionary war, marching to the onset between the battle

field and the scaffold—for the Lord is not in the earthquake—not in the fire of civil dissension—in war between the members and the head—in nullification of the laws of the Union by the forcible resistance of one refractory State—for the Lord is not in the fire; and *that* fire was never kindled by your fathers! No! it is in the still small voice that succeeded the whirlwind, the earthquake and the fire. The voice that stills the raging of the waves and the tumults of the people—that spoke the words of peace—of harmony—of union. And for that voice, may you and your children's children, "to the last syllable of recorded time," fix your eyes upon the memory, and listen with your ears to the life of James Madison.

Catharina, Empress of Russia.

CATHARINA ALEXOWNA, born near Derpat, a little city in Livonia, was heir to no other inheritance than the virtues and frugality of her parents. Her father being dead, she lived with her aged mother, in her cottage covered with straw, and both, though very poor, were very contented.—Here, retired from the gaze of the world, by the labor of her hands she supported her parent, who was now incapable of supporting herself.

Though Catharina's face and person were models of perfection, yet her whole attention seemed bestowed upon her mind. Her mother taught her to read, and an old Lutheran minister instructed her in the maxims and duties of religion. Nature had furnished her not only with a ready, but a solid turn of thought; not only with a strong, but a right understanding.

Catharina was fifteen years old when her mother died. She then left her cottage, and went to live with the Lutheran minister, by whom she had been instructed from her childhood. In his house she resided in quality of governess to his children; at once reconciling in her character, unerring prudence with surprising vivacity. The old man, who regarded her as one of his own children, had her instructed

in the elegant parts of female education, by the masters who attended the rest of his family.

Thus she continued to improve until he died ; by which accident she was reduced to her former poverty. The country of Livonia was at that time wasted by war, and lay in a miserable state of desolation. Those calamities are ever most heavy upon the poor ; wherefore, Catharina, though possessed of so many accomplishments, experienced all the miseries of hopeless indigence. Provisions becoming every day more scarce, and her private stock being entirely exhausted, she resolved at last to travel to Marienburgh, a city of greater plenty.

With the effects of her scanty wardrobe packed up in a wallet, she set out on her journey on foot. She was to walk through a region, miserable by nature, but rendered still more hideous by the Swedes and Russians, who, as each happened to become masters, plundered it at discretion : but hunger had taught her to despise the danger and fatigues of the way. One evening upon her journey, as she had entered a cottage by the way-side, to take up her lodging for the night, she was insulted by two Swedish soldiers.

They might, probably, have carried their insults into violence, had not a subaltern officer, accidentally passing by, come to her assistance. Upon his appearing, the soldiers immediately desisted ; but her thankfulness was hardly greater than her surprise, when she instantly recollected in her deliverer, the son of the Lutheran minister, her former instructor, benefactor, and friend.

This was a happy interview for Catharina. The little stock of money she had brought from home was by this time quite exhausted ; her clothes were gone, piece by piece, in order to satisfy those who had entertained her in their houses : her generous countryman, therefore, parted with what he could spare to buy her clothes ; furnished her with a horse ; and gave her letters of recommendation to a faithful friend of his father, the superintendent of Marienburgh.

The beautiful stranger was well received at Marienburgh. She was immediately admitted into the superintendent's family, as governess to his two daughters ; and though but seventeen, showed herself capable of instructing her sex, not only in virtue, but in politeness. Such were her good sense and beauty, that her master himself in a short time offered her his hand, which to his great surprise she thought proper to refuse. Actuated by a principle of grati-

tude, she resolved to marry her deliverer only, though he had lost an arm, and was otherwise disfigured by wounds received in the service.

In order, therefore, to prevent further solicitations from others, as soon as the officer came to town upon duty, she offered him her hand which he accepted with joy, and their nuptials were accordingly solemnized. But all the lines of her fortune were to be striking. The very day on which they were married, the Russians laid siege to Marienburgh; and the unhappy soldier was immediately ordered to an attack from which he never returned.

In the meantime the siege went on with fury, aggravated on one side by obstinacy, on the other by revenge.—The war between the two northern powers at that time was truly barbarous: the innocent peasant, and the harmless virgin, often shared the fate of the soldier in arms. Marienburgh was taken by assault; and such was the fury of the assailants, that not only the garrison, but almost all the inhabitants, men, women, and children were put to the sword. At length, when the carnage was pretty well over, Catharina was found hid in an oven.

She had hitherto been poor, but free; she was now to conform to her hard fate, and learn what it was to be a slave. In this situation, however, she behaved with piety and humility; and though misfortunes had abated her vivacity, yet she was cheerful. The fame of her merit and resignation, reached even prince Menzikoff, the Russian general. He desired to see her; was pleased with her appearance, bought her from the soldier, her master; and placed her under the direction of his own sister. Here she was treated with all the respect which her merit deserved, while her beauty every day improved with her good fortune.

She had not been long in this situation, when Peter the Great paying the prince a visit, Catharina happened to come in with some dried fruits, which she served round with peculiar modesty. The mighty monarch saw her, and was struck with her beauty. He returned the next day; called for the beautiful slave; asked her several questions; and found the charms of her mind superior even to those of her person.

He had been forced, when young, to marry from motives of interest: he was now resolved to marry pursuant to his own inclinations. He immediately inquired into the

history of the fair Livonian, who was not yet eighteen. He traced her through the vale of obscurity ; through the vicissitudes of her fortune ; and found her truly great in them all. The meanness of her birth was no obstruction to his design. The nuptials were solemnized in private ; the prince declaring to his courtiers that virtue was the surest ladder to a throne.

We now see Catharina, raised from the low, mud walled cottage, to be Empress of the greatest kingdom upon earth. The poor, solitary wanderer, is now surrounded by thousands who find happiness in her smile. She, who formerly wanted a meal, is now capable of diffusing plenty upon whole nations. To her good fortune she owed a part of this pre-eminence, but to her virtues more. She ever after retained those great qualities which first placed her on a throne ; and, while the extraordinary prince, her husband, labored for the reformation of his male subjects, she studied in her turn, the improvement of her own sex. She altered their dresses ; introduced mixed assemblies ; instituted an order of female knighthood ; promoted piety and virtue ; and, at length, when she had greatly filled all the stations of empress, friend, wife, and mother, bravely died without regret—regretted by all.

Goldsmith.

Execution of Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.

QUEEN MARY determined to bring Cranmer, whom she had long detained in prison, to punishment ; and in order more fully to satiate her vengeance, she resolved to punish him for heresy, rather than for treason. He was cited by the Pope to stand his trial at Rome ; and though he was known to be kept in close custody at Oxford, he was, upon his not appearing, condemned as contumacious. Bonner, bishop of London, and Thirleby, bishop of Ely, were sent to degrade him ; and the former executed the melancholy ceremony, with all the joy and exultation which suited his savage nature.

The implacable spirit of the Queen, not satisfied with the future misery of Cranmer, which she believed inevitable, and with the execution of that dreadful sentence to which he was condemned, prompted her also to seek the ruin of his

honor, and the infamy of his name. Persons were employed to attack him, not in the way of disputation, against which he was sufficiently armed; but by flattery, insinuation, and address; by representing the dignities to which his character still entitled him, if he would merit them by a recantation; by giving him hopes of long enjoying those powerful friends, whom his beneficent disposition had attached to him during the course of his prosperity.

Overcome by the fond love of life; terrified by the prospect of those tortures which awaited him; he allowed, in an unguarded hour, the sentiment of nature to prevail over his resolution, and agreed to subscribe to the doctrines of the papal supremacy, and of the real presence. The court, equally perfidious and cruel, was determined that this recantation should avail him nothing; and sent orders that he should be required to acknowledge his errors in church, before the whole people; and that he should thence be immediately carried to execution.

Cranmer, whether he had received a secret intimation of their design, or had repented of his weakness, surprised the audience by a contrary declaration. He said that he was well apprised of the obedience which he owed to his sovereign and the laws; but that his duty extended no farther than to submit patiently to their commands, and to bear, without resistance, whatever hardships they should impose upon him; that a superior duty, the duty which he owed to his Maker, obliged him to speak truth on all occasions, and not to relinquish, by a base denial, the holy doctrine which the Supreme Being had revealed to mankind; that there was one miscarriage in his life, of which above all others he severely repented, the insincere declaration of faith to which he had the weakness to consent, and which the fear of death alone had extorted from him; that he took this opportunity of atoning for his error by a sincere and open recantation, and was willing to seal with his blood that doctrine, which he firmly believed to be communicated from heaven; and that, as his hand had erred by betraying his heart, it should first be punished by a severe and just doom, and should first pay the forfeit of its offenses.

He was then led to the stake, amidst the insults of his enemies, and having now summoned up all the force of his mind, he bore their scorn, as well as the torture of his punishment, with singular fortitude. He stretched out his hand, and, without betraying, either by his countenance or motions, the least sign of weakness, or even of feeling, he held it in

the flames till it was entirely consumed. His thoughts seemed wholly occupied with reflections on his former faults ; and he called aloud several times, "this hand has offended."

Satisfied with that atonement, he then discovered a serenity in his countenance ; and when the fire attacked his body, he seemed to be quite insensible of his outward sufferings, and by the force of hope and resolution, to have collected his mind altogether within itself, and to repel the fury of the flames.—He was undoubtedly a man of merit, possessed of learning and capacity, and adorned with candor, sincerity, and beneficence, and all those virtues which were fitted to render him useful and amiable in society.—*Hume.*

The Voyage of Life—an Allegory.

"LIFE," says Seneca, "is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes. We first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better, or more pleasing part of old age." The perusal of this passage having excited in me a train of reflections on the state of man,—the incessant fluctuation of his wishes, the gradual change of his disposition to all external objects, and the thoughtlessness with which he floats along the stream of time,—I sunk into a slumber amidst my meditations, and, on a sudden, found my ears filled with the tumult of labor, the shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of winds, and the dash of waters.

My astonishment for a time suppressed my curiosity ; but soon recovering myself so far as to inquire whither we were going, and what was the cause of such clamor and confusion, I was told that we were launching out into the ocean of life ; that we had already passed the straits of infancy, in which multitudes had perished,—some by the weakness and fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, or negligence of those who undertook to steer them,—and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of security than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to choose, among great numbers that offered their direction and assistance.

I then looked around with anxious eagerness ; and, first

turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through flowery islands, which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with pleasure; but no sooner touched them, than the current, which though not noisy nor turbulent was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands all was darkness; nor could any of the passengers describe the shore at which he first embarked.

Before me, and on each side, was an expanse of waters violently agitated, and covered with so thick a mist, that the most perspicacious eye could see but little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools; for many sunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many, who by false intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

The current was invariable and insurmountable: but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage; since, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence; for, by some universal infatuation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his consorts every moment sinking around him; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misconduct were forgotten; the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed; nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course. If he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from weariness of their present condition; for not one of those who thus rushed upon destruction, failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him; and many spent their last moments in cautioning others against the folly, by which they

were intercepted in the midst of their course. Their benevolence was sometimes praised, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The vessels in which we were embarked, being confessedly unequal to the turbulence of the stream of life, were visibly impaired in the course of the voyage; so that every passenger was certain, that how long soever he might, by favorable accidents, or by incessant vigilance, be preserved, he must sink at last.

This necessity of perishing might have been expected to sadden the gay, and to intimidate the daring; at least to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torment, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the solace of their labors; yet, in effect, none seemed less to expect destruction than those to whom it was most dreadful: they all had the art of concealing their danger from themselves; and those who knew their inability to bear the sight of terrors that embarrassed their way, took care never to look forward; but found some amusement of the present moment, and generally entertained themselves by playing with Hope, who was the constant associate of the Voyage of Life.

Yet all that Hope ventured to promise, even to those whom she favored most, was, not that they should escape, but that they should sink last; and with this promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the rest for seeming to believe it. Hope, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for, in proportion as their vessels grew leaky, she redoubled her assurances of safety; and none were more busy in making provisions for a long voyage, than they whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable decay.

In the midst of the current of Life, was the gulf of Intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool, interspersed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which Ease spread couches of repose, and with shades, where Pleasure warbled the song of invitation. Within sight of these rocks, all who sailed on the ocean of Life must necessarily pass.

Reason, indeed, was always at hand, to steer the passengers through a narrow outlet, by which they might escape; but very few could, by her entreaties or remonstrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without stipulating that she should approach so near the rocks of Pleasure, that

they might solace themselves with a short enjoyment of that delicious region: after which they always determined to pursue their course without any deviation.

Reason was too often prevailed upon so far by these promises, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulf of Intemperance, where indeed the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the course of the vessel, and drew it by insensible rotations toward the center. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavored to retreat; but the draught of the gulf was generally too strong to be overcome; and the passenger, having danced in circles with a pleasing and giddy velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost.

Those few whom Reason was able to extricate, generally suffered so many shocks upon the points which shot out from the rocks of Pleasure, that they were unable to continue their course with the same strength and facility as before, but floated along, timorously and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and shattered by every ruffle of the water, till they sunk, by slow degrees, after long struggles and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others against the first approach toward the gulf of Intemperance.

There were artists who professed to repair the breaches, and stop the leaks, of the vessels which had been shattered on the rocks of Pleasure. Many appeared to have great skill; and some, indeed, were preserved by it from sinking, who had received only a single blow; but I remarked that few vessels lasted long which had been much repaired; nor was it found that the artists themselves continued afloat, longer than those who had least of their assistance.

The only advantage which, in the voyage of Life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they sunk later, and more suddenly; for they passed forward till they had sometimes seen all those in whose company they had issued from the straits of Infancy, perish in the way; and at last were overset by a cross breeze, without the toil of resistance, or the anguish of expectation. But such as had often fallen against the rocks of Pleasure, commonly subsided by sensible degrees; contended long with the encroaching waters; and harassed themselves by labors that scarcely Hope herself could flatter with success.

As I was looking upon the various fates of the multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an admonition

from some unknown power: "Gaze not idly upon others, when thou thyself art sinking. Whence is this thoughtless tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?" I looked, and seeing the gulf of Intemperance before me, started and awaked.

Dr. Johnson.

Death of Socrates.

SOCRATES, the famous Greek philosopher, was born at Athens, about 451 years before Christ. He gave early proofs of his valor in the service of his country, but chiefly applied himself to the study of philosophy; and was a person of irresistible eloquence, and accomplished virtue. His distinguishing characteristic was a perfect tranquillity of mind, which enabled him to support, with patience, the most troublesome accidents of life.

He used to beg of those with whom he usually conversed, to put him on his guard, the moment they perceived in him the first emotions of anger; and when they did so, he instantly resumed perfect composure and complacency. His wife, Xantippe, a woman of the most whimsical and provoking temper, afforded him sufficient opportunity of exercising his patience, by the revilings and abuse with which she was constantly loading him.

Socrates possessed, in a superior degree, the talent of reasoning. His principal employment was the instruction of youth—an object to which he directed all his care and attention. He kept, however, no fixed public school, but took every opportunity, without regarding times or places, of conveying to them his precepts, and that in the most enticing and agreeable manner. His lessons were so universally relished, that the moment he appeared, whether in the public assemblies, walks, or feasts, he was surrounded with a throng of the most illustrious scholars and hearers. The young Athenians quitted even their pleasures, to listen to the discourse of Socrates.

He greatly exerted himself against the power of the thirty tyrants, and in the behalf of Theramenes, whom they had condemned to death; insomuch, that they became so much alarmed at his behavior, that they forbade him to instruct the Athenian youth. Soon after, an accusation was formally exhibited against him by Melitus, containing in

substance, "That he did not acknowledge the gods of the republic, but introduced new deities in their room;" and further, "that he corrupted the youth." He urged, in his defense, that he had assisted, as others had, at the sacrifices and solemn festivals.

He denied his endeavoring to establish any new worship. He owned, indeed, that he had received frequent admonitions from a divine voice, which he called his genius, that constantly attended him, and discovered to him future events,—that he had often made use of this divine assistance for the service of himself and his friends,—but, that if he had been thus particularly favored by Heaven, it was owing chiefly to the regularity of his life and conduct; and that the approbation of the Supreme Being, which was given him as a reward for his virtue, ought not to be objected to him as his crime.

Then, as to the other article, wherein he was accused of corrupting the youth, and teaching them to despise the settled laws and order of the commonwealth, he said he had no other view in his conversation with them than to regulate their morals,—that as he could not do this with any public authority, he was therefore forced to insinuate himself into their company, and to use, in a manner, the same methods to reclaim, which others did to corrupt them.

How far the whole charge affected him, it is not easy to determine. It is certain, that amidst so much zeal and superstition as then reigned in Athens, he never dare openly oppose the received religion, and was therefore obliged to preserve an outward show of it. But it is very probable, from the discourses he frequently held with his friends, that, in his heart, he despised and laughed at their monstrous opinions and ridiculous mysteries, as having no other foundation than the fables of the poets; and that he had attained to a notion of the one only true God, insomuch, that upon the account of his belief of the Deity, and his exemplary life, some have thought fit to rank him with Christian philosophers.

And indeed his behavior upon his trial was more like that of a Christian martyr than an impious pagan,—where he appeared with such a composed confidence, as naturally results from innocence; and rather, as Cicero^s observes, as if he were to determine upon his judges, than to supplicate them as a criminal.—But how slight soever the proofs were

against him, the faction was powerful enough to find him guilty.

It was a privilege, however, granted him, to demand a mitigation^b of punishment,—to change the condemnation of death into banishment, imprisonment or a fine. But he replied, generously, that he would choose neither of those punishments, because that would be to acknowledge himself guilty. This answer so incensed his judges, that they determined he should drink the hemlock, a punishment at that time much in use among them.

Thirty days were allowed him to prepare to die ; during which time he conversed with his friends with the same evenness and serenity of mind he had ever done before. And though they had bribed the jailer for his escape, he refused it, as an ungenerous violation of the laws. He was about seventy years old when he suffered ; which made him say, he thought himself happy to quit life, at a time when it began to be troublesome ; and that his death was rather a deliverance than a punishment.

Cicero has described, with great eloquence, the lofty sentiments and magnanimous behavior of Socrates.—While he held the fatal cup in his hand, he declared that he considered death, not as a punishment inflicted on him, but as a help furnished him, of arriving so much sooner at heaven.

His children being brought before him, he spoke to them a little, and then desired them to be taken away. The hour appointed for drinking the hemlock being come, they brought him the cup, which he received without any emotion, and then addressed a prayer to heaven. It is highly reasonable, said he, to offer my prayers to the Supreme Being on this occasion, and to beseech him to render my departure from earth, and my last journey, happy. Then he drank off the poison with amazing tranquillity.

Observing his friends in this fatal moment weeping and dissolved in tears, he reproved them with great mildness, asking them whether their virtue had deserted them ; “for,” added he, “I have always heard that it is our duty calmly to resign our breath, giving thanks to God.” After walking about a little while, perceiving the poison beginning to work, he lay down on his couch, and, in a few moments after, breathed his last. Cicero declares, that he could never read the account of the death of Socrates without shedding tears.

Soon after his death, the Athenians were convinced of his innocence, and considered all the misfortunes which after-

ward befell the republic, as a punishment for the injustice of his sentence. When the academy, and the other places of the city where he taught, presented themselves to the view of his countrymen, they could not refrain from reflecting on the reward bestowed by them, on one who had done them such important services. They canceled the decree which had condemned him,—put Melitus to death,—banished his other accusers,—and erected to his memory a statue of brass, which was executed by the famous Lysippus.

Interesting account of William Penn's treaty with the Indians, previous to his settling in Pennsylvania.

THE country assigned to him by the royal charter, was yet full of its original inhabitants; and the principles of William Penn did not allow him to look upon that gift, as a warrant to dispossess the first proprietors of the land. He had accordingly appointed his commissioners, the preceding year, to treat with them for the fair purchase of a part of their lands, and for their joint possession of the remainder; and the terms of the settlement being now nearly agreed upon, he proceeded, very soon after his arrival, to conclude the settlement, and solemnly to pledge his faith, and to ratify and confirm the treaty, in sight both of the Indians and planters.

For this purpose a grand convocation of the tribes had been appointed, near the spot where Philadelphia now stands; and it was agreed, that he and the presiding Sachems should meet and exchange faith, under the spreading branches of a prodigious elm-tree that grew on the bank of the river. On the day appointed, accordingly, an innumerable multitude of the Indians assembled in that neighborhood, and were seen, with their dark visages and brandished arms, moving, in vast swarms, in the depths of the woods which then overshadowed the whole of that now cultivated region.

On the other hand, William Penn, with a moderate attendance of friends, advanced to meet them. He came of course unarmed,—in his usual plain dress,—without banners, or mace, or guard, or carriages; and only distinguished from his companions by wearing a blue sash of silk net work, (which it seems is still preserved by Mr. Kett, of Seething-hall, near Norwich,) and by having in his hand a roll of

parchment, on which was engrossed the confirmation of the treaty of purchase and amity.

As soon as he drew near the spot where the Sachems were assembled, the whole multitude of Indians threw down their weapons, and seated themselves on the ground in groups, each under his own chieftain; and the presiding chief intimated to William Penn, that the nations were ready to hear him. Having been thus called upon, he began: "The great Spirit," he said, "who made him and them, who ruled the heaven and the earth, and who knew the innermost thoughts of man, knew that he and his friends had a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with them, and to serve them to the utmost of their power.

"It was not their custom to use hostile weapons against their fellow creatures: for which reason they had come unarmed. Their object was not to do injury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good. They were then met on the broad pathway of good faith and good will; so that no advantage was to be taken on either side, but all was to be openness, brotherhood and love."

After these and other words, he unrolled the parchment, and, by means of the same interpreter, conveyed to them, article by article, the conditions of the purchase, and the words of the compact then made for their eternal union. Among other things, they were not to be molested in their lawful pursuits, even in the territory they had alienated; for it was to be common to them and the English.

They were to have the same liberty to do all things therein, relating to the improvement of their grounds, and the providing of sustenance for their families, which the English had. If any disputes should arise between the two, they should be settled by twelve persons, half of whom should be English and half Indians. He then paid them for the land, and made them many presents besides, from the merchandise that had been spread before them. Having done this, he laid the roll of parchment on the ground, observing again, that the ground should be common to both people.

He then added, he would not do as the Marylanders did, that is, call them Children or Brothers only: for often parents were apt to whip their children too severely, and brothers sometimes would differ; neither would he compare the friendship between him and them to a chain, for the rain might sometimes rust it, or a tree might fall and break it; but he should consider them as the same flesh and blood

with the Christians, and the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts. He then took up the parchment, and presented it to the Sachem who wore the horn in the chaplet, and desired him and the other Sachems to preserve it carefully for three generations, that their children might know what had passed between them, just as if he himself had remained with them to repeat it.

The Indians, in return, made long and stately harangues: of which, however, no more seems to have been remembered but that "they pledged themselves to live in love with William Penn and his children, as long as the sun and moon should endure." And thus ended this famous treaty:—of which Voltaire has remarked, with so much truth and severity, that "it was the only one ever concluded between savages and Christians that was not ratified by an oath,—and the only one that never was broken."

Such, indeed, was the spirit in which the negotiation^d was entered into, and the corresponding settlement conducted, that, for the space of more than seventy years, and so long indeed as the Quakers retained the chief power in the government, the peace and amity which had been thus solemnly promised and concluded, never was violated; and a great and most striking, though solitary example afforded, of the facility with which they who are really sincere and friendly in their own views, may live in harmony, even with those who are supposed to be peculiarly fierce and faithless.

Edinburgh Review.

Religion and Superstition contrasted.

I HAD lately a very remarkable dream, which made so strong an impression upon me, that I remember every word of it; and if you are not better employed, you may read the relation of it as follows;—I thought I was in the midst of a very entertaining set of company, and extremely delighted in attending to a lively conversation, when, on a sudden, I perceived one of the most shocking figures that imagination can frame, advancing toward me.

She was dressed in black, her skin was contracted into a thousand wrinkles, her eyes deep sunk in her head, and her complexion pale and livid^f as the countenance of death. Her looks were filled with terror and unrelenting severity,

and her hands armed with whips and scorpions. As soon as she came near, with a horrid frown, and a voice that chilled my very blood, she bade me follow her. I obeyed; and she led me through rugged paths, beset with briers and thorns, into a deep, solitary valley.

Wherever she passed, the fading verdure withered beneath her steps; her pestilential breath infected the air with malignant vapors—obscured the luster of the sun, and involved the fair face of heaven in universal gloom. Dismal howlings resounded through the forest: from every baleful tree the night-raven uttered his dreadful note; and the prospect was filled with desolation and horror. In the midst of this tremendous scene, my execrable guide addressed me in the following manner:

“Retire with me, O rash, unthinking mortal! from the vain allurements of a deceitful world; and learn that pleasure was not designed as the portion of human life. Man was born to mourn and to be wretched. This is the condition of all below the stars; and whoever endeavors to oppose it, acts in contradiction to the will of heaven. Fly, then, from the enchantments of youth and social delight, and here consecrate thy solitary hours to lamentation and woe. Misery is the duty of all sublunary beings; and every enjoyment is an offense to the Deity, who is to be worshiped only by the mortification of every sense of pleasure, and the everlasting exercise of sighs and tears.”

This melancholy picture of life quite sunk my spirits, and seemed to annihilate every principle of joy within me. I threw myself beneath a blasted yew, where the winds blew cold and dismal around my head, and dreadful apprehensions chilled my heart. Here I resolved to lie till the hand of death, which I impatiently invoked, should put an end to the miseries of a life so deplorably wretched. In this sad situation, I espied on one hand of me a deep muddy river, whose heavy waves rolled on, in slow, sullen murmurs.

Here I determined to plunge; and was just upon the brink, when I found myself suddenly drawn back. I turned about, and was surprised by the sight of the loveliest object I had ever beheld. The most engaging charms of youth and beauty, appeared in all her form; effulgent glories sparkled in her eyes, and their awful splendors were softened, by the gentlest looks of compassion and peace.

At her approach, the frightful specter, who had before

tormented me, vanished away, and with her all the horrors she had caused. The gloomy clouds brightened into cheerful sunshine, the groves recovered their verdure, and the whole region looked gay and blooming as the garden of Eden. I was quite transported at this unexpected change, and reviving pleasure began to gladden my thoughts, when, with a look of inexpressible sweetness, my beauteous deliverer thus uttered her divine instructions:

"My name is Religion. I am the offspring of Truth and Love, and the parent of Benevolence, Hope, and Joy.—That monster, from whose power I have freed you, is called Superstition; she is the child of Discontent, and her followers are Fear and Sorrow. Thus, different as we are, she has often the insolence to assume my name and character; and seduces unhappy mortals to think us the same, till she at length drives them to the borders of Despair—that dreadful abyss into which you were just going to sink.

"Look around and survey the various beauties of the globe, which heaven has destined for the seat of the human race, and consider whether a world thus exquisitely framed, could be intended for the abode of misery and pain. For what end has the lavish hand of Providence diffused innumerable objects of delight, but that all might rejoice in the privilege of existence, and be filled with gratitude to the beneficent Author of it.

"Thus to enjoy the blessings he has sent, is virtue and obedience; and to reject them merely as means of pleasure, is pitiable ignorance, or absurd perverseness. Infinite goodness is the source of created existence. The proper tendency of every rational being, from the highest order of raptured seraphs to the meanest rank of men, is, to rise incessantly from lower degrees of happiness to higher. They have faculties assigned them for various orders of delights."

"What!" cried I, "is this the language of Religion? Does she lead her votaries through flowery paths, and bid them pass an unlaborious life? Where are the painful toils of virtue, the mortifications of penitents, and the self-denying exercises of saints and heroes?"

"The true enjoyments of a reasonable being," answered she, mildly, "do not consist in unbounded indulgence, or luxurious ease,—in the tumult of passions, the languor of indulgence, or the flutter of light amusements. Yielding to immoral pleasures corrupts the mind; living to animal and

trifling ones debases it : both in their degree, disqualify it for its genuine good, and consign it over to wretchedness. Whoever would be really happy, must make the diligent and regular exercise of his superior powers his chief attention,—adoring the perfections of his Maker, expressing good will to his fellow-creatures, and cultivating inward rectitude.

“To his corporeal faculties he must allow such gratifications, as will, by refreshing, invigorate him for nobler pursuits. In the regions inhabited by angelic natures, unmingled felicity forever blooms ; joy flows there with a perpetual and abundant stream, nor needs any mound to check its course. Beings, conscious of a frame of mind originally diseased, as all the human race have cause to be, must use the regimen of a stricter self-government.

“Whoever has been guilty of voluntary excesses, must patiently submit, both to the painful workings of nature, and needful severities of medicine, in order to his cure. Still he is entitled to a moderate share, of whatever alleviating accommodations this fair mansion of his merciful Parent affords, consistent with his recovery. And, in proportion as this recovery advances, the liveliest joy will spring from his secret sense of an amended and improved heart.—So far from the horrors of despair is the condition even of the guilty.—Shudder, poor mortal, at the thought of the gulf into which thou wast just now going to plunge.

“While the most faulty have every encouragement to amend, the more innocent soul will be supported with still sweeter consolations under all its experience of human infirmities—supported by the gladdening assurances, that every sincere endeavor to outgrow them, shall be assisted, accepted, and rewarded. To such a one, the lowest self-abasement is but a deep-laid foundation for the most elevated hopes ; since they who faithfully examine and acknowledge what they are, shall be enabled, under my conduct, to become what they desire.

“The Christian and the hero are inseparable ; and to the aspirings of unassuming trust and filial confidence, are set no bounds. To him who is animated with a view of obtaining approbation from the Sovereign of the universe, no difficulty is insurmountable. Secure, in this pursuit, of every needful aid, his conflict with the severest pains and trials, is little more than the vigorous exercises of a mind in health.

“His patient dependence on that providence which looks through all eternity,—his silent resignation,—his ready

accommodation of his thoughts and behavior to its inscrutable ways,—are at once the most excellent sort of self-denial, and a source of the most exalted transports. Society is the true sphere of human virtue. In social, active life, difficulties will perpetually be met with; restraints of many kinds will be necessary; and studying to behave right in respect of these, is a discipline of the human heart, useful to others, and improving to itself.

“Suffering is no duty, but where it is necessary to avoid guilt, or to do good; nor pleasure a crime, but where it strengthens the influence of bad inclinations, or lessens the generous activity of virtue. The happiness allotted to man in his present state, is indeed faint and low, compared with his immortal prospects, and noble capacities: but yet, whatever portion of it the distributing hand of heaven offers to each individual, is a needful support and refreshment for the present moment, so far as it may not hinder the attaining of his final destination.

“Return, then, with me, from continued misery to moderate enjoyment and grateful alacrity:—return, from the contracted views of solitude, to the proper duties of a relative and dependent being. Religion is not confined to cells and closets, nor restrained to sullen retirement. These are the gloomy doctrines of Superstition, by which she endeavors to break those chains of benevolence and social affection, that link the welfare of every particular with that of the whole. Remember that the greatest honor you can pay the Author of your being is a behavior so cheerful, as discovers a mind satisfied with his dispensations.”

Here my preceptress paused; and I was going to express my acknowledgments for her discourse, when a ringing of bells from the neighboring village, and the new rising sun, darting his beams through my windows, awoke me.

Mrs. Carter.

DIDACTIC PIECES.

On the pleasure of acquiring knowledge.

IN every period of life, the acquisition of knowledge is one of the most pleasing employments of the human mind.

But in youth, there are circumstances which make it productive of higher enjoyment. It is then that every thing has the charm of novelty ; that curiosity and fancy are awake ; and that the heart swells with the anticipations^b of future eminence and utility. Even in those lower branches of instruction which we call mere accomplishments, there is something always pleasing to the young in their acquisition.

They seem to become every well educated person ; they adorn, if they do not dignify humanity ; and what is far more, while they give an elegant employment to hours of leisure and relaxation, they afford a means of contributing to the purity and innocence of domestic life. But in the acquisition of knowledge of the higher kind,—in the hours when the young gradually begin the study of the laws of nature, and of the faculties of the human mind, or of the magnificent revelations of the Gospel,—there is a pleasure of a sublimer nature.

The cloud, which in their infant years seemed to cover nature from their view, begins gradually to resolve. The world in which they are placed, opens with all its wonders upon their eye ; their powers of attention and observation seem to expand with the scene before them ; and while they see, for the first time, the immensity of the universe of God, and mark the majestic simplicity of those laws by which its operations are conducted, they feel as if they were awakened to a higher species of being, and admitted into nearer intercourse with the Author of Nature.

It is this period, accordingly, more than all others, that determines our hopes or fears of the future fate of the young. To feel no joy in such pursuits,—to listen carelessly to the voice which brings such magnificent instruction,—to see the veil raised which conceals the counsels of the Deity, and to show no emotion at the discovery,—are symptoms of a weak and torpid spirit—of a mind unworthy of the advantages it possesses, and fitted only for the humility of sensual and ignoble pleasure.

Of those, on the contrary, who distinguish themselves by the love of knowledge,—who follow with ardor the career that is open to them,—we are apt to form the most honorable presages. It is the character which is natural to youth, and which, therefore, promises well of their maturity. We foresee for them, at least a life of pure and virtuous enjoyment : and we are willing to anticipate no common share of future usefulness and splendor.

In the second place, the pursuits of knowledge lead not only to happiness, but to honor. "Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left are riches and honor." It is honorable to excel, even in the most trifling species of knowledge—in those which can amuse only the passing hour. It is more honorable to excel in those different branches of science, which are connected with the liberal professions of life and which tend so much to the dignity and well-being of humanity.

It is the means of raising the most obscure to esteem and attention; it opens to the just ambition of youth some of the most distinguished and respected situations in society; and it places them there, with the consoling reflection, that it is to their own industry and labor, in the providence of God, that they are alone indebted for them. But, to excel in the higher attainments of knowledge,—to be distinguished in those greater pursuits which have commanded the attention, and exhausted the abilities of the wise in every former age,—is, perhaps, of all the distinctions of human understanding, the most honorable and grateful.

When we look back upon the great men who have gone before us in every path of glory, we feel our eye turned from the career of war and of ambition, and involuntarily rest upon those who have displayed the great truths of religion,—who have investigated the laws of social welfare, or extended the sphere of human knowledge. These are honors, we feel, which have been gained without a crime, and which can be enjoyed without remorse. They are honors also which can never die,—which can shed lustre even upon the humblest head,—and to which the young of every succeeding age will look up, as their brightest incentive to the pursuit of virtuous fame.

On the uses of knowledge.

THE first end to which all wisdom or knowledge ought to be employed, is, to illustrate the wisdom or goodness of the Father of Nature. Every science that is cultivated by men leads naturally to religious thought—from the study of the plant that grows beneath our feet, to that of the Host of Heaven above us, who perform their stated revolutions in majestic silence, amid the expanse of infinity. When in the youth of Moses, "The Lord appeared to him in Horeb," a voice was heard, saying, "draw nigh hither, and put off thy

shoes from thy feet ; for the place where thou standest is holy ground."

It is with such reverential awe that every great or elevated mind will approach to the study of nature ; and with such feelings of adoration and gratitude, that he will receive the illumination that gradually opens upon his soul. It is not the lifeless mass of matter, he will then feel, that he is examining ; it is the mighty machine of Eternal Wisdom,—the workmanship of Him, "in whom every thing lives, and moves, and has its being."

Under an aspect of this kind, it is impossible to pursue knowledge without mingling with it the most elevated sentiments of devotion ; it is impossible to perceive the laws of nature, without perceiving, at the same time, the presence and the Providence of the Lawgiver ;—and thus it is, that, in every age, the evidences of religion have advanced with the progress of true philosophy ; and that science, in erecting a monument to herself, has at the same time erected an altar to the Deity.

The knowledge of nature is not exhausted. There are many great discoveries yet awaiting the labors of science ; and with them there are also awaiting to humanity, many additional proofs of the wisdom and benevolence "of Him that made us." To the hope of these great discoveries, few indeed can pretend ; yet let it be ever remembered, that he who can trace any one new fact, or can exemplify any one new instance of divine wisdom or benevolence in the system of nature, has not lived in vain,—that he has added to the sum of human knowledge,—and, what is far more, that he has added to the evidence of those greater truths, upon which the happiness of time and eternity depends.

The second great end to which all knowledge ought to be employed, is, to the welfare of humanity. Every science is the foundation of some art, beneficial to men ; and while the study of it leads us to see the beneficence of the laws of nature, it calls upon us also to follow the great end of the Father of Nature, in their employment and application. I need not say what a field is thus opened to the benevolence of knowledge : I need not tell you that in every department of learning there is good to be done to mankind ; I need not remind you, that the age in which we live has given us the noblest examples of this kind, and that science now finds its highest glory, in improving the condition, or in allaying the miseries of humanity.

But there is one thing of which it is proper ever to remind you,—because the modesty of knowledge often leads us to forget it,—and that is, the power of scientific benevolence is far greater than that of all others to the welfare of society. The benevolence of the opulent, however eminent it may be, perishes with themselves. The benevolence, even of sovereigns, is limited to the narrow boundary of human life; and not unfrequently is succeeded by different and discordant counsels. But the benevolence of knowledge is of a kind as extensive as the race of man, and as permanent as the existence of society.

He, in whatever situation he may be, who in the study of science has discovered a new means of alleviating pain, or of remedying disease,—who has described a wiser method of preventing poverty, or of shielding misfortune,—who has suggested additional means of increasing or improving the beneficent productions of nature,—has left a memorial of himself which can never be forgotten,—which will communicate happiness to ages yet unborn,—and which, in the emphatic language of scripture, renders him a “fellow-worker” with God himself, in the improvement of his Creation.

The third great end of all knowledge is the improvement and exaltation of our own minds. It was the voice of the apostle,—“What manner of men ought ye to be, to whom the truths of the Gospel have come?”—It is the voice of nature also,—“What manner of men ought ye to be, to whom the treasures of wisdom are opened?”—Of all the spectacles, indeed, which life can offer us, there is none more painful, or unnatural, than that of the union of vice with knowledge. It counteracts the great designs of God in the distribution of wisdom; and it assimilates men, not to the usual character of human frailty, but to those dark and malignant spirits who fell from heaven, and who excel in knowledge only that they may employ it in malevolence.

To the wise and virtuous man, on the contrary,—to him whose moral attainments have kept pace with his intellectual, and who has employed the great talent with which he is intrusted to the glory of God, and to the good of humanity,—is presented the sublimest prospect that mortality can know. “In my father’s house,” says our Savior, “are many mansions;”—mansions, we may dare interpret, fitted to the different powers that life has acquired, and to the uses to which they have been applied.

Integrity the guide of life.

EVERY one who has begun to make any progress in the world, will be sensible, that to conduct himself in human affairs with wisdom and propriety, is often a matter of no small difficulty. Amidst that variety of characters, of jarring dispositions, and of interfering interests, which take place among those with whom we have intercourse, we are frequently at a stand as to the part most prudent for us to choose. Ignorant of what is passing in the breasts of those around us, we can form no more than doubtful conjectures concerning the events that are likely to happen.

They may take some turn altogether different from the course in which we have imagined they were to run, according to which we had formed our plans. The slightest incident often shoots out into important consequences, of which we were not aware. The labyrinth, becomes so intricate, that the most sagacious can lay hold of no clue to guide him through it: he finds himself embarrassed, and at a loss how to act.—In public and in private life, in managing his own concerns, and in directing those of others, the doubt started by the wise man frequently occurs; *Who knoweth what is good for man in this life?*

While thus fatigued with conjecture, we remain perplexed and undetermined in our choice; we are at the same time pulled to different sides by the various emotions which belong to our nature. On one hand, pleasure allures us to what is agreeable; on the other, interest weighs us down toward what seems gainful. Honor attracts us to what is splendid; and indolence inclines us to what is easy. In the consultations which we hold with our own mind concerning our conduct, how often are we thus divided within ourselves,—puzzled by the uncertainty of future events, and distracted by the contest of different inclinations!

It is in such situations as these, that the principle of integrity interposes to give light and direction. While worldly men fluctuate in the midst of those perplexities which I have described, the virtuous man has one oracle to which he resorts in every dubious case, and whose decisions he holds to be infallible. He consults his own conscience; he listens to the voice of God. Were it only on a few occasions that this

oracle could be consulted, its value would be less. But it is a mistake to imagine that its responses are seldom given.

Hardly is there any material transaction whatever in human life—any important question that holds us in suspense as to practice—but the difference between right and wrong will show itself; and the principle of integrity will, if we listen to it impartially, give a clear decision. Whenever the mind is divided in itself, conscience is seldom or never neutral. There is always one scale of the balance, into which it throws the weight of some virtue, or some praise; of something that is just and true, lovely, honest, and of good report.

These are the forms which rise to the observation of the upright man. By others they may be unseen or overlooked; but in his eye, the luster of virtue outshines all other brightness. Wherever this pole-star directs him, he steadily holds his course.—Let the issue of that course be ever so uncertain;—let his friends differ from him in opinion;—let his enemies clamor;—he is not moved;—his purpose is fixed.

He asks but one question of his heart,—What is the part most becoming the station which he possesses,—the character which he wishes to bear,—the expectations which good men entertain of him? Being once decided as to this, he hesitates no more. He shuts his ears against every solicitation. He pursues the direct line of integrity without *turning either to the right hand or to the left*. “It is the Lord who calleth. Him I follow. Let him order what seemeth good in his sight.”—It is in this manner that the integrity of the upright acts as his guide. Blair

The happiness of animals a proof of divine benevolence.

THE air, the earth, the water, teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon or summer evening, on which ever side we turn our eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon our view. “The insect youth are on the wing.” Swarms of new born flies are trying their pinions in the air. Their sportive motions,—their gratuitous activity,—their continual change of place, without use or purpose,—testify their joy, and the exultation which they feel in their lately discovered faculties.

A bee, among the flowers in spring, is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to

be all enjoyment,—so busy and so pleased,—yet it is only a specimen of insect life, with which, by reason of the animal's being half domesticated, we happen to be better acquainted than we are with that of others. The whole winged insect tribe, it is probable, are equally intent upon their proper employments, and under every variety of constitution, gratified, and perhaps equally gratified, by the offices which the Author of their nature has assigned to them.

But the atmosphere is not the only scene of their enjoyment. Plants are covered with little insects, greedily sucking their juices. Other species are running about, with an alacrity in their motions, which carries with it every mark of pleasure. Large patches of ground are sometimes half covered with these brisk and sprightly natures.

If we look to what the waters produce, shoals of fish frequent the margins of rivers, of lakes, and of the sea itself. These are so happy, that they know not what to do with themselves. Their attitudes,—their vivacity—their leaps out of the water—their frolics in it—all conduce to show their excess of spirits, and are simply the effects of that excess. Walking by the seaside, in a calm evening, upon a sandy shore and with an ebbing tide, I have frequently remarked the appearance of a dark cloud, or rather very thick mist, hanging over the edge of the water to the height perhaps of half a yard, and of the breadth of two or three yards, stretching along the coast as far as the eye could reach, and always retiring with the water.

When this cloud came to be examined, it proved to be so much space filled with young shrimps, in the act of bounding into the air from the shallow margin of the water, or from the wet sand. If any motion of a mute animal could express delight, it was this: if they had designed to make signs of their happiness, they could not have done it more intelligibly. Suppose, then, what there is no reason to doubt, each individual of this number to be in a state of positive enjoyment,—what a sum, collectively, of gratification and pleasure have we here before our view!

The young of all animals appear to receive pleasure, simply from the exercise of their limbs and bodily faculties, without reference to any end to be attained, or any use to be answered by the exertion. A child, without knowing any thing of the use of language, is in a high degree delighted with being able to speak. Its incessant repetition of a few articulate sounds, or perhaps of a single word which it has learned to pronounce, proves this point clearly.

Nor is it less pleased with its first successful endeavors to walk, although entirely ignorant of the importance of the attainment to its future life, and even without applying it to any present purpose. A child is delighted with speaking, without having any thing to say,—and with walking, without knowing whither to go. And previously to both these, it is reasonable to believe, that the waking hours of infancy are agreeably taken up with the exercise of vision, or perhaps more properly speaking, with learning to see.

But it is not for youth alone that the great Parent of creation has provided. Happiness is found with the purring cat, no less than with the playful kitten,—in the arm-chair of dozing age, as well as in the sprightliness of the dance, or the animation of the chace. To novelty, to acuteness of sensation, to hope, to ardor of pursuit, succeeds, what is in no inconsiderable degree an equivalent for them all, “perception of ease.”

Herein is the exact difference between the young and the old. The young are not happy but when enjoying pleasure; the old are happy when free from pain. And this constitution suits with the degrees of animal power which they respectively possess. The vigor of youth was to be stimulated to action by impatience of rest; while to the imbecility of age, quietness and repose become positive gratifications. In one important respect the advantage is with the old. A state of ease is, generally speaking, more attainable than a state of pleasure. A constitution, therefore, which can enjoy ease, is preferable to that which can taste only pleasure.

This same perception of ease oftentimes renders old age a condition of great comfort; especially when riding at its anchor, after a busy or tempestuous life. It is well described by Rousseau to be the interval of repose and enjoyment, between the hurry and the end of life. How far the same cause extends to other animal natures, cannot be judged of with certainty. The appearance of satisfaction with which most animals, as their activity subsides, seek and enjoy rest, affords reason to believe, that this source of gratification is appointed to advanced life, under all, or most of its various forms.

There is much truth in the following representation given by Dr. Percival, a very pious writer, as well as excellent man:—“To the intelligent and virtuous, old age presents a scene of tranquil enjoyments, of obedient appetites, of well regulated affections, of maturity in knowledge, and of calm preparation for immortality. In this serene and dig-

nified state, placed as it were on the confines of the two worlds, the mind of a good man reviews what is past with the complacency of an approving conscience; and looks forward, with humble mercy in the confidence of God, and with devout aspirations towards his eternal and ever-increasing favor.”

Paley.

The Seasons.

PERSONS of reflection and sensibility, contemplate with interest the scenes of nature. The changes of the year impart a color and character to their thoughts and feelings. When the seasons walk their round,—when the earth buds, the corn ripens, and the leaf falls—not only are the senses impressed, but the mind is instructed; the heart is touched with sentiment, the fancy amused with visions. To a lover of nature and of wisdom, the vicissitudes of the season convey a proof and exhibition of the wise and benevolent contrivance of the Author of all things.

When suffering the inconveniences of the ruder parts of the year, we may be tempted to wonder why this rotation is necessary—why we could not be constantly gratified with vernal bloom and fragrance, or summer beauty and profusion. We imagine that, in a world of our creation, there would always be a blessing in the air, and flowers and fruits on the earth. The chilling blasts and driving snow,—the desclated field, withered foliage, and naked tree,—should make no part of the scenery which we would produce. A little thought, however, is sufficient to show the folly, if not impiety, of such distrust in the appointments of the great Creator.

The succession and contrast of the seasons, give scope to that care and foresight, diligence and industry, which are essential to the dignity and enjoyment of human beings, whose happiness is connected with the exertion of their faculties. With our present constitution and state, in which impressions on the senses enter so much into our pleasures and pains, and the vivacity of our sensations is affected by comparison,—the uniformity and continuance of a perpetual spring, would greatly impair its pleasing effect upon our feelings.

The present distribution of the several parts of the year, is evidently connected with the welfare of the whole.

and the production of the greatest sum of being and enjoyment. That motion in the earth, and change of place in the sun, which cause one region of the globe to be consigned to cold, decay, and barrenness, impart to another heat and life, fertility and beauty. While in our climate the earth is bound with frost, and the "chilly smothering snows" are falling, the inhabitants of another behold the earth planted with vegetation and appareled in verdure, and those of a third are rejoicing in the appointed weeks of a harvest.

Each season comes, attended with its benefits and pleasures. All are sensible of the charms of spring. Then the senses are delighted with the feast that is furnished on every field, and on every hill. The eye is sweetly delayed on every object to which it turns. It is grateful to perceive how widely, yet chastely, nature has mixed her colors and painted her robe,—how bountifully she has scattered her blossoms and flung her odors. We listen with joy to the melody she has awakened in the groves, and catch health from the pure and tepid gales that blow from the mountains.

When the summer exhibits the whole force of active nature, and shines in full beauty and splendor,—when the succeeding season offers its "purple stores and golden grain," or displays its blended and softened tints,—when the winter puts on its sullen aspect, and brings stillness and repose, affording a respite from the labors which have occupied the preceding months, inviting us to reflection, and compensating for the want of attractions abroad, by fireside delights, and home-felt joys,—in all this interchange and variety, we find reason to acknowledge the wise and benevolent care of the God of seasons.

We are passing from the finer to the ruder portions of the year. The sun emits a fainter beam, and the sky is frequently overcast. The gardens and fields have become a waste and the forests have shed their verdant honors. The hills are no more enlivened with the bleating of flocks, and the woodland no longer resounds with the song of birds. In these changes we see evidences of our own instability, and images of our transitory state.

Our life is compared to a falling leaf. When we are disposed to count on protracted years,—to defer any serious thoughts of futurity, and to extend our plans through a long succession of seasons,—the spectacle of the "fading many-colored woods," and the naked trees, affords a salutary admonition of our frailty. It should teach us to fill the short year of our life, or that portion of it which may be allotted

to us, with useful employments and harmless pleasures,—to practice that industry, activity, and order, which the course of the natural world is constantly preaching.

Let not the passions blight the intellect in the spring of its advancement; nor indolence nor vice canker the promise of the heart in the blossom. Then shall the summer of life be adorned with moral beauty,—the autumn yield a harvest of wisdom and virtue,—and the winter of age be cheered with pleasing reflections on the past, and bright hopes of the future.

Monthly Anthology.

On the Swiftness of Time.

THE natural advantages which arise from the position of the earth we inhabit, with respect to the other planets, afford much employment to mathematical speculation,—by which it has been discovered, that no other conformation of the system could have given such commodious distributions of light and heat, or have imparted fertility and pleasure to so great a part of a revolving sphere.

It may perhaps be observed by the moralist, with equal reason, that our globe seems particularly fitted for the residence of a being, placed here only for a short time, whose task is to advance himself to a higher and happier state of existence, by unremitted vigilance of caution, and activity of virtue.

The duties required of man, are such as human nature does not willingly perform, and such as those are inclined to delay, who yet intend, at some time, to fulfill them. It was therefore necessary, that this universal reluctance should be counteracted, and the drowsiness of hesitation awakened into resolve,—that the danger of procrastination should be always in view, and the fallacies of security be hourly detected.

To this end all the appearances of nature uniformly conspire. Whatever we see, on every side, reminds us of the lapse of time and the flux of life. The day and night succeed each other; the rotation of seasons diversifies the year; the sun rises, attains the meridian, declines and sets; and the moon, every night, changes its form.

The day has been considered as an image of the year, and a year as the representation of life. The morning answers to the spring, and the spring to childhood and youth. The noon corresponds to the summer, and the summer to

the strength of manhood. The evening is an embleme of autumn, and autumn of declining life. The night, with its silence and darkness, shows the winter, in which all the powers of vegetation are benumbed ; and the winter points out the time when life shall cease, with its hopes and pleasures.

He that is carried forward, however swiftly, by a motion equable and easy, perceives not the change of place but by the variation of objects. If the wheel of life which rolls thus silently along, passed on with undistinguishable uniformity, we should never mark its approaches to the end of the course. If one hour were like another,—if the passage of the sun did not show that the day is wasting,—if the change of seasons did not impress upon us the flight of the year,—quantities of duration, equal to days and years, would glide unobserved.

If the parts of time were not variously colored, we should never discern their departure or succession ; but should live, thoughtless of the past, and careless of the future,—without will, and perhaps without power to compute the periods of life, or to compare the time which is already lost with that which may probably remain.

But the course of time is so visibly marked, that it is even observed by the passage,—and by nations who have raised their minds very little above animal instinct: there are human beings, whose language does not supply them with words by which they can number five ; but I have read of none that have not names for day and night, for summer and winter.

Yet it is certain that these admonitions of nature, however importunate, are too often vain ; and that many, who mark with such accuracy the course of time, appear to have little sensibility of the decline of life. Every man has something to do which he neglects ; every man has faults to conquer which he delays to combat.

So little do we accustom ourselves to consider the effects of time, that things necessary and certain, often surprise us like unexpected contingencies. We leave the beauty in her bloom, and, after an absence of twenty years, wonder at our return to find her faded. We meet those whom we left children, and can scarcely persuade ourselves to treat them as men. The traveler visits, in age, those countries through which he rambled in his youth, and hopes for merriment at the old place. The man of business, wearied with unsatisfactory prosperity, retires to the town of his nativity, and ex-

pects to play away his last years with the companions of his childhood, and recover youth in the fields where he once was young.

From this inattention—so general and so mischievous—let it be every man's study to exempt himself. Let him that desires to see others happy, make haste to give while his gift can be enjoyed; and remember, that every moment of delay takes away something from the value of his benefaction, and let him who proposes his own happiness, reflect, that while he forms his purpose the day rolls on, and "the night cometh when no man can work." *Dr. Johnson.*

The unhappiness resulting from unrestrained passions.

THE passions are those strong emotions of the mind, which impel it to desire and to act with vehemence. When directed toward proper objects, and kept within just bounds, they possess a useful place in our frame,—they add vigor and energy to the mind, and enable it, on great occasions, to act with uncommon force and success; but they always require the government and restraint of reason.

It is in the mind just as it is in the body. Every member of the body is useful, and serves some good purpose. But if any one swell to an enormous size, it presently becomes a disease. Thus, when a man's passions go on in a calm and moderate train, and no object takes an inordinate hold of any of them, his spirit is in this part sound, and his life proceeds with tranquillity. But if any of them be so far indulged and left without restraint as to run into excess, a dangerous blow will then be given to the heart.

Supposing, for instance, that some passion, even of the nature of those which are reckoned innocent, shall so far seize a man, as to conquer and overpower him;—his tranquillity will be destroyed. The balance of his soul is lost; he is no longer his own master, nor is capable of attending properly to the offices of life which are incumbent on him, or of turning his thoughts into any other direction than what passion points out. He may be sensible of the wound,—may feel the dart that is fixed in his breast, but is unable to extract it.

But the case becomes infinitely worse, if the passion which has seized a man be of the vicious and malignant kind. Let him be placed in the most prosperous situation of life,—give him external ease and affluence to the full, and let his

character be high and applauded by the world,—yet, if into the heart of this man there has stolen some dark, jealous suspicion,—some rankling envy, some pining discontent,—that instant his temper is soured, and poison is scattered over all his joys. He dwells in secret upon his vexations and cares; and while the crowd admire his prosperity, he envies the more peaceful condition of the peasant and the hind.

If his passions chance to be of the more fierce and outrageous nature, the painful feelings they produce will be still more intense and acute. By violent passions the heart is not only wounded, but torn and rent. As long as a man is under the workings of raging ambition, disappointed pride, and keen thirst for revenge, he remains under immediate torment. Over his dark and scowling mind, gloomy ideas continually brood. His transient fits of merriment and joy, are like beams of light, breaking occasionally from the black clouds that carries the thunder.

What greatly aggravates the misery of such persons, is, that they dare make no complaints. When the body is diseased or wounded, to our friends we naturally fly; and from their sympathy or assistance expect relief. But the wounds given to the heart by ill-governed passions, are of an opprobrious nature, and must be stifled in secret. The slave of passion can unbosom himself to no friend; and, instead of sympathy, dreads meeting with ridicule or contempt.

Blair.

Of curiosity concerning the affairs of others.

THAT idle curiosity,—that inquisitive and meddling spirit, which leads men to pry into the affairs of their neighbors,—is reprehensible on three accounts. It interrupts the good order, and breaks the peace of society. It brings forward and nourishes several bad passions. It draws men aside from a proper attention to the discharge of their own duty.

It interrupts, I say, the order, and breaks the peace of society. In this world we are linked together by many ties. We are bound by duty, and we are prompted by interest, to give mutual assistance, and to perform friendly offices to each other. But those friendly offices are performed to the most advantage, when we avoid to interfere, unnecessarily, in the concerns of our neighbor. Every man has his own part

to act—has his own interest to consult—has affairs of his own to manage—which his neighbor has no call to scrutinize.

Human life then proceeds in its most natural and orderly train, when every one keeps within the bounds of his proper province,—when, as long as his pursuits are fair and lawful, he is allowed, without disturbance, to conduct them in his own way. *That ye study to be quiet and do your own business*, is the apostolic rule, and indeed the great rule for the preservation of harmony and order.

But so it is, that in every age a set of men have existed, who, driven by an unhappy activity of spirit, oftener, perhaps, than by any settled design of doing ill, or any motives of ambition or interest, love to intermeddle where they have no concern,—to inquire into the private affairs of others, and, from the imperfect information they collect, to form conclusions respecting their circumstances and character. These are they who, in Scripture, are characterized as tattlers and busy bodies in other men's matters, and from whom we are called to turn away.

Though persons of this description should be prompted by nothing but vain curiosity, they are, nevertheless, dangerous troublers of the world. While they conceive themselves to be inoffensive, they are sowing dissension and feuds. Crossing the lines in which others move, they create confusion, and awaken resentment.—For every man conceives himself to be injured, when he finds another intruding into his affairs, and, without any title, taking upon him to examine his conduct. Being improperly and unnecessarily disturbed, he claims the right of disturbing, in his turn, those who have wantonly troubled him.

Hence many a friendship has been broken; the peace of many a family has been overthrown; and much bitter and lasting discord has been propagated through society. While this spirit of meddling curiosity, injures so considerably the peace and good order of the world, it also nourishes, among individuals who are addicted to it, a multitude of bad passions. Its most frequent source is mere idleness, which, in itself a vice, never fails to engender many vices more. The mind of man cannot be long without some food to nourish the activity of its thoughts.

The idle who have no nourishment of this sort within themselves, feed their thoughts with inquiries into the conduct of their neighbors. The inquisitive and curious are always talkative. What they learn, or fancy themselves to have learned, concerning others, they are generally in haste

to divulge. A tale which the malicious have invented, and the credulous have propagated, —a rumor, which arising among the multitude, and transmitted by one to another has in every step of its progress gained fresh additions,—becomes in the end the foundation of confident assertion, and of rash and severe judgment.

It is often by a spirit of jealousy and rivalry, that the researches of such persons are prompted. They wish to discover something that will bring down their neighbor's character, circumstances, or reputation, to the level of their own; or that will flatter them with an opinion of their own superiority.

A secret malignity lies at the bottom of their inquiries. It may be concealed by an affected show of candor and impartiality. It may even be veiled with the appearance of a friendly concern for the interest of others, and with affected apologies for their failings. But the hidden rancor is easily discovered.—While, therefore, persons of this description trouble the peace of society, they at the same time poison their own minds with malignant passions.

Their disposition is entirely the reverse of that amiable spirit of charity, on which our religion lays so great a stress. *Charity covereth the multitude of sins*; but this prying and meddling spirit seeks to discover and divulge them. *Charity thinketh no evil*; but this temper inclines us always to suspect the worst. *Charity rejoiceth not in iniquity*; this temper triumphs in the discovery of errors and failings. Charity, like the sun, brightens every object upon which it shines: a censorious disposition casts every character into the darkest shade it will bear.

To be entirely unemployed and idle, is the prerogative of no one in any rank of life. Even that sex, whose task is not to mingle in the labors of public and active business, have their own part assigned them to act. In the quiet of domestic shade, there are a variety of virtues to be exercised, and of important duties to be discharged. Much depends on them for the maintenance of private economy and order,—for the education of the young, and for the relief and comfort of those whose functions engage them in the toils of the world.

Even where no such female duties occur to be performed, the care of preparing for future usefulness and of attaining such accomplishments as procure just esteem, is laudable. In such duties and cares, how far better is time employed, than in that search into private concerns,—that circulation of

rumors,—those discussions of the conduct, and descants on the character of others which engross conversation so much, and which end, for the most part, in severity of censure.

In whatever condition we are placed, to act always in character should be our constant rule. He who acts in character is above contempt, though his station be low. He who acts out of character is despicable, though his station be ever so high. *What is that to thee* what this or that man does? Think of what thou ought to do thyself, or what is suitable to thy character and place,—of what the world has a title to expect from thee. Every excursion of vain curiosity about others, is a subtraction from that time and thought which are due to ourselves, and due to God.

In the great circle of human affairs, there is no room for every one to be busy and employed in his own province, without encroaching upon that of others. Art thou poor?—Show thyself active and industrious, peaceable and contented. Art thou wealthy?—Show thyself beneficent and charitable, condescending and humane. If thou livest much in the world, it is thy duty to make the light of a good example, shine conspicuously before others.

There is, indeed, no man so sequestered from active life, but within his own narrow sphere he may find some opportunities of doing good,—of cultivating friendship, promoting peace, and discharging many of those lesser offices of humanity and kindness, which are within the reach of every one, and which we owe to one another.—In all the various relations which subsist among us in life, as husband and wife, master and servant, parents and children, relations and friends, innumerable duties stand ready to be performed; innumerable calls to virtuous activity present themselves on every hand, sufficient to fill up, with advantage and honor, the whole time of man.

Blair.

The miseries of men mostly of their own procuring.

As far as inward disquietude arises from the stings of conscience, and the horrors of guilt, there can be no doubt of its being self-created misery, which it is altogether impossible to impute to Heaven. But even when great crimes and deep remorse are not the occasions of torment, how often is poison infused into the most flourishing conditions of fortune, by the follies and the passions of the prosperous?

We see them peevish and restless,—corrupted with luxury, and enervated by ease,—impatient of the smallest disappointment,—oppressed with low spirits, and complaining of every thing around them. Dare such men, in their most discontented moments, charge the providence of Heaven with miseries of their own procuring? Providence had put into their hands the fairest opportunity of passing their lives with comfort. But they themselves blasted every comfort that was afforded, and verified the prediction, that *the prosperity of fools shall destroy them.*

As it is man's own *foolishness* which ruins his prosperity, we must not omit to remark, that it is the same cause which aggravates and embitters his adversity. That you suffer from the external afflictions of the world, may often be owing to God's appointment; but when in the midst of these you also suffer from the disorders of your mind and passions, this is owing to yourselves; and they are those inward disorders which add the severest sting to external afflictions.

Many are the resources of a good and wise man under the disasters of life. In the midst of them, it is always in his power to enjoy peace of mind and hope in God. He may suffer; but under suffering he will not sink, as long as all is sound within. But when the spirit has been wounded by guilt and folly, its wounds open and bleed afresh, upon every blow that is received from the world. The mind becomes sensible and sore to the slightest injuries of fortune; and a small reverse is felt as an insupportable calamity.

On the whole, the farther you search into human life, and the more you observe the manners and the conduct of men, you will be the more convinced of this great truth—that of the distresses which abound in the world, we are the chief authors. Among the multitudes who are at this day bewailing their condition and lot, it will be found to hold of far the greater part, that they are reaping the fruit of their own doings.

Unattainable objects foolishly pursued, intemperate passions nourished, vicious pleasures and desires indulged,—these are the great scourges of the world,—the great causes of the life of man being so embroiled and unhappy. God has ordained our state on earth to be a mixed and imperfect state. We have ourselves to blame for its becoming an insupportable one. If it bring forth to us nothing but vexation and vanity, we have sown the seeds of that vanity and vexation; and as we have sown we must reap.

The Creator's works attest his greatness.

WE find ourselves in an immense universe, where it is impossible for us, without astonishment and awe, to contemplate the glory and the power of Him who created it. From the greatest to the least object that we behold;—from the star that glitters in the heavens to the insect that creeps upon the ground;—from the thunder that rolls in the skies, to the flower that blossoms in the fields;—all things testify a profound and mysterious Wisdom,—a mighty and all powerful Hand, before which we must tremble and adore.

Neither the causes nor the issues of the events which we behold, is it in our power to trace; neither how we came into this world, nor whither we go when we retire from it, are we able of ourselves to tell; but, in the meantime, find ourselves surrounded with astonishing magnificence on every hand. We walk through the earth as through the apartments of a vast palace, which fill every attentive spectator with wonder. All the works which our power can erect,—all the ornaments which our art can contrive,—are feeble and trifling in comparison with those glories, which nature every where presents to our view.

The immense arch of the heavens, the splendor of the sun in his meridian brightness, or the beauty of his rising and setting hours,—the rich landscape of the fields, and the boundless expanse of the ocean,—are scenes which mock every rival attempt of human skill or labor. Nor is it only in the splendid appearances of nature, but amid its rudest forms that we trace the hand of the Divinity. In the solitary desert and the high mountain,—in the hanging precipice, the roaring torrent, and the aged forest,—though there be nothing to cheer, there is much to strike the mind with awe, to give rise to those solemn and sublime sensations, which elevate the heart to an Almighty, All-creating Power.—*Blair.*

The advantages of a taste for Natural History.

WHEN a young person who has enjoyed the benefit of a liberal education, instead of leading a life of indolence, dissipation, or vice, employs himself in studying the marks of infinite wisdom and goodness, which are manifested in every part of the visible creation,—we know not which we ought

most to congratulate, the public, or the individual. Self-taught naturalists are often found to make no little progress in knowledge, and to strike out many new lights, by the mere aid of original genius and patient application.

But the well educated youth engages in these pursuits with peculiar advantage. He takes more comprehensive views, is able to consult a greater variety of authors, and, from the early habits of his mind, is more accurate and more methodical in all his investigations. The world at large, therefore, cannot fail to be benefited by his labors; and the value of the enjoyments which at the same time he secures to himself, is beyond all calculation.

No tedious, vacant hour ever makes him wish for—he knows not what;—complain—he knows not why. Never does a restless impatience at having nothing to do, compel him to seek a momentary stimulus to his dormant powers in the tumultuous pleasures of the intoxicating cup, or the agitating suspense of the game of chance. Whether he be at home or abroad, in every different clime, and in every season of the year, universal nature is before him, and invites him to a banquet, richly replenished with whatever can invigorate his understanding, or gratify his mental taste.

The earth on which he treads, the air in which he moves, the sea along the margin of which he walks,—all teem with objects that keep his attention perpetually awake—excite him to healthful activity—and charm him with an ever varying succession of the beautiful, the wonderful, the useful, and the new. And if, in conformity with the direct tendency of such occupations, he rises from the creature to the Creator, and considers the duties which naturally result from his own situation and rank in this vast system of being, he will derive as much satisfaction from the anticipation of the future, as from the experience of the present, and the recollection of the past.

The mind of the pious naturalist is always cheerful—always animated with the noblest and most benign feelings. Every repeated observation—every unexpected discovery—directs his thought to the great Source of all order, and all good; and harmonizes all his faculties with the general voice of nature

“————— The men
Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse—grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions—act upon his plan,
And form to his the relish of their souls.”

Necessity of Industry, even to Genius.

FROM the revival of learning to the present day, every thing that labor and ingenuity can invent, has been produced to facilitate the acquisition of knowledge. But, notwithstanding all the Introductions, the Translations, the Annotations and the Interpretations, I must assure the student, that industry, great and persevering industry, is absolutely necessary to secure any very valuable and distinguished improvement. Superficial qualifications are indeed obtained, at an easy price of time and labor; but superficial qualifications confer neither honor, emolument, nor satisfaction.

The pupil may be introduced, by the judgment and the liberality of his parents, to the best schools, the best tutors, the best books; and his parents may be led to expect, from such advantages alone, extraordinary advancement. But these things are all extraneous. The mind of the pupil must be accustomed to submit to labor, sometimes to painful labor.

The poor and solitary student, who has never enjoyed any of these advantages but in the ordinary manner, will by his own application emerge to merit, fame, and fortune; while the indolent, who has been taught to lean on the supports which opulence supplies, will sink into insignificance.

I repeat, that the first great object is, to induce the mind to work within itself,—to think long and patiently on the same subject, and to compose in various styles, and in various meters. It must be led, not only to bear, but to seek occasional solitude. If it is early habituated to all these exercises, it will find its chief pleasure in them; for the energies of the mind affect it with the finest feelings.

But is industry, such industry as I require, necessary to genius? The idea that it is not necessary, is productive of the greatest evils. We often form a wrong judgment in determining who is, and who is not endowed with this noble privilege. A boy who appears lively and talkative, is often supposed by his parents to be a genius. He is suffered to be idle, for he is a genius; and genius is only injured by application.

Now it usually happens, that the very lively and talkative boy is the most deficient in genius. His forwardness arises from a defect of those fine sensibilities which, at the same time, occasion diffidence, and constitute genius. He

ought to be inured to literary labor; for, without it, he will be prevented, by levity and stupidity, from receiving any valuable impressions.

Parents and instructors must be very cautious how they dispense with diligence, from an idea that the pupil possesses genius sufficient to compensate for the want of it. All men are liable to mistake in deciding on genius at a very early age; but parents more than all, from their natural partiality.

On no account, therefore, let them dispense with close application. If the pupil has genius, this will improve and adorn it; if he has not, it is confessedly requisite to supply the defect. Those prodigies of genius which require not instruction, are rare phenomena: we read, and we hear of such; but few of us have seen and known such.

What is genius worth without knowledge?—But is a man ever born with knowledge? It is true that one man is born with a better capacity than another, for the reception and retention of ideas; but still the mind must operate in collecting, arranging, and discriminating those ideas which it receives with facility. And I believe the mind of a genius is often very laboriously at work, when to the common observer it appears to be quite inactive.

I most anxiously wish that a due attention may be paid to my exhortations, when I recommend great and exemplary diligence. All that is excellent in learning depends upon it. And how can the time of a boy or a young man be better employed? It cannot be more pleasantly; for I am sure, that industry, by presenting a constant succession of various objects, and by precluding the listlessness of inaction, renders life at all stages of it agreeable, and particularly so in the restless season of youth.

It cannot be more innocently; for learning has a connexion with virtue: and he, whose time is fully engaged, will escape many vices and much misery. It cannot be more usefully; for he who furnishes his mind with ideas, and strengthens his faculties, is preparing himself to become a valuable member of society, whatever place in it he may obtain;—and he is likely to obtain an exalted place.—*Knox.*

Religion the only Basis of Society.

RELIGION is a social concern; for it operates powerfully on society, contributing, in various ways, to its stability and

prosperity. Religion is not merely a private affair; the community is deeply interested in its diffusion; for it is the best support of the virtues and principles, on which the social order rests. Pure and undefiled religion is, to do good; and it follows very plainly, that if God be the Author and Friend of society, then the recognition of him must enforce all social duty, and enlightened piety must give its whole strength to public order.

Few men suspect—perhaps no man comprehends—the extent of the support given by religion to every virtue. No man perhaps is aware, how much our moral and social sentiments are fed from this fountain,—how powerless conscience would become, without the belief of a God,—how palsied would be human benevolence, were there not the sense of a higher benevolence to quicken and sustain it,—how suddenly the whole social fabric would quake, and with what a fearful crash it would sink into hopeless ruin,—were the ideas of a supreme Being, of accountableness, and of a future life, to be utterly erased from every mind.

And, let men thoroughly believe that they are the work and sport of chance,—that no superior intelligence concerns itself with human affairs,—that the weak have no guardian, and the injured no avenger,—that there is no recompense for sacrifices to uprightness and the public good,—that an oath is unheard in heaven,—that secret crimes have no witness but the perpetrator,—that human existence has no purpose, and human virtue no unfailing friend,—that this brief life is every thing to us, and death is total, everlasting extinction,—once let them thoroughly abandon religion,—and who can conceive or describe the extent of the desolation which would follow!

We hope, perhaps, that human laws and natural sympathy would hold society together. As reasonably might we believe, that were the sun quenched in the heavens, our torches would illuminate, and our fires quicken and fertilize the creation. What is there in human nature to awaken respect and tenderness, if man is the unprotected insect of a day?—And what is he more if atheism be true?

Erase all fear and thought of God from a community, and selfishness and sensuality would absorb the whole man. Appetite, knowing no restraint, and suffering, having no solace or hope, would trample in scorn on the restraints of hu-

man laws. Virtue, duty, principle, would be mocked and spurned as unmeaning sounds. A sordid self-interest would supplant every other feeling; and man would become in fact, what the theory of atheism declares him to be,—a companion for brutes.

Channing.

On the reasonableness of Devotion.

TRUE devotion is rational, and well founded. It takes its rise from affections which are essential to the human frame. We are formed by nature to admire what is great, and to love what is amiable. Even inanimate objects have power to excite these emotions. The magnificent prospects of the natural world, fill the mind with reverential awe. Its beautiful scenes create delight. When we survey the actions and behavior of our fellow creatures, the affections glow with greater ardor; and if to be unmoved in the former case, argues a defect of sensibility in our powers, it discovers in the latter, an odious hardness and depravity in the heart.

The tenderness of an affectionate parent, the generosity of a forgiving enemy, the public spirit of a patriot or a hero, often fill the eyes with tears, and swell the breast with emotions too big for utterance. The object of these affections is frequently raised above us in condition and rank. Let us suppose him raised also above us in nature. Let us imagine that an angel, or any being of superior order, had condescended to be our friend, our guide, and patron: no person, sure, would hold the exaltation of his benefactor's character, to be an argument why he should love and revere him less.

Strange! that the attachment and veneration, the warmth and overflowing of heart, which excellence and goodness on every other occasion command, should begin to be accounted irrational, as soon as the Supreme Being becomes their object. For what reason must human sensibility be extinct toward him alone? Are all benefits entitled to gratitude, except the highest and the best? Shall goodness cease to be amiable, only because it is perfect?

It will perhaps be said, that an unknown and invisible being is not qualified to raise affection in the human heart. Wrapt up in the mysterious obscurity of his nature, he escapes our search, and affords no determinate object to our love or desire. We go forward, but he is not there,—and backward, but we cannot perceive him,—on the left hand

where he worketh, but we cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand, that we cannot see him.

5. Notwithstanding this obscurity, is there any being in the universe more real and certain, than the Creator of the world, and the Supporter of all existence? Is he in whom we live and move, too distant from us to excite devotion? His form and essence, indeed, we cannot see; but to be unseen and imperfectly known in many other instances, precludes neither gratitude nor love. It is not the sight so much as the strong conception, or deep impression of an object, which affects the passions.

6. We glow with admiration of personages who have lived in a distant age. Whole nations have been transported with zeal and affection for the generous hero, or public deliverer, whom they knew only by fame. Nay, properly speaking, the direct object of our love is in every case invisible; for that on which affection is placed is the mind, the soul, the internal character of our fellow creatures,—which, surely, is no less concealed than the Divine Nature itself is from the view of sense.

7. From actions, we can only infer the dispositions of men; from what we see of their behavior, we collect what is invisible; but the conjecture which we form is at best imperfect; and when their actions excite our love, much of their heart remains still unknown.

8. I ask, then, in what respect God is less qualified than any other being, to be an object of affection? Convinced that he exists; beholding his goodness spread abroad in his works—exerted in the government of the world—displayed in some measure to sense, in the actions of his Son Jesus Christ,—are we not furnished with every essential requisite which the heart demands, in order to indulge the most warm, and at the same time the most rational emotions.

9. If these considerations justify the reasonableness of devotion, as expressed in veneration, love, and gratitude, the same train of thought will equally justify it when appearing in the forms of desire, delight, or resignation. The latter are indeed the consequence of the former. For we cannot but desire some communication with what we love; and will naturally resign ourselves to one, on whom we have placed the full confidence of affection. The aspirations of a devout man after the favor of God, are the effects of that earnest wish for happiness which glows in every breast.

10. All men have somewhat that may be called the object of their devotion—reputation, pleasure learning, riches, or

whatever apparent good has strongly attached their heart. This becomes the center of attraction, which draws them towards it,—which quickens and regulates all their motions. While the men of the world are thus influenced by the objects which they severally worship, shall he only, who directs all his devotion toward the Supreme Being, be excluded from a place in the system of rational conduct? *Blair.*

DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

Character of Washington.

It is natural that the gratitude of mankind should be drawn to their benefactors. A number of these have successively arisen, who were no less distinguished for the elevation of their virtues, than the luster of their talents. Of those, however, who were born, and who acted through life as if they were born, not for themselves, but for their country, and the whole human race, how few, alas! are recorded on the long annals of ages, and how wide the intervals of time and space that divide them.

In all this dreary length of way, they appear like five or six light-houses on as many thousand miles of coast: they gleam upon the surrounding darkness with an inextinguishable splendor—like stars seen through a mist; but they are seen like stars, to cheer, to guide, and to save. WASHINGTON is now added to that small number. Already he attracts curiosity like a newly discovered star, whose benign light will travel on to the world's and time's farthest bounds. Already his name is hung up by history, as conspicuously as it sparkled in one of the constellations of the sky.

The best evidence of reputation is a man's whole life. We have now, alas! all WASHINGTON's before us. There has scarcely appeared a really great man, whose character has been more admired in his life time, or less correctly understood by his admirers. When it is comprehended, it is no easy task to delineate its excellencies in such a manner, as to give to the portrait both interest and resemblance: for it requires thought and study to understand the true ground of

the superiority of his character, over many others whom he resembled in the principles of action, and even in the manner of acting.

But perhaps he excels all the great men that ever lived, in the steadiness of his adherence to his maxims of life, and in the uniformity of all his conduct to the same maxims. These maxims, though wise, were yet not so remarkable for their wisdom, as for their authority over his life: for if there were any errors in his judgment, we know of no blemishes in his virtue. He was the patriot without reproach: he loved his country well enough to hold his success in serving it an ample recompense.

Thus far, self-love and love of country coincided: but when his country needed sacrifices that no other man could, or perhaps would be willing to make, he did not even hesitate. This was virtue in its most exalted character. More than once he put his fame at hazard, when he had reason to think it would be sacrificed, at least in this age.

It is indeed almost as difficult to draw his character, as the portrait of virtue. The reasons are similar: our ideas of moral excellence are obscure, because they are complex, and we are obliged to resort to illustrations. WASHINGTON's example is the happiest to show what virtue is; and to delineate his character, we naturally expatiate on the beauty of virtue:—much must be felt, and much imagined. His pre-eminence is not so much to be seen in the display of any one virtue as in the possession of them all, and in the practice of the most difficult. Hereafter, therefore, his character must be studied before it will be striking; and then it will be admitted as a model—a precious one to a free republic!

It is no less difficult to speak of his talents. They were adapted to lead, without dazzling mankind; and to draw forth and employ the talents of others, without being misled by them. In this he was certainly superior, that he neither mistook nor misapplied his own.—His great modesty and reserve would have concealed them, if great occasions had not called them forth; and then, as he never spoke from the affectation to shine, nor acted from any sinister motives, it is from their effects only that we are to judge of their greatness and extent.

In public trusts, where men acting conspicuously are cautious, and in those private concerns where few conceal or resist their weaknesses, WASHINGTON was uniformly great, pursuing right conduct from right maxims. His talents were such as assist sound judgment, and ripen with it.

His prudence was consummate, and seemed to take the direction of his powers and passions; for, as a soldier, he was more solicitous to avoid mistakes that would be fatal, than to perform exploits that were brilliant; and, as a statesman, to adhere to just principles, however old, than to pursue novelties; and therefore in both characters his qualities were singularly adapted to the interest, and were tried in the greatest perils of the country. His habits of inquiry were so far remarkable, that he was never satisfied with investigating, nor desisted from it, so long as he had less than all the light that he could obtain upon a subject; and then he made his decision without bias.

This command over the partialities that so generally stop men short, or turn them aside in their pursuit of truth, is one of the chief causes of his unvaried course of right conduct in so many difficult scenes, where every human actor must be presumed to err. If he had strong passions, he had learned to subdue them, and to be moderate and mild. If he had weaknesses, he concealed them,—which is rare,—and excluded them from the government of his temper and conduct,—which is still more rare.

If he loved fame he never made improper compliances for what is called popularity. The fame he enjoyed is of the kind that will last for ever; yet it was rather the effect, than the motive of his conduct.—Some future Plutarch will search for a parallel to his character. Epaminondas is perhaps the brightest name of all antiquity. Our WASHINGTON resembled him in the purity and ardor of his patriotism; and, like him, he first exalted the glory of his country.

There, it is to be hoped, the parallel ends: for Thebes fell with Epaminondas. But such comparisons cannot be pursued far, without departing from the similitude. For we shall find it as difficult to compare great men as great rivers: some we admire for the length and rapidity of their current, and the grandeur of their cataracts; others for the majestic silence and fullness of their streams: we cannot bring them together to measure the difference of their waters.

The unambitious life of WASHINGTON, declining fame, yet courted by it, seemed, like the Ohio, to choose its long way through solitudes, diffusing fertility; or like his own Potomac, widening and deepening his channel as he approaches the sea, and displaying most the usefulness and serenity of his greatness toward the end of his course. Such

a citizen would do honor to any country, and the constant veneration and affection of *his* country, will show that it was worthy of such a citizen.

Ames.

The Grave of Jefferson.

I ASCENDED the winding road which leads from Charlottesville to Monticello, up the miniature mountain to the farm and the grave of Jefferson. On entering the gate which opens into the enclosure, numerous paths diverge in various directions, winding through beautiful groves to the summit of the hill. From the peak on which the house stands, a grand and nearly unlimited view opens to the thickly wooded hills and fertile valleys which stretch out on either side. The University with its dome, porticos, and colonnade, looks like a fair city in the plain: Charlottesville seems to be directly beneath.

No spot can be imagined as combining greater advantages of grandeur, healthfulness, and seclusion.—The house is noble in its appearance: two large columns support a portico, which extends from the wings, and into it the front door opens. The apartments are neatly furnished, and embellished with statues, busts, portraits, and natural curiosities. The grounds and outhouses have been neglected; Mr. Jefferson's attention having been absorbed from such personal concerns, by the cares attendant on the superintendence of the University.

At a short distance behind the mansion, in a quiet, shaded spot, the visitor sees a square enclosure, surrounded by a low, unmortared stone wall, which he enters by a neat wooden gate. This is the family burial ground, containing ten or fifteen graves, none of them marked by epitaphs, and only a few distinguished by any memorial. On one side of this simple cemetery,^c is the resting place of the patriot and philosopher. When I saw it, the vault had just been arched, and in readiness for the plain stone which was to cover it.

May it ever continue, like Washington's, without any adventitious attractions or conspicuousness; for when we or our posterity need any other memento of our debt of honor to those names, than their simple inscription on paper, gorgeous^f tombs would be a mockery to their memories. When gratitude shall cease to concentrate their remembrance in the hearts of our citizens, no cenotaph will inspire the reverence we owe to them.

The last days of Herculaneum.

A GREAT city, situated amidst all that nature could create of beauty and profusion, or art collect of science and magnificence,—the growth of many ages,—the residence of enlightened multitudes,—the scene of splendor, and festivity, and happiness,—in one moment withered as by a spell, — its palaces, its streets, its temples, its gardens, “glowing with eternal spring,” and its inhabitants in the full enjoyment of all life’s blessings, obliterated from their very place in creation,—not by war, or famine, or disease, or any of the natural causes of destruction to which earth had been accustomed,—but in a single night, as if by magic,^d and amid the conflagration, as it were, of nature itself,—presented a subject on which the wildest imagination might grow weary, without even equaling the grand and terrible reality.

The eruption of Vesuvius, by which Herculaneum and Pompeii were overwhelmed, has been chiefly described to us in the letters of Pliny the younger to Tacitus, giving an account of his uncle’s fate, and the situation of the writer and his mother. The elder Pliny had just returned from the bath, and was retired to his study, when a small speck or cloud, which seemed to ascend from Mount Vesuvius, attracted his attention.

This cloud gradually increased, and at length assumed the shape of a pine tree, the trunk of earth and vapor, and the leaves, “red cinders.” Pliny ordered his galley, and, urged by his philosophic spirit, went forward to inspect the phenomenon. In a short time, however, philosophy gave way to humanity, and he zealously and adventurously employed his galley, in saving the inhabitants of the various beautiful villas which studded that enchanting coast. Among others he went to the assistance of his friend Pomponianus, who was then at Strabiæ.

The storm of fire, and the tempest of earth, increased; and the wretched inhabitants were obliged, by the continual rocking of their houses, to rush out into the fields with pillows tied down by napkins upon their heads, as their sole defense against the shower of stones which fell on them. This, in the course of nature, was in the middle of the day; but a deeper darkness than that of a winter night had closed

around the ill-fated inmates of Herculaneum. This artificial darkness continued for three days and nights, and when, at length, the sun again appeared over the spot where Herculaneum stood, his rays fell upon an ocean of lava!

There was neither tree, nor shrub, nor field, nor house, nor living creature; nor visible remnant of what human hands had reared,—there was nothing to be seen but one black extended surface, still streaming with mephitic vapor, and heaved into calcined waves by the operation of fire, and the undulations of the earthquake! Pliny was found dead upon the sea-shore, stretched upon a cloth which had been spread for him, where it was conjectured he had perished early, his corpulent and apoplectic habit rendering him an easy prey to the suffocating atmosphere.

Passage of the Potomac and Shenandoah Rivers through the Blue Ridge.

1. THE passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge, is perhaps one of the most stupendous scenes in nature. You stand on a very high point of land. On your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountain a hundred miles to seek a vent. On your left approaches the Potomac, in quest of a passage also. In the moment of their junction they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea.

The first glance of this scene hurries our senses into the opinion, that this earth has been created in time; that the mountains were formed first; that the rivers began to flow afterwards; that, in this place particularly, they have been dammed up by the Blue Ridge of mountains, and have formed an ocean which filled the whole valley; that, continuing to rise, they have at length broken over at this spot, and have torn the mountain down from its summit to its base. The piles of rock on each hand, particularly the Shenandoah,—the evident marks of their disruption and avulsion from their beds, by the most powerful agents of nature, corroborate this impression.

But the distant finishing which nature has given to the picture, is of a very different character. It is a true contrast to the foreground. That is as placid and delightful, as this is wild and tremendous. The mountain being cloven asunder, presents to your eye, through the cleft, a small catch

of smooth blue horizon, at an infinite distance in the plain country, inviting you as it were from the riot and tumult roaring round, to pass through the breach, and participate of the calm below.

Here the eye ultimately composes itself; and that way, too, the road happens actually to lead. You cross the Potomac above the junction, pass along its side through the base of the mountain for three miles,—its terrible precipices hanging in fragments over you. This scene is worth a voyage across the Atlantic; yet here, as in the neighborhood of the Natural Bridge, are people who have passed their lives within half a dozen miles, and have never been to survey these monuments of a war between rivers and mountains, which must have shaken the earth itself to its center.

Jefferson.

The Egyptian Pyramids.

THE pyramids of Egypt are well entitled to a place, among the most interesting curiosities in the world. The principal ones stand opposite Cairo, on the west side of the river Nile. They are built of stones, which overleap each other, and thus form steps from the bottom to the top. The perpendicular height of the largest is about 500 feet, and the area of its basis contains nearly 500,000 square feet, or something more than eleven English acres of ground. Some idea may be formed of the cost and labor in the structure of this pyramid, from the fact that thirty years were spent in building it, and that 100,000 men were constantly employed on the work.

Such were the famous Egyptian pyramids, which by their figure as well as size have triumphed over the injuries of time and the barbarians. But whatever efforts men make, their own nothingness will always appear. These pyramids were tombs; and there is still to be seen, in the middle of the largest, an empty sepulcher, cut out of entire stone, about three feet deep and broad, and a little above six feet long.

Thus, all this bustle, all this expense, and all the labor of so many thousand men, ended in procuring a prince, in this vast and almost boundless pile of buildings, a little vault six feet in length. Besides, the kings who built these pyramids had it not in their power to be buried in them, and

so did not enjoy the sepulcher they had built. The public hatred which they incurred by reason of their unheard of cruelties to their subjects, in laying such heavy tasks upon them, occasioned their being interred in some obscure place, to prevent their bodies from being exposed to the fury and vengeance of the populace.

This last circumstance, of which historians have taken particular notice, teaches us what judgment we ought to pass on these edifices, so much boasted of by the ancients. It is but just to remark and esteem the noble genius which the Egyptians had for architecture, —a genius that prompted them from the earliest times, and before they could have any models to imitate, to aim in all things at the grand and magnificent; and to be intent on real beauties, without deviating in the least from a noble simplicity, in which the highest perfection of the art consists.

But what idea ought we to form of those princes, who considered as something grand, the raising, by a multitude of hands and by the help of money, immense structures, with the sole view of rendering their names immortal; and who did not scruple to destroy thousands of their subjects to satisfy their vain glory! They differed very much from the Romans, who sought to immortalize themselves by works of a magnificent kind, but at the same time of public utility.

Pliny gives us, in a few words, a just idea of these pyramids when he calls them a foolish and useless ostentation of the wealth of Egyptian kings; and adds, that by a just punishment their memory is buried in oblivion—historians not agreeing among themselves about the names of those who first raised those vain monuments. In a word, according to the judicious remark of Diodorus, the industry of the architects of those pyramids is no less valuable and praiseworthy, than the design of the Egyptian kings contemptible and ridiculous.

But what we should most admire in these ancient monuments, is, the true and standing evidence they give of the skill of the Egyptians in Astronomy; that is a science which seems incapable of being brought to perfection but by a long series of years, and a great number of observations. It has been found, that the four sides of the great pyramid named, were turned exactly to the four quarters of the world; and consequently showed the true meridian of that place.

As so exact a situation was in all probability purposely

pitched upon, by those who piled up this huge mass of stones above three thousand years ago; it follows, that during so long a space of time there has been no alteration in the heavens in that respect, or, which amounts to the same thing, in the poles of the earth or the meridians.

Of the Forum, and other public Buildings at Rome.

THE Roman Forum now lay extended before us—a scene in the ages of Roman greatness of unparalleled splendor and magnificence. It was bordered on both sides with temples, and lined with statues. It terminated in triumphal arches; and was bounded, here by the Palatine hill, with the imperial residence glittering on its summit, and there by the Capitol, with its ascending ranges of porticos and of temples.

Thus it presented one of the richest exhibitions that eyes could behold, or human ingenuity invent. In the midst of these superb monuments,—the memorial of their greatness, and the trophies of their fathers,—the Roman people assembled to exercise their sovereign power, and to decide the fates of heroes, of kings, and of nations.

Nor did the contemplation of such glorious objects fail to produce a corresponding effect. Manlius, as long as he could extend his arm and fix the attention of the people on the Capitol which he had saved, suspended his fatal sentence. Caius Gracchus melted the hearts of his audience, when in the moment of distress he pointed to the Capitol, and asked with all the emphasis of despair, whether he could expect to find an asylum in that sanctuary, whose pavements still streamed with the blood of his brother.

Scipio Africanus, when accused by an envious faction, and obliged to appear before the people as a criminal, instead of answering the charge, turned to the Capitol, and invited the assembly to accompany him to the temple of Jupiter, and to give thanks to the Gods for the defeat of Annibal and the Carthaginians.

Such, in fact, was the influence of locality, and such the awe, interest, and even emotion, inspired by the surrounding edifices. Hence the frequent references that we find in the Roman historians and orators, of the Capitol, the Forum, the temples of the gods; and hence those noble addresses to the deities themselves, as appear in their respective sanctuaries.

But the glories of the Forum are now fled for ever; its temples are fallen; its sanctuaries have crumbled into dust; its colonnades encumber its pavements, now buried under their remains. The walls of the Rostra, stripped of their ornaments, and doomed to eternal silence,—a few shattered porticos, and here and there an insulated column, standing in the midst of broken shafts,—vast fragments of marble capitals and cornices, heaped together in masses,—remind the traveler that the field which he now traverses was once the Roman Forum.

A little farther on commences a double range of trees that leads along the Via Sacra, by the temples of Antoninus and of Peace, to the arch of Titus. A herdsman, seated on a pedestal while his oxen were drinking at the fountain, and a few passengers, moving at a distance in different directions, were the only living beings that disturbed the silence and solitude which reigned around.

Thus, the place seemed restored to its original wildness described by Virgil, and abandoned once more to the flocks and herds of cattle. So far have the modern Romans forgotten the theater of the glory, and of the imperial power of their ancestors, as to degrade it into a common market for cattle; and sink its name, illustrated by every page of Roman history, into the contemptible appellation of *Campo Vaccino*.

Proceeding along the Via Sacra, and passing under the arch of Titus, on turning a little to the left we beheld the amphitheater of Vespasian and Titus, now called the Coliseum. Never did human art present to the eye a fabric, so well calculated, by its size and form, to surprise and delight. Let the spectator first place himself to the north, and contemplate that side which depredation, barbarism, and ages have spared, he will behold with admiration its wonderful extent, well proportioned stories, and flying lines, that retire and vanish without break or interruption.

Next let him turn to the south, and examine those stupendous arches, which, stripped as they are of their external decorations, still astonish us by their solidity and duration. Then let him enter, range through the lofty arcades, and, ascending the vaulted seats, consider the vast mass of ruin that surrounds him—insulated walls, immense stones suspended in the air, arches covered with weeds and shrubs,

vaults opening upon other ruins ; in short, above, below, and around, one vast collection of magnificence and devastation, of grandeur and decay.

The Coliseum, owing to the solidity of its materials, survived the era of barbarism, and was so perfect in the thirteenth century that games were exhibited in it, not for the amusement of the Roman only, but of all the nobility of Italy. The destruction of this wonderful fabric is to be ascribed to causes more active in general in the erection, than in the demolition of magnificent buildings—to Taste and Vanity.

When Rome began to revive, and architecture arose from its ruins, every rich and powerful citizen wished to have, not a commodious dwelling merely, but a palace. The Coliseum was an immense quarry at hand : the common people stole, the grandees obtained permission to carry off, its materials, till the interior was dismantled, and the exterior half stripped of its ornaments.

It is difficult to say where this system of depredation, so sacrilegious in the opinion of the antiquary, would have stopped, had not Benedict XIV., a pontif of great judgment, erected a cross in the center of the arena, and declared the place sacred, out of respect to the blood of the many martyrs who were butchered there during the persecutions.—This declaration, if issued two or three centuries ago, would have preserved the Coliseum entire ; it can now only protect its remains, and transmit them in their present state to posterity.

We then ascended the Palatine Mount, after having walked around its base in order to examine its bearings.—This hill, the nursery of infant Rome, and finally the residence of imperial grandeur, presents now two solitary villas and a convent, with their deserted gardens and vineyards.

Its numerous temples, its palaces, its porticos, and its libraries,—once the glory of Rome, and the admiration of the universe,—are now mere heaps of ruins, so shapeless and scattered, that the antiquary and architect are at a loss to discover their site, their plans and their elevation. Of that wing of the imperial palace which looks to the west, and on the Circus Maximus, some apartments remain vaulted, and of fine proportions, but so deeply buried in ruins as to be now subterranean.

A hall of immense size was discovered about the be-

ginning of the last century, concealed under the ruins of its own massive roof. The pillars of *Verde antico* that supported its vaults, the statues that ornamented its niches, and the rich marbles that formed its pavement, were found buried in rubbish, and were immediately carried away by the Farnesian family, the proprietors of the soil, to adorn their palaces, and furnish their galleries.

This hall is now cleared of its encumbrances, and presents to the eye a vast length of naked wall, and an area covered with weeds. As we stood contemplating its extent and proportions, a fox started from an aperture at one end, once a window, and, crossing the open space, scrambled up the ruins at the other, and disappeared in the rubbish.

This scene of desolation reminded me of Ossian's beautiful description: "the thistle shook there its lonely head; the moss whistled to the gale; the fox looked out from the windows; the rank grass waved around his head,"—and almost seemed the accomplishment of that awful prediction—"There the wild beasts of the desert shall lodge, and howling monsters shall fill the houses; the wolves shall howl to one another in their palaces, and dragons in their voluptuous pavilions."

Eustace.

Description of Etna.

AT day break we set off from Catania, to visit Mount Ætna, that venerable and respectable father of mountains. His base, and his immense declivities, are covered with a numerous progeny of his own; for every great eruption produces a new mountain; and, perhaps by the number of these better than by any other method, the number of eruptions, and the age of Ætna itself might be ascertained.

The whole mountain is divided into three distinct regions, called La Regione Cultra or Piemontese, the fertile region; La Regione Sylvosa, or Nemorosa, the woody region; and La Regione Deserta or Scoperta, the barren region. These three are as different, both in climate and productions, as the three zones of the earth; and perhaps with equal propriety might have been styled the Torrid, the Temperate, and the Frigid Zone.

The first region surrounds the mountain, and constitutes the most fertile country in the world, on all sides of it,

to the extent of fourteen or fifteen miles, where the woody region begins. It is composed almost entirely of lava, which, after a number of ages, is at last converted into the most fertile of all soils. At Nicolosi, which is twelve miles up the mountain, we found the barometer at 27 1-2:—at Catania it stood at 29 1-2.

After leaving Nicolosi, in an hour and a half's traveling over barren ashes and lava, we arrived on the confines of the Regione Sylvosa, or temperate zone. As soon as we entered these delightful forests, we seemed to have entered another world. The air, which before was sultry and hot, was now cool and refreshing; and every breeze was loaded with a thousand perfumes—the whole ground being covered with the richest aromatic plants. Many parts of this region are surely the most delightful spots upon earth.

This mountain unites every beauty, and every horror; and the most opposite and dissimilar objects in nature. Here you observe a gulf that formerly threw out torrents of fire, now covered with the most luxuriant vegetation; and from an object of terror, become one of delight. Here you gather the most delicious fruit, rising from what was but lately a barren rock. Here the ground is covered with flowers; and we wander over these beauties, and contemplate this wilderness of sweets, without considering that under our feet, but a few yards separate us from lakes of liquid fire and brimstone.

But our astonishment still increases, upon raising our eyes to the higher region of the mountain. There we behold in perpetual union, the two elements which are at perpetual war—an immense gulf of fire, for ever existing in the midst of snows which it has not power to melt; and immense fields of snow and ice, for ever surrounding this gulf of fire, which they have not power to extinguish. The woody region of Ætna ascends for about eight or nine miles, and forms a zone or girdle of the brightest green, all around the mountain.

This night we passed through little more than half of it; arriving some time before sun set at our lodging, which was a large cave, formed by one of the most ancient and venerable lavas. Here we were delighted with the contemplation of many beautiful objects,—the prospect on all sides being immense,—and we already seemed to have been lifted from the earth. After a comfortable sleep, and other refreshments, at eleven o'clock at night we recommenced our expedition.

Our guide now began to display his great knowledge of

the mountain, and we followed him with implicit confidence where perhaps human foot had never trod before. Sometimes through gloomy forests, which by day were delightful, but now, from the universal darkness, the rustling of the trees, the heavy dull bellowing of the mountain, the vast expanse of ocean stretched at an immense distance below us, inspired a kind of awful horror.

Sometimes we found ourselves ascending great rocks of lava, where, if our mules should make but a false step, we might be thrown headlong over the precipice.—However, by the assistance of our guide we overcame all these difficulties, and in two hours we had ascended above the region of vegetation, and had left the forests of Ætna far below, which now appeared like a dark and gloomy gulf surrounding the mountain.

The prospect before us was of a very different nature: we beheld an expanse of snow and ice which alarmed us exceedingly, and almost staggered our resolution. In the centre of this we descried the high summit of the mountain, rearing its tremendous head, and vomiting out torrents of smoke.

The ascent for some time was not steep, and as the surface of the snow sunk a little, we had tolerably good footing; but as it soon began to grow steeper, we found our labor greatly increased: however, we determined to persevere, calling to mind that the emperor Adrian and the philosopher Plato had undergone the same; and from a like motive too—to see the rising sun from the top of Ætna.

We at length arrived at the summit; but here, description must ever fall short; for no imagination has dared to form an idea of so glorious, and so magnificent a scene. Neither is there on the surface of this globe, any one point, that unites so many awful and sublime objects:—

The immense elevation from the surface of the earth, drawn as it were to a single point, without any neighboring mountain for the senses and imagination to rest upon, and recover from their astonishment in their way down to the world;—this point, or pinnacle, raised on the brink of a bottomless gulf, as old as the world, often discharging rivers of fire, and throwing out burning rocks, with a noise that shakes the whole island,—add to this, the unbounded extent of the prospect, comprehending the greatest diversity,—and the most beautiful scenery in nature,—with the rising sun advancing in the east, to illuminate the wondrous scene.

The whole atmosphere by degrees kindled up, and showed, dimly and faintly, the boundless prospect around.

Both sea and land looked dark and confused, as if only emerging from their original chaos; and light and darkness seemed still undivided, till the morning, by degrees advancing, completed the separation. The stars are extinguished, and the shades disappear. The forests, which but now seemed black and bottomless gulfs, from which no ray was reflected to show their form or colors, appear a new creation rising to the sight, and catching life and beauty from every increasing beam.

The scene still enlarges, and the horizon seems to widen and expand itself on all sides, till the sun, like the great Creator, appears in the east, and with his plastic rays completes the mighty scene. All appears enchantment; and it is with difficulty we can believe we are still on earth. The senses, unaccustomed to the sublimity of such a scene, are bewildered and confounded; and it is not till after some time, that they are capable of separating and judging of the objects that compose it.

The body of the sun is seen rising from the ocean. immense tracts both of sea and land intervening; the islands of Lipari, Panari, Alicudi, Strombolo, and Volcano, with their smoking summits, appear under your feet: you look down on the whole of Sicily as on a map; and can trace every river through all its windings, from its source to its mouth.

The view is absolutely boundless on every side; nor is there any one object within the circle of vision to interrupt it; so that the sight is every where lost in the immensity; and I am persuaded it is only from the imperfection of our organs, that the coasts of Africa, and even of Greece, are not discovered, as they are certainly above the horizon. The circumference of the visible horizon, on the top of Ætna, cannot be less than two thousand miles.

But the most beautiful part of the scene is certainly the mountain itself, the island of Sicily, and the numerous islands lying around it. All these, by a kind of magic in vision that I am at a loss to account for, seem as if they were brought close around the skirts of Ætna—the distances appearing reduced to nothing.

The Regione Deserta, or the frigid zone of Ætna, is the first object that calls your attention. It is marked out by a circle of snow and ice, which extends on all sides to the distance of about eight miles. In the center of this circle, the great crater of the mountain rears its burning head; and the regions of intense cold and of intense heat seem for ever to be united in the same point.

The Regione Deserta is immediately succeeded by the Sylvosa, or the woody region, which forms a circle or girdle of the most beautiful green, surrounding the mountain on all sides; and it is certainly one of the most delightful spots on earth. This presents a remarkable contrast with the desert region. It is not smooth and even, like the greatest part of the latter; but it is finely variegated by an infinite number of those beautiful little mountains, that have been formed by the different eruptions of Ætna.

All these have now acquired a wonderful degree of fertility, except a very few that are but newly formed,—that is, within these five or six hundred years; for it certainly requires some thousands to bring them to their greatest degree of perfection. We looked down into the craters of these, and attempted, but in vain, to number them.

The circumference of this zone or great circle on Ætna, is not less than 70 or 80 miles. It is every where succeeded by the vineyards, orchards, and corn fields, that compose the Regione Cultra, or the fertile region. This last zone is much broader than the others, and extends on all sides to the foot of the mountain. Its whole circumference, according to Recupero, is 183 miles.

It is likewise covered with a number of little conical and spherical mountains, and exhibits a wonderful variety of forms and colors, and makes a delightful contrast with the other two regions. It is bounded by the sea to the south and south-east, and on all its other sides by the rivers Semetus and Alcantara, which run almost around it. The whole course of these rivers is seen at once, and all their beautiful windings through these fertile valleys looked upon, as the favored possession of Ceres herself.

Cast your eyes a little farther, and you embrace the whole island, and see all its cities, rivers, and mountains, delineated in the great chart of nature,—all the adjacent islands, the whole coast of Italy, as far as your eye can reach;—for it is no where bounded, but every where lost in space. On the sun's first rising, the shadow of the mountain extends across the whole island, and makes a large track, visible even in the sea and in the air. By degrees this is shortened, and, in a little time, is confined only to the neighborhood of Ætna.

We had now time to examine the fourth region of that wonderful mountain, very different indeed from the others, and productive of very different sensations; but which has undoubtedly given being to all the rest;—I mean the region

of fire. The present crater of this immense volcano, is a circle of about three miles and a half in circumference. It goes shelving down on each side, and forms a regular hollow like a vast amphitheater.

From many places of this space, issue volumes of sulphureous smoke, which, being much heavier than the circumambient^a air, instead of rising in it, as smoke generally does, immediately on its getting out of the crater it rolls down the side of the mountain like a torrent, till coming to that part of the atmosphere of the same specific gravity with itself, it shoots off, horizontally, and forms a large track in the air, according to the direction of the wind, which, happily for us, carried it exactly to the side opposite to that where we were placed.

The crater is so hot that it is very dangerous, if not impossible, to go down into it; besides, the smoke is very incommodious,^b and in many places the surface is so soft, there have been instances of people sinking into it, and paying for their temerity with their lives. Near the center of the crater, is the great mouth of the volcano—that tremendous gulf so celebrated in all ages, and looked upon as the terror and scourge both of this and another life. We beheld it with awe and with horror, and were not surprised that it had been considered as the place of eternal punishment.

When we reflect on the immensity of its depth, the vast cells and caverns whence so many lavas have issued,—the force of its internal fire, to raise up those lavas to so vast a height, to support as it were in the air, and even to force them over the very summit of the crater,—with all the dreadful accompaniments,—the boiling of the matter, the shaking of the mountain, the explosion of flaming rocks, &c.—we must allow that the most enthusiastic imagination in the midst of all its terrors, hardly ever formed an idea of a hell more dreadful.

Brydone.

The Widow and her Son.

DURING my residence in the country, I used frequently to attend at the old village church, which stood in a country filled with ancient families, and contained within its cold and

silent aisles, the congregated dust of many noble generations. Its shadowy aisles, its mouldering monuments, its dark oaken panneling, all reverend with the gloom of departed years, seemed to fit it for the haunt of solemn meditation.

A Sunday, too, in the country, is so holy in its repose; such a pensive quiet reigns over the face of nature, that every restless passion is charmed down, and we feel all the natural religion of the soul gently springing up within us:

"Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky!"

I do not pretend to be what is called a devout man, but there are feelings that visit me in a country church, amid the beautiful serenity of nature, which I experience no where else; and if not a more religious, I think I am a better man on Sunday, than on any other day of the seven.

But in this church I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world, by the frigidity and pomp of the poor worms around me. The only being that seemed thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a true Christian, was a poor decrepit old woman, bending under the weight of years and infirmities.—She bore the traces of something better than abject poverty. The lingerings of decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean.

Some trivial respect, too, had been awarded her; for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar. She seemed to have survived all love, all friendship, all society; and to have nothing left her but the hopes of heaven. When I saw her feebly rising, and bending her aged form in prayer,—habitually conning her prayer-book, which her palsied hand and failing eyes would not permit her to read, but which she evidently knew by heart,—I felt persuaded that the faltering voice of that poor woman arose to Heaven far before the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of the choir.

I am fond of loitering about country churches, and this was so delightfully situated, that it frequently attracted me. It stood on a knoll, around which a stream made a beautiful bend, and then wound its way through a long reach of soft meadow scenery. The church was surrounded by yew trees, which seemed almost coeval with itself. Its tall Gothic spire shot up lightly from among them, with rooks and crows generally wheeling about it.

I was seated there one still, sunny morning, watching two laborers who were digging a grave.—They had chosen one of the most remote and neglected corners of the church-yard, where, from the number of nameless graves around, it would appear that the indigent and friendless were huddled into the earth. I was told that the new-made grave was for the only son of a poor widow.

While I was meditating on the distinctions of worldly rank, which extend thus down into the very dust, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral. They were the obsequies of poverty, with which pride had nothing to do. A coffin of the plainest materials, without pall or other covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before with an air of cold indifference.

There were no mock mourners in the trappings of affected woe; but there was one real mourner, who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased—the poor old woman whom I had seen seated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by an humble friend, who was endeavoring to comfort her. A few of the neighboring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running, hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth, and now pausing to gaze, with childish curiosity, on the grief of the mourner.

As the funeral train approached the grave, the parson issued from the church porch, arrayed in the surplice, with prayer-book in hand, and attended by the clerk. The service, however, was a mere act of charity. The deceased had been destitute, and the survivor was penniless. It was shuffled through, therefore, in form, but coldly and unfeelingly. The well-fed priest moved but a few steps from the church door; his voice could scarcely be heard at the grave; and never did I hear the funeral service, that sublime and touching ceremony, turned into such a frigid mummerly of words.

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased—"George Somers, aged 26 years." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped as if in prayer; but I could perceive, by a feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son, with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

The service being ended, preparations were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir

which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection—directions given in the cold tones of business—the striking of spades into sand and gravel,—which, at the grave of those we love, is of all sounds the most withering. The bustle around seemed to waken the mother from a wretched revery. She raised her glazed eyes and looked about with a faint wildness.

As the men approached, with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands, and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her, took her by the arm, endeavoring to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation;—she could only shake her head, and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a justling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth; as if any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

I could see no more;—my heart swelled into my throat;—my eyes filled with tears;—I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by, and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the church-yard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich!—they have friends to soothe,—pleasures to beguile,—a world to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sorrows of the young!—their growing minds soon close above the wound,—their elastic spirits soon rise beneath the pressure,—their green and ductile affections soon twine around new objects.

But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to soothe,—the sorrows of the aged, with whom life at best is but a wintry day, and who can look for no after-growth of joy,—the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years,—these are indeed sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation.

It was some time before I left the church-yard. On my way homeward, I met with the woman who had acted

as comforter: she was just returning from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed.

The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and by various rural occupations, and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves, creditably and comfortably, and led a happy, and a blameless life. They had one son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age.

Unfortunately, the son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small craft, that plied on a neighboring river. He had not been long in this employ, when he was entrapped by a press-gang, and carried off to sea. His parents received tidings of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy and sunk into his grave.

The widow, left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish. Still there was a kind feeling toward her throughout the village; and a certain respect as being one of the oldest inhabitants. As no one applied for the cottage in which she had passed so many happy days, she was permitted to remain in it, where she lived, solitary and almost helpless. The few wants of nature were chiefly supplied from the scanty productions of her little garden, which the neighbors would now and then cultivate for her.

It was but a few days before the time at which these circumstances were told me, that she was gathering some vegetables for her repast, when she heard the cottage door, which faced the garden, suddenly open. A stranger came out, and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seamen's clothes, was emaciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardships.

He saw her, and hasted toward her, but his steps were faint and faltering; he sunk on his knees before her, and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye—"Oh my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son! your poor boy George!" It was indeed the wreck of her once noble lad, who, shat-

tered by wounds, by sickness, and foreign imprisonment, had at length dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of his childhood.

I will not attempt to detail the particulars of such a meeting, where joy and sorrow were so completely blended:—still he was alive! he had come home! he might yet live to comfort and cherish her old age! Nature, however, was exhausted in him; and if any thing had been wanting to finish the work of fate, the desolation of his native cottage would have been sufficient. He stretched himself on the pallet, on which his widowed mother had passed many a sleepless night, and he never rose from it again.

The villagers, when they heard that George Somers had returned, crowded to see him, offering every comfort and assistance that their humble means afforded.—He was too weak, however, to talk—he could only look his thanks. His mother was his constant attendant; and he seemed unwilling to be helped by any other hand.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood,—that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished,—even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency,—who that has pined on a weary bed, in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land,—but has thought of the mother “that looked on his childhood,” that smoothed his pillow and administered to his helplessness?

Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son, that transcends all the other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity: and, if adversity overtake him, he will be the dearer to her by misfortune; and, if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him; and, if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

Poor George Somers had known well what it was to be in sickness, and have none to soothe—lonely and in prison, and none to visit him. He could not endure his mother from his sight: if she moved away, his eye would follow her. She would sit for hours by his bed, watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would start from a feverish dream, and look anxiously up until he saw her venerable form bending over him; when he would take her hand, lay it on his bosom, and fall asleep with the tranquillity of a child:—in this way he died.

My first impulse on hearing this humble tale of affliction, was to visit the cottage of the mourner, and administer pecuniary assistance, and, if possible, comfort. I found however on inquiry, that the good feelings of the villagers had prompted them to do every thing that the case admitted; and as the poor know best how to console each other's sorrows, I did not venture to intrude.

The next Sunday I was at the village church, when, to my surprise, I saw the old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar. She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty:—a black riband or so—a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express, by outward signs, that grief which passes show.

When I looked around upon the storied monuments, the stately hatchments, the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride,—and then turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious, though a broken heart,—I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.

I related her story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved by it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was however but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the course of a Sunday or two after, she was missed from her usual seat at church, and before I left the neighborhood, I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and gone to rejoin those she loved, in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.

The Blind Preacher.

It was one Sunday, as I traveled through the county of Orange, in Virginia, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses, tied near a ruinous, old, wooden house, in the forest, not far from the road side. Having frequently seen such objects before, in traveling through these states, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join in the

duties of the congregation ; but I must confess, that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness, was not the least of my motives. On entering the house, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man,—his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shriveled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a palsy ; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

The first emotions which touched my breast, were those of mingled pity and veneration. But how soon were all my feelings changed ! The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees, than were the lips of this holy man ! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament ; and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Savior. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times : I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose, that in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man, whose eloquence would give, to this topic, a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit, to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar—a more than human solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver. He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Savior,—his trial before Pilate,—his ascent up Calvary,—his crucifixion, and his death. I knew the whole history ; but never, until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored ! It was all new ; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life.

His enunciation was so deliberate that his voice trembled on every syllable ; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrases had that force of description, that the original scene appeared to be at that moment acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews—the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet : my soul kindled with a flame of indignation ; and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clinched.

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Savior ; when he drew, to the life,—his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven,—his voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies,—“ Father, forgive them, for they know not what

they do ;”—the voice of the preacher which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until, his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect was inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

It was some time before the tumult had subsided, so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But—no: the descent was as beautiful and sublime, as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence, was a quotation from Rousseau ;—“Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God !”—I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before, did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant, by laying such stress on *delivery*.

You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher,—his blindness constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian and Milton, and associate with his performance the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses,—you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody—you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised,—and then, the few minutes of portentous, death-like silence which reigned throughout the house,—to see the preacher, removing his white handkerchief from his aged face, even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears, and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begin the sentence—“Socrates died like a philosopher”—then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both, clasped together, with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his sightless balls to Heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice—“but Jesus Christ—like a God !”—If he had been indeed and in truth an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine.

Whatever I had been able to conceive of the sublimity of Massillon, or the force of Bourdaloue, had fallen far short of the power which I felt, from the delivery of this simple sentence. The blood, which just before had rushed in a hurricane upon my brain, and, in the violence and agony of my feelings, had held my whole system in suspense, now ran back into my heart, with a sensation which I cannot describe—a kind of shuddering delicious horror! The paroxysm of blended pity and indignation to which I had been transported, subsided into the deepest self-abasement, humility, and adoration. I had just been lacerated and dissolved by sympathy for our Savior, as a fellow creature; but now, with fear and trembling, I adored him as —“a God!”

If this description gives you the impression, that this incomparable minister had any thing of shallow, theatrical trick in his manner, it does him great injustice. I have never seen, in any other orator, such an union of simplicity and majesty. He has not a gesture, an attitude, or an accent, to which he does not seem forced by the sentiment which he is expressing. His mind is too serious, too earnest, too solicitous, and, at the same time too dignified, to stoop to artifice. Although as far removed from ostentation as a man can be, yet it is clear, from the train, the style and substance of his thoughts, that he is not only a very polite scholar but a man of very extensive and profound erudition.

This man has been before my imagination almost ever since. A thousand times as I rode along, I dropped the reins of my bridle, stretched forth my hand, and tried to imitate his quotation from Rousseau; a thousand times I abandoned the attempt in despair, and felt persuaded that his peculiar manner and power, arose from an energy of soul which nature could give, but which no human being could justly copy.

The Head Stone.

THE coffin was let down to the bottom of the grave; the planks were removed from the heaped-up brink; the first rattling clods had struck their knell; the quick shoveling was over; and the long, broad, skilfully cut pieces of turf were aptly joined together, and trimly laid by the beating spade; so that the newest mound in the church-yard, was scarcely distinguishable from those that were grown over

by the undisturbed grass and daises of a luxuriant spring. The burial was soon over; and the party with one consenting motion, having uncovered their heads, in decent reverence of the place and occasion, were beginning to separate, and about to leave the church-yard.

Here some acquaintances, from distant parts of the parish, who had not had an opportunity of addressing each other in the house that had belonged to the deceased, nor in the course of the few hundred yards that the little procession had to move over from his bed to his grave, were shaking hands, quietly and cheerfully, and inquiring after the welfare of each other's families. There, a small knot of neighbours were speaking, without exaggeration, of the respectable character which the deceased had borne, and mentioning to one another, the little incidents of his life, some of them so remote as to be known only to the gray-headed persons of the group.

While a few yards farther removed from the spot, were standing together parties who discussed ordinary concerns, altogether unconnected with the funeral, such as the state of the markets, the promise of the season, or change of tenants; but still with a sobriety of manner and voice, that was insensibly produced by the influence of the simple ceremony now closed,—by the quiet graves around, and the shadow of the spire and gray walls of the house of God.

Two men yet stood together at the head of the grave, with countenances of sincere, but unimpassioned grief. They were brothers—the only sons of him who had been buried. And there was something in their situation that naturally kept the eyes of many directed upon them, for a long time, and more intently than would have been the case, had there been nothing more observable about them, than the common symptoms of a common sorrow. But these two brothers, who were now standing at the head of their father's grave, had for some years been totally estranged from each other; and the only words that had passed between them, during all that time, had been uttered within a few days past, during the necessary preparations for the old man's funeral.

No deep and deadly quarrel was between these brothers, and neither of them could distinctly tell the cause of this unnatural estrangement. Perhaps dim jealousies of their father's favor,—selfish thoughts that will sometimes force themselves into poor men's hearts, respecting temporal expectations—unaccommodating manners on both sides—

taunting words that mean little when uttered, but which rankle and fester in remembrance—imagined opposition of interests, that, duly considered, would have been found one and the same—these, and many other causes, slight when single, but strong when rising up together in one baneful band, had gradually, but fatally infected their hearts, till at last, they who in youth had been seldom separate, and truly attached, now met at market, and, miserable to say, at church, with dark and averted faces, like different clansmen during a feud.

Surely if any thing could have softened their hearts towards each other, it must have been to stand silently, side by side, while the earth, stones and clods, were falling down upon their father's coffin. And doubtless their hearts were so softened. But pride, though it cannot prevent the holy affections of nature from being felt, may prevent them from being shown; and these two brothers stood there together, determined not to let each other know the mutual tenderness that, in spite of them, was gushing up in their hearts, and teaching them the unconfessed folly and wickedness of their causeless quarrel.

A head-stone had been prepared, and a person came forward to plant it. The elder brother directed him how to place it—a plain stone, with a sand-glass, skull, and cross-bones, chiseled not rudely, and a few words inscribed. The younger brother regarded the operation with a troubled eye, and said, loudly enough to be heard by the by-standers, "William, this was not kind in you; for you should have told me of this. I loved my father as well as you could love him. You were the elder, and, it may be, the favorite son; but I had a right in nature to have joined you in ordering this head-stone, had I not?"

During these words, the stone was sinking into the earth, and many persons who were on their way from the grave returned. For a while the elder brother said nothing, for he had a consciousness in his heart that he ought to have consulted his father's son, in designing this last becoming mark of affection and respect to his memory; so the stone was planted in silence, and now stood erect, decently and simply, among the other unostentatious memorials of the humble dead.

The inscription merely gave the name and age of the deceased, and told that the stone had been erected "by his affectionate sons." The sight of these words seemed to soften the displeasure of the angry man, and he said, somewha

more mildly, "Yes, we were his affectionate sons, and since my name is on the stone, I am satisfied, brother. We have not drawn together kindly of late years, and perhaps never may; but I acknowledge and respect your worth; and here, before our own friends, and before the friends of our father, with my foot above his head, I express my willingness to be on better terms with you; and if we cannot command love in our hearts, let us, at least, brother, bar out all unkindness."

The minister, who had attended the funeral, and had something intrusted to him to say publicly before he left the church-yard, now came forward, and asked the elder brother why he spake not regarding this matter. He saw that there was something of a cold, and sullen pride rising up in his heart; for not easily may any man hope to dismiss from the chamber of his heart, even the vilest guest, if once cherished there. With a solemn, and almost severe air, he looked upon the relenting man, and then, changing his countenance into serenity, said gently,—

"Behold how good a thing it is,
And how becoming well,
Together such as brethren are,
In unity to dwell."

The time, the place, and this beautiful expression of a natural sentiment, quite overcame a heart, in which many kind, if not warm affections dwelt; and the man thus appealed to, bowed down his head and wept,—“Give me your hand, brother;”—and it was given, while a murmur of satisfaction arose from all present, and all hearts felt kindlier and more humanely toward each other.

As the brothers stood, fervently but composedly, grasping each other's hand, in the little hollow that lay between the grave of their mother, long since dead, and of their father, whose shroud was happily not yet still, from the fall of dust to dust, the minister stood beside them with a pleasant countenance, and said, “I must fulfill the promise I made to your father on his death-bed. I must read to you a few words which his hand wrote, at an hour when his tongue denied its office.

“I must not say that you did your duty to your old father; for did he not often beseech you, apart from one another, to be reconciled, for your own sakes as Christians, for his sake, and for the sake of the mother who bare you, and, Stephen, who died that you might be born? When the palsy struck him for the last time, you were both absent, nor was it your fault that you were not beside the old man when he died.

"As long as sense continued with him here, did he think of you two, and of you two alone. Tears were in his eyes,—I saw them there, and on his cheek too, when no breath came from his lips. But of this no more. He died with this paper in his hand; and he made me know that I was to read it to you over his grave. I now obey him.—"My sons, if you will let my bones lie quiet in the grave, near the dust of your mother, depart not from my burial, till, in the name of God and Christ, you promise to love one another as you used to do. Dear boys, receive my blessing."

Some turned their heads away to hide the tears that needed not to be hidden;—and when the brothers had released each other from a long and sobbing embrace, many went up to them, and in a single word or two, expressed their joy at this perfect reconciliation. The brothers themselves walked away from the church-yard, arm in arm, with the minister to the manse.

On the following Sabbath, they were seen sitting with their families in the same pew, and it was observed, that they read together from the same Bible when the minister gave out the text; and that they sung together, taking hold of the same psalm-book. The same psalm was sung, (given out at their own request,) of which one verse had been repeated at their father's grave;—a larger sum than usual was on that Sabbath found in the plate for the poor,—for love and charity are sisters. And ever after, both during the peace and the troubles of this life, the hearts of the brothers were as one, and in nothing were they divided.

Wilson.

The Sultan and Mr. Howard, the Philanthropist.

Sultan. ENGLISHMAN, you were invited hither to receive public thanks, for our troops restored to health by your prescriptions. Ask a reward adequate to your services.

Howard. Sultan, the reward I ask, is, leave to preserve more of your people still.

Sult. How more? my subjects are in health; no contagion visits them.

How. The prisoner is your subject. There, misery, more contagious than disease, preys on the lives of hundreds: sentenced but to confinement, their doom is death. Immured in damp and dreary vaults, they daily perish; and who can tell but that, among the many hapless sufferers, there may be hearts bent down with penitence, to heaven and you, for every slight offense:—there may be some, among the wretched multitude, even innocent victims. Let me seek them out; let me save them and you.

Sul. Amazement! retract your application: curb this weak pity, and accept our thanks.

How. Restrain my pity;—and what can I receive in recompense for that soft bond which links me to the wretched? and, while it soothes their sorrow, repays me more than all the gifts an empire can bestow!—But, if it be a virtue repugnant to your plan of government, I apply not in the name of *Pity*, but of *Justice*.

Sul. Justice!

How. The justice that forbids all, but the worst of criminals, to be denied that wholesome air the very brute creation freely takes.

Sul. Consider for whom you plead—for men (if not base culprits) so misled, so depraved, they are dangerous to our state, and deserve none of its blessings.

How. If not upon the undeserving,—if not upon the wretched wanderer from the paths of rectitude,—where shall the sun diffuse his light, or the clouds distil their dew? Where shall spring breathe fragrance, or autumn pour its plenty?

Sul. Sir, your sentiments, still more your character, excite my curiosity. They tell me that in our camps you visited each sick man's bed,—administered yourself the healing draught,—encouraged our savages with the hope of life, or pointed out their better hope in death.—The widow speaks your charities, the orphan lisps your bounties, and the rough Indian melts in tears to bless you.—I wish to ask why you have done all this?—what is it that prompts you thus to befriend the miserable and forlorn?

How. It is in vain to explain: the time it would take to reveal to you—

Sul. Satisfy my curiosity in writing then.

How. Nay, if you will read, I'll send a book in which is already written why I act thus.

Sul. What book? what is it called?

How. "*The Christian Doctrine.*" There you will find all I have done was but my duty.

Sul. Your words recall reflections that distract me; nor can I bear the pressure on my mind, without confessing—I
am a Christian!
Mrs. Inchbald.

Cadmus and Hercules.

Hercules. Do you pretend to sit as high on Olympus as Hercules? Did you kill the Nemean lion, the Erymanthean boar, the Lernean serpent, and Stymphalian birds? Did you destroy tyrants and robbers?—You value yourself greatly on subduing one serpent: I did as much as that while I lay in my cradle.

Cadmus. It is not on account of the serpent that I boast myself a greater benefactor to Greece than you. Actions should be valued by their utility, rather than their splendor. I taught Greece the art of writing, to which laws owe their precision and permanency. You subdued monsters; I civilized men. It is from untamed passions, not from wild beasts, that the greatest evils arise to human society. By wisdom, by art, by the united strength of civil community, men have been enabled to subdue the whole race of lions, bears, and serpents; and, what is more, to bind by laws and wholesome regulations, the ferocious violence and dangerous treachery of the human disposition. Had lions been destroyed only in single combat, men had had but a bad time of it;—and what but laws could awe the men who killed the lions? The genuine glory, the proper distinction of the rational species, arise from the perfection of the mental powers. Courage is apt to be fierce, and strength is often exerted in acts of oppression; but wisdom is the associate of justice. It assists her to form equal laws, to pursue right measures, to correct power, protect weakness, and to unite individuals in a common interest and general welfare. Heroes may kill tyrants, but it is wisdom and laws that prevent tyranny and oppression. The operations of policy far surpass the labors of Hercules, preventing many evils which valor and might cannot even redress. You heroes regard nothing but glory; and

scarcely consider whether the conquests which raise your fame, are really beneficial to your country. Unhappy are the people who are governed by valor, not directed by prudence, and not mitigated by the gentle arts!

Her. I do not expect to find an admirer of my strenuous life, in the man who taught his countrymen to sit still and read; and to lose the hours of youth and action in idle speculation and the sport of words.

Cad. An ambition to have a place in the registers of fame, is the Eurystheus which imposes heroic labors on mankind. The muses incite to action, as well as entertain the hours of repose; and I think you should honor them for presenting to heroes so noble a recreation, as may prevent their taking up the distaff, when they lay down the club.

Her. Wits as well as heroes can take up the distaff. What think you of their thin-spun systems of philosophy, or lascivious poems, or Milesian fables? Nay, what is still worse, are there not panegyrics on tyrants, and books that blaspheme the gods, and perplex the natural sense of right and wrong? I believe if Eurystheus were to set me to work again, he would find me a worse task than any he imposed; he would make me read over a great library, and I would serve it as I did the Hydra, I would burn as I went on, that one chimera might not rise from another, to plague mankind. I should have valued myself more on clearing the library than on cleansing the Augean stables.

Cad. It is in those libraries only, that the memory of your labor exists. The heroes of Marathon, the patriots of Thermopylæ, owe their fame to me. All the wise institutions of lawgivers, and all the doctrines of sages, had perished in the ear like a dream related, if letters had not preserved them. O Hercules! it is not for the man who preferred virtue to pleasure, to be an enemy to the muses. Let Sardanapalus, and the silken sons of luxury, who have wasted life in inglorious ease, despise the records of action, which bear no honorable testimony to their lives: but true merit, heroic virtue, should respect the sacred source of lasting honor.

Her. Indeed, if writers employed themselves only in recording the acts of great men, much might be said in their favor. But why do they trouble people with their meditations? Can it be of any consequence to the world what an idle man has been thinking?

Cad. Yes it may. The most important and extensive ad-

antages mankind enjoy, are greatly owing to men who have never quitted their closets. To them mankind are obliged for the facility and security of navigation. The invention of the compass has opened to them new worlds. The knowledge of the mechanical powers, has enabled them to construct such wonderful machines, as perform what the united labor of millions, by the severest drudgery, could not accomplish. Agriculture, too, the most useful of arts, has received its share of improvement from the same source. Poetry likewise is of excellent use, to enable the memory to retain with more ease, and to imprint with more energy upon the heart, precepts and examples of virtue. From the little root of a few letters, science has spread its branches over all nature, and raised its head to the heavens. Some philosophers have entered so far into the counsels of Divine Wisdom, as to explain much of the great operations of nature. The dimensions and distances of the planets, the causes of their revolutions, the paths of comets, and the ebbing and flowing of tides, are understood and explained. Can any thing raise the glory of the human species more, than to see a little creature, inhabiting a small spot amidst innumerable worlds, taking a survey of the universe, comprehending its arrangement, and entering into the schemes of that wonderful connexion and correspondence of things so remote, and which it seems a great exertion of Omnipotence to have established? What a volume of wisdom, what a noble theology do these discoveries open to us? While some superior geniuses have soared to these sublime subjects, other sagacious and diligent minds have been inquiring into the most minute works of the Infinite Artificer: the same care, the same providence, is exerted through the whole; and we should learn from it, that, to true wisdom, utility and fitness appear perfection, and whatever is beneficial is noble.

Her. I approve of science as far as it is assistant to action. I like the improvement of navigation, and the discovery of the greater part of the globe, because it opens a wider field for the master spirits of the world to bustle in.

Cad. There spoke the soul of Hercules. But if learned men are to be esteemed for the assistance they give to active minds in their schemes, they are not less to be valued for their endeavors to give them a right direction, and moderate their too great ardor. The study of history will teach the legislator by what means states have become powerful; and in the private citizen, they will inculcate the love of liberty and order. The writings of sages point out a private path of

virtue; and show that the best empire is self-government, and that subduing our passions is the noblest of conquests.

Her. The true spirit of heroism acts by a generous impulse, and wants neither the experience of history, nor the doctrines of philosophers to direct it. But do not arts and sciences render men effeminate, luxurious, and inactive? and can you deny that wit and learning are often made subservient to very bad purposes?

Cad. I will own that there are some natures so happily formed, they scarcely want the assistance of a master, and the rules of art, to give them force or grace, in every thing they do. But these favored geniuses are few. As learning flourishes only where ease, plenty, and mild government subsist, in so rich a soil, and under so soft a climate, the weeds of luxury will spring up among the flowers of art: but the spontaneous weeds would grow more rank, if they were allowed the undisturbed possession of the field. Letters keep a frugal, temperate nation from growing ferocious, a rich one from becoming entirely sensual and debauched. Every gift of heaven is sometimes abused; but good sense and fine talents, by a natural law, gravitate toward virtue. Accidents may drive them out of their proper direction; but such accidents are an alarming omen, and of dire portent to the times. For if virtue cannot keep to her allegiance those men, who in their hearts confess her divine right, and know the value of her laws, on whose fidelity and obedience can she depend? May such geniuses never descend to flatter vice, encourage folly, or propagate irreligion; but exert all their powers in the service of virtue, and celebrate the noble choice of those, who like Hercules preferred her to pleasure!

Lyttelton.

Lord Bacon and Shakspeare.

Shakspeare. Near to Castalia there bubbles a fountain of petrifying water, wherein the Muses are wont to dip whatever posies have met the approval of Apollo; so that the slender foliage, which originally sprung forth in the cherishing brain of a true poet, becomes hardened in all its leaves, and glitters as if it were carved out of rubies and emeralds. The elements have afterwards no power over it.

Bacon. Such, Mr. Shakspeare, will be the fortune of your own productions.

Shak. Ah, my lord! do not encourage me to hope so. I am but a poor unlettered man, who seizes whatever rude conceits his own natural vein supplies him with, upon the enforcement of haste and necessity; and therefore I fear that such as are of deeper studies than myself, will find many flaws in my handiwork to laugh at, both now and hereafter.

Bac. He that can make the multitude laugh and weep as you do, need not fear scholars.—A head, naturally fertile, is worth many libraries, inasmuch as a tree is more valuable than a basket of fruit, or a good hawk better than a bag full of game, or the little purse, which a fairy gave to Fortunatus, more inexhaustible than all the coffers in the treasury. More scholarship might have sharpened your judgment, but the particulars whereof a character is composed, are better assembled by force of imagination than of judgment, which although it perceive coherences, cannot summon up materials, nor melt them into a compound, with that felicity which belongs to imagination alone.

Shak. My lord, thus far I know, that the first conception of a character in my mind, is always engendered by chance and accident. We shall suppose, for instance, that I am sitting in a tap-room, or standing in a tennis-court. The behavior of some one fixes my attention. I note his dress, the sound of his voice, the turn of his countenance, the drinks he calls for, his questions and retorts, the fashion of his person, and, in brief, the whole out-goings and in-comings of the man.—These grounds of speculation being cherished and revolved in my fancy, it becomes straightway possessed with a swarm of conclusions and beliefs concerning the individual. In walking home, I picture out to myself, what would be fitting for him to say or do upon any given occasion, and these fantasies being recalled at some after period, when I am writing a play, shape themselves into divers mannikins, who are not long of being nursed into life. Thus comes forth Shallow, and Slender, and Mercutio, and Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Bac. These are characters which may be found alive in the streets. But how frame you such interlocutors as Brutus and Coriolanus?

Shak. By searching histories, in the first place, my lord, for the germ. The filling up afterwards comes rather from feeling than observation. I turn myself into a Brutus or a

Coriolanus for the time; and can, at least in fancy, partake sufficiently of the nobleness of their nature, to put proper words into their mouths. Observation will not supply the poet with every thing. He must have a stock of exalted sentiments in his own mind.

Bac. In truth, Mr. Shakspeare, you have observed the world so well, and so widely, that I can scarcely believe you ever shut your eyes. I, too, although much engrossed with other studies, am, in part, an observer of mankind. Their dispositions, and the causes of their good or bad fortune, cannot well be overlooked, even by the most devoted questioner of physical nature. But note the difference of habitudes. No sooner have I observed and got hold of particulars, than they are taken up by my judgment to be commented upon, and resolved into general laws. Your imagination keeps them to make pictures of. My judgment, if she find them to be comprehended under something already known by her, lets them drop, and forgets them; for which reason, a certain book of essays, which I am writing, will be small in bulk, but I trust not light in substance.—Thus do men severally follow their inborn dispositions.

Shak. Every word of your lordship's, will be an adage to after times. For my part, I know my own place, and aspire not after the abstruser studies,—although I can give wisdom a welcome when she comes in my way. But the inborn dispositions, as your lordship has said, must not be warped from their natural bent, otherwise nothing but sterility will remain behind. A leg cannot be changed into an arm. Among stage-players, our first object is to exercise a new candidate, until we discover where his vein lies.

Bac. I am told that you do not invent the plots of your own plays, but generally borrow them from some common book of stories, such as Bocaccio's Decameron, or Cynthio's, Novels. That practice must save a great expenditure of thought and contrivance.

Shak. It does, my lord. I lack patience to invent the whole from the foundation.

Bac. If I guess aright, there is nothing so hard and troublesome, as the invention of coherent incidents; and yet, methinks, after it is accomplished, it does not show so high a strain of wit as that which paints separate characters and objects well. Dexterity would achieve the making of a plot better than genius, which delights not so much in tracing a curious connexion among events, as in adorning a fantasy with bright colors, and eking it out with suitable appendages.

Homer's plot hangs but illy together. It is indeed no better than a string of popular fables and superstitions, caught up from among the Greeks; and I believe that those who in the time of Pisistratus collected this poem, did more than himself to digest its particulars. His praise must therefore be found in this, that he reconceived, amplified, and set forth, what was dimly and poorly conceived by common men.

Shak. My knowledge of the tongues is but small; on which account I have read ancient authors mostly at second hand. I remember, when I first came to London, and began to be a hanger-on at the theaters, a great desire grew in me for more learning than had fallen to my share at Stratford; but fickleness and impatience, and the bewilderment caused by new objects, dispersed that wish into empty air. Ah, my lord, you cannot conceive what a strange thing it was for so impressible a rustic, to find himself turned louse in the midst of Babel! My faculties wrought to such a degree, that I was in a dream all day long. My bent was not then toward comedy, for most objects seemed noble and of much consideration. The music at the theater ravished my young heart; and amidst the goodly company of spectators, I beheld, afar off, beauties who seemed to out-paragon Cleopatra of Egypt. Some of these primitive fooleries were afterwards woven into Romeo and Juliet.

Bac. Your Julius Cæsar, and your Richard the Third please me better. From my youth upward I have had a brain politic and discriminative, and less prone to marveling and dreaming, than to scrutiny. Some part of my juvenile time was spent at the court of France, with our ambassador, Sir Amias Paulet; and, to speak the truth, although I was surrounded by many dames of high birth and rare beauty, I carried oftener Machiavelli in my pocket than a book of madrigals; and heeded not although these wantons made sport of my grave and scholar-like demeanor. When they would draw me forth to an encounter of their wit, I paid them off with flatteries, till they forgot their aim in thinking of themselves. Michael Angelo said of Painting, that she was jealous, and required the whole man undivided. I was aware how much more truly the same thing might be said of Philosophy, and therefore cared not how much the ruddy complexion of my youth was sullied over the midnight lamp, or my outward comeliness sacrificed to my inward advancement.

PUBLIC SPEECHES.

The Nature of Eloquence.

1. WHEN public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech, farther than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness, are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain.

Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it; they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force.

The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then, words have lost their power. rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory, contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked, and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities.

Then patriotism is eloquent; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, out-running the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object,—this is eloquence.

The Perfect Orator.

IMAGINE to yourselves a Demosthenes, addressing the most illustrious assembly in the world, upon a point whereon the fate of the most illustrious of nations depended.—

How awful such a meeting!—how vast the subject!—By the power of his eloquence,—the augustness of the assembly is lost in the dignity of the orator; and the importance of the subject, for a while, superseded by the admiration of his talents.

With what strength of argument, with what powers of the fancy, with what emotions of the heart, does he assault and subjugate the whole man; and, at once, captivate his reason, his imagination, and his passions! To effect this, must be the utmost effort of the most improved state of human nature.—Not a faculty that he possesses, but is here exerted to its highest pitch. All his internal powers are at work; all his external, testify their energies.

Within, the memory, the fancy, the judgment, the passions, are all busy; without, every muscle, every nerve is exerted;—not a feature, not a limb, but speaks. The organs of the body, attuned to the exertions of the mind, through the kindred organs of the hearers, instantaneously vibrate those energies from soul to soul. Notwithstanding the diversity of minds in such a multitude, by the lightning of eloquence they are melted into one mass;—the whole assembly, actuated in one and the same way, become, as it were, but one man, and have but one voice.—The universal cry is—*Let us march against Philip, let us fight for our liberties—let us conquer or die.*
Sheridan.

Panegyric on the eloquence of Mr. Sheridan.

MR. SHERIDAN has this day surprised the thousands who hung with rapture on his accents, by such an array of talents, such an exhibitior of capacity, such a display of powers, as are unparalleled in the annals of oratory;—a display that reflected the highest honor on himself—luster upon letters—renown upon parliament—glory upon the country.

Of all species of rhetoric, of every kind of eloquence, that has been witnessed or recorded, either in ancient or modern times; whatever the acuteness of the bar, the dignity of the senate, the solidity of the judgment-seat, and the sacred morality of the pulpits have hitherto furnished nothing has equaled what we have this day heard in Westminster hall.

No holy seer of religion, no statesman, no orator, no

man of any literary description whatever, has come up, in the one instance to the pure sentiments of morality, or in the other, to that variety of knowledge, force of imagination, propriety and vivacity of allusion, beauty and elegance of diction, strength and copiousness of style, pathos and sublimity of conception, to which we this day listened with ardor and admiration. From poetry up to eloquence there is not a species of composition, of which a complete and perfect specimen might not, from that single speech, be culled and collected.

Burke.

Extract from Mr. Pitt's Speech in the British Parliament, Jan. 20, 1775.

WHEN your lordships look at the papers transmitted to us from America,—when you consider their decency, firmness and wisdom,—you cannot but respect their cause, and wish to make it your own. For myself, I must declare and avow, that in all my reading and observation, (and it has been my favorite study: I have read Thucydides, and have studied and admired the master-spirits of the world,) I say I must declare, that for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of difficult circumstances, no nation nor body of men, can stand in preference to the General Congress at Philadelphia.

I trust it is obvious to your lordships, that all attempts to impose servitude upon such men,—to establish despotism over such a mighty continental nation, must be vain, must be fatal. We shall be forced, ultimately, to retract; let us retract while we *can*, and not when we *must*. I say we must necessarily undo these violent and oppressive acts. They *MUST* be repealed. You *WILL* repeal them. I pledge myself for it, that you will in the end repeal them. I stake my reputation on it:—I will consent to be taken for an idiot, if they are not finally repealed.

Avoid, then, this humiliating, disgraceful necessity. With a dignity becoming your exalted situation, make the first advances to concord, to peace and happiness: for it is your true dignity to act with prudence and justice. That *you* should first concede, is obvious from sound and rational policy. Concession comes with a better grace, and more salu-

tary effects, from superior power; it reconciles superiority of power with the feelings of men; and establishes solid confidence on the foundation of affection and gratitude.

Every motive, therefore, of justice and of policy, of dignity and of prudence, urges you to allay the ferment in America, by a removal of your troops from Boston,—by a repeal of your acts of Parliament, and by demonstration of amicable dispositions towards your colonies. On the one hand, every danger and every hazard impend, to deter you from perseverance in your present ruinous measures.—Foreign war hanging over your heads by a slight and brittle thread; France and Spain watching your conduct, and waiting for the maturity of your errors, with a vigilant eye to America and the temper of your colonies, more than to their own concerns, be they what they may.

To conclude, my lords, if the ministers thus persevere in misadvising and misleading the King, I will not say, that they can alienate the affections of his subjects from his crown; but I will affirm, that they will make the crown not worth his wearing: I will not say that the King is betrayed; but I will pronounce, that the kingdom is undone.

Extract of a Speech of Patrick Henry, before a Convention of Delegates for the several counties and corporations of Virginia, in March, 1775.

MR. HENRY rose with a majesty unusual to him in an exordium, and with all that self-possession by which he was so invariably distinguished. “No man,” he said, “thought more highly than he did, of the patriotism, as well as abilities; of the very worthy gentlemen who had just addressed the house. But different men often saw the same subject in different lights; and, therefore, he hoped it would not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen, if, entertaining as he did, opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, he should speak forth his sentiments freely, and without reserve.

This was no time for ceremony. The question before the house was one of awful moment to this country: For his own part, he considered it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery. And in proportion to the magnitude of the subject, ought to be the freedom of the debate. It was only in this way that they could hope to arrive at truth; and fulfil the great responsibility which they held to God and their

country. Should he keep back his opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offense, he should consider himself as guilty of treason toward his country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the Majesty of Heaven, which he revered above all earthly kings.

"Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that syren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Were we disposed to be of the number of those, who having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For his part, whatever anguish of spirit it might cost, he was willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst; and to provide for it.

"He had but one lamp by which his feet were guided; and that was, the lamp of experience. He knew of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, he wished to know what there had been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes, with which gentlemen had been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations, which cover our waters and darken our land.

"Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation,—the last argument to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies?

"No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains, which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we any thing new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every

light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted?

“Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. We have done every thing that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition, to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt, from the foot of the throne.

“In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free,—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending,—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained,—we must fight!—I repeat it, sir, we must fight!! An appeal to arms, and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us!

“They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us, hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature has placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us.

“Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God, who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery!

Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come!! I repeat it, sir, let it come!!!

"It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace—peace,—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God!—I know not what course others may take; but as for me," cried he, with both his arms extended aloft, his brows knit, every feature marked with the resolute purpose of his soul, and his voice swelled to its loudest note of exclamation,—“give me liberty, or give me death!”

He took his seat. No murmur of applause was heard: The effect was too deep. After the trance of a moment, several members started from their seats. The cry, “to arms,” seemed to quiver on every lip, and gleam from every eye! Richard H. Lee arose and supported Mr. Henry, with his usual spirit and elegance. But his melody was lost amidst the agitation of that ocean, which the master spirit of the storm had lifted up on high. That supernatural voice still sounded in their ears, and shivered along their arteries: They heard, in every pause, the cry of liberty or death: They became impatient of speech—their souls were on fire for action.—*Wirt.*

Extract of a Discourse in Commemoration of the Lives and Services of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson; delivered in Boston, 3d August, 1826.

IN July, 1776, our controversy with Great Britain had passed the stage of argument. An appeal had been made to force, and opposing armies were in the field. Congress then was to decide, whether the tie, which had so long bound us to the parent state, was to be severed at once, and severed forever. All the colonies had signified their resolution to abide by this decision, and the people looked for it with the most intense anxiety. And surely, fellow-citizens, never, never were men called to a more important political deliberation. If we contemplate it from the point where they then

stood, no question could be more full of interest; if we look at it now, and judge of its importance by its effects, it appears in still greater magnitude.

Let us, then, bring before us the assembly, which was about to decide a question thus big with the fate of empire. Let us open their doors, and look in upon their deliberations. Let us survey the anxious and care-worn countenances, let us hear the firm-toned voice of this band of patriots. HANCOCK presides over the solemn sitting; and one of those not yet prepared to pronounce for absolute independence, is on the floor, and is urging his reasons for dissenting from the declaration.

"Let us pause! This step, once taken, cannot be retracted. This resolution, once passed, will cut off all hope of reconciliation. If success attend the arms of England; we shall then be no longer colonies, with charters, and with privileges; these will be all forfeited by this act; and we shall be in the condition of other conquered people—at the mercy of the conquerors.

"For ourselves, we may be ready to run the hazard; but are we ready to carry the country to that length? Is success so probable as to justify it? Where is the military; where the naval power, by which we are to resist the whole strength of the arm of England?—for she will exert that strength to the utmost. Can we rely on the constancy and perseverance of the people? or will they not act, as the people of other countries have acted, and, wearied with a long war, submit, in the end, to a worse oppression?

"While we stand on our old ground, and insist on redress of grievances, we know we are right, and are not answerable for consequences. Nothing, then, can be imputable to us. But, if we now change our object, carry our pretensions farther, and set up for absolute independence, we shall lose the sympathy of mankind. We shall no longer be defending what we possess, but struggling for something which we never did possess, and which we have solemnly and uniformly disclaimed all intention of pursuing, from the very outset of the troubles. Abandoning thus our old ground, of resistance only to arbitrary acts of oppression, the nations will believe the whole to have been mere pretense, and they will look on us not as injured, but as ambitious subjects.

"I shudder before this responsibility. It will be on us, if, relinquishing the ground we have stood on so long, and

stood on so safely, we now proclaim independence, and carry on the war for that object, while these cities burn, these pleasant fields whiten and bleach with the bones of their owners, and these streams run blood. It will be upon us, it will be upon us, if, failing to maintain this unseasonable and ill-judged declaration, a sterner despotism, maintained by military power, shall be established over our posterity, when we ourselves, given up by an exhausted, a harassed, a misled people, shall have expiated our rashness, and atoned for our presumption on the scaffold."

It was for Mr. Adams to reply to arguments like these. "It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there's a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her interest, for our good she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life, and his own honor?"

"Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair; is not he, our venerable colleague near you; are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of parliament, Boston port-bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust?"

"I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes, and our lives?"

"I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appoint

ed commander of the forces, raised, or to be raised, for defense of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

"The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And, if the war must go on, why put off longer the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects, in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us has been a course of injustice and oppression.

"Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace.—Why then, sir, do we not, as soon as possible, change this from a civil to a national war? And, since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

"If we fail, it can be no worse for us.—But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies; and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead.

"Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it or to perish on the bed of honor.

"Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling around it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it, who heard the first roar

of the enemy's cannon; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker-Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord,—and the very walls will cry out in its support.

“Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs; but I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed; may rue it. We may not live to the time, when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die, colonists; die; slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may.

“But, whatever may be our fate, be assured that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure; and my whole heart is in it. All that I have in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it;—sink or swim, survive or perish, I am for the declaration!”

D. Webster.

Extract of a Speech of Counsellor PHILLIPS, at a public dinner in Ireland, on his health being given, together with that of a Mr. Payne, a young American, in 1817.

THE mention of America, sir, has never failed to fill me with the most lively emotions. In my earliest infancy,—that tender season when impressions at once the most permanent and the most powerful, are likely to be excited,—the story of her then recent struggle raised a throb in every heart that loved liberty, and wrung a reluctant tribute even from discomfited oppression.

I saw her spurning alike the luxuries that would enervate, and the legions that would intimidate; dashing from her lips the poisoned cup of European servitude; and through all the vicissitudes of her protracted conflict, displaying a

magnanimity that defied misfortune, and a moderation that gave new grace to victory. It was the first vision of my childhood; it will descend with me to the grave. But if, as a man, I venerate the mention of America, what must be my feelings toward her as an Irishman! Never, O! never, while memory remains, can Ireland forget the home of her emigrant, and the asylum of her exile.

No matter whether their sorrows sprung from the errors of enthusiasm, or the realities of suffering; from fancy or infliction: that must be reserved for the scrutiny of those, whom the lapse of time shall acquit of partiality. It is for the men of other ages to investigate and record it; but, surely, it is for the men of every age to hail the hospitality that received the shelterless, and love the feeling that befriended the unfortunate.

Search creation round and where can you find a country that presents so sublime a view, so interesting in anticipation? What noble institutions! What a comprehensive policy! What a wise equalization of every political advantage! The oppressed of all countries; the martyr of every creed, the innocent victim of despotic arrogance, of superstitious frenzy, may there find refuge; his industry encouraged, his piety respected, his ambition animated; with no restraint but those laws which are the same to all, and no distinction but that which his merit may originate.

Who can deny, that the existence of such a country presents a subject for human congratulation! Who can deny, that its gigantic advancement offers a field for the most rational conjecture! At the end of the very next century, if she proceeds as she seems to promise, what a wondrous spectacle may she not exhibit! Who shall say for what purpose a mysterious Providence may not have designed her? Who shall say, that, when in its follies or its crimes the old world may have interred all the pride of its power, and all the pomp of its civilization, human nature may not find its destined reno-
vation in the new.

Mr. Sheridan's invective against Mr. Hastings.

HAD a stranger at this time gone into the province of Oude, ignorant of what had happened since the death of Suiah Dowla,—that man, who with a savage heart had still great

lines of character, and who, with all his ferocity in war, had still, with a cultivating hand, preserved to his country the riches which it derived from benignant skies and a prolific soil;—if this stranger, ignorant of all that had happened in the short interval, and observing the wide and general devastation, and all the horrors of the scene—of plains unclothed and brown—of vegetables burnt up and extinguished—of villages depopulated and in ruin—of temples unroofed and perishing—of reservoirs broken down and dry,—he would naturally inquire what war has thus laid waste the fertile fields of this once beautiful and opulent country—what civil dissensions have happened, thus to tear asunder and separate the happy societies that once possessed those villages—what disputed succession—what religious rage has with unholy violence demolished those temples, and disturbed fervent, but unobtruding piety in the exercise of its duties?

What merciless enemy has thus spread the horrors of fire and sword—what severe visitation of Providence has dried up the fountain, and taken from the face of the earth every vestige of verdure?—Or rather, what monsters have stalked over the country, tainting and poisoning, with pestiferous breath, what the voracious appetite could not devour?

To such questions what must be the answer? No wars have ravished these lands and depopulated these villages—no civil discords have been felt—no disputed succession—no religious rage—no merciless enemy—no affliction of Providence, which, while it scourged for the moment, cut off the sources of resuscitation—no voracious and poisoning monsters—no, all this has been accomplished by the *friendship*, *generosity*, and *kindness*, of the English nation.

They have embraced us with their protecting arms, and lo! these are the fruits of their alliance. What, then, shall we be told that under such circumstances the exasperated feelings of a whole people, thus goaded and spurred on to clamor and resistance, were excited by the poor and feeble influence of the Begums?

When we hear the description of the paroxysm, fever, and delirium, into which despair had thrown the natives, when on the banks of the polluted Ganges, panting for death, they tore more widely open the lips of their gaping wounds, to accelerate their dissolution; and while their blood was issuing, presented their ghastly eyes to heaven, breathing their last and fervent prayer that the dry earth might not be suffered to drink their blood, but that it might rise up to the

throne of God, and rouse the eternal Providence to avenge the wrongs of their country,—will it be said that this was brought about by the incantations of these Begums in their secluded Zenana? or that they could inspire this enthusiasm and this despair into the breasts of a people who felt no grievance, and had suffered no torture? What motive, then, could have such influence in their bosom?

What motive! That which nature, the common parent, plants in the bosom of man, and which, though it may be less active in the Indian than in the Englishman, is still congenial with, and makes part of his being—that feeling which tells him that man was never made to be the property of man; but that when through pride and insolence of power one human creature dares to tyrannize over another, it is a power usurped, and resistance is a duty—that feeling which tells him that all power is delegated for the good, not for the injury of the people, and that when it is converted from the original purpose the compact is broken, and the right is to be resumed—that principal which tells him that resistance to power usurped is not merely a duty which he owes to himself and to his neighbor, but a duty which he owes to his God, in asserting and maintaining the rank which he gave him in the creation!—to that common God, who, where he gives the form of man, whatever may be the complexion, gives also the feelings and the rights of man—that principle, which neither the rudeness of ignorance can stifle, nor the enervation of refinement extinguish!—that principal which makes it base for a man to suffer when he ought to act, and which, tending to preserve to the species the original designations of Providence, spurns at the arrogant distinctions of man, and vindicates the independent qualities of his race.

Mr. Burke's description of Junius.

WHERE, then, sir, shall we look for the origin of this relaxation of the laws, and of all government? How comes this Junius to have broken through the cobwebs of the law, and to range uncontrolled, unpunished through the land? The myrmidons of the court have long been, and are still pursuing him in vain. They will not spend their time upon me, or you, or you: no; they disdain such vermin when the

mighty boar of the forest, that has broken through all their toils is before them.

But, what will all their efforts avail? No sooner has he wounded one, than he lays down another dead at his feet. For my part, when I saw his attack upon the king, I own, my blood ran cold. I thought he had ventured too far, and that there was an end of his triumphs; not that he had not asserted many truths. Yes, sir, there are in that composition many bold truths by which a wise prince might profit. It was the rancor and venom with which I was struck. In these respects the North Briton is as much inferior to him, as in strength, wit, and judgment.

But while I expected from this daring flight his final ruin and fall, behold him rising still higher, and coming down souse upon both houses of parliament. Yes, he did make you his quarry, and you still bleed from the wounds of his talons. You crouched, and still crouch beneath his rage.—Nor has he dreaded the terror of your brow, sir; he has attacked even you,—he has,—and I believe you have no reason to triumph in the encounter.

In short, after carrying away our royal eagle in his pounces, and dashing him against a rock, he has laid you prostrate. Kings, Lords, and Commons, are but the sport of his fury. Were he a member of this house, what might not be expected from his knowledge, his firmness, and integrity! He would be easily known by his contempt of all danger, by his penetration, by his vigor. Nothing would escape his vigilance and activity; had ministers could conceal nothing from his sagacity; nor could promises or threats induce him to conceal any thing from the public.

Mr. Burke's compliment to Mr. Fox in support of his India Bill.

1. AND now, having done my duty to the bill, let me say a word to the author. I should leave him to his own noble sentiments, if the unworthy and illiberal language with which he had been treated, beyond all example of parliamentary liberty, did not make a few words necessary, not so much in justice to him, as to my own feelings:—I must say then, that it will be a distinction honorable to the age, that the rescue of the greatest number of the human race that ever were so grievously oppressed, from the greatest tyranny that was ever exercised has fallen to the lot of abilities and disposi-

tions equal to the task; that it has fallen to one who has the enlargement to comprehend, the spirit to undertake, and the eloquence to support, so great a measure of hazardous benevolence.

His spirit is not owing to his ignorance of the state of men and things. He well knows what snares are spread about his path, from personal animosity, from court intrigues, and possibly from popular delusion. But he has put to hazard his ease, his security, his interest, his power, even his darling popularity, for the benefit of a people whom he has never seen.

This is the road that all heroes have trod before him. He is traduced and abused for his supposed motives. He will remember that obloquy is a necessary ingredient in the composition of all true glory; he will remember, that it was not only in the Roman customs, but it is in the nature and constitution of things, that calumny and abuse are essential parts of triumph. These thoughts will support a mind which only exists for honor, under the burden of temporary reproach.

He is doing, indeed, a great good; such as rarely falls to the lot, and almost as rarely coincides with the desires, of any man. Let him use his time. Let him give the whole length of the reins to his benevolence. He is now on a great eminence, where the eyes of mankind are turned to him. He may live long, he may do much. But here is the summit. He never can exceed what he does this day.

He has faults; but they are faults that—though they may in a small degree tarnish the luster, and sometimes impede the march of his abilities—have nothing in them to extinguish the fire of great virtues. In those faults, there is no mixture of deceit, of hypocrisy, of pride, of ferocity, of complexional despotism, or want of feeling for the distresses of mankind,

Extract from Mr. Curran's Speech, at the Court of King's Bench, in Ireland, in defence of Mr. Rowan, charged with having published a Seditious Libel.

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY—When I consider the period at which this prosecution is brought forward,—when I behold the extraordinary safeguard of armed soldiers resorted

to, no doubt for the preservation of peace and order,—when I catch, as I cannot but do, the throb of public anxiety, which beats from one end to the other of this hall,—when I reflect on what may be the fate of a man of the most beloved personal character, of one of the most respected families of our country, himself the only individual of that family—I may almost say of that country—who can look to that possible fate with unconcern,—it is in the honest simplicity of my heart I speak, when I say, that I never rose in a court of justice with so much embarrassment as upon this occasion.

If, gentlemen, I could entertain a hope of finding refuge for the disconcertion of my mind, in the perfect composure of yours,—if I could suppose that those awful vicissitudes of human events, which have been stated or alluded to, could leave your judgments undisturbed, and your hearts at ease,—I know I should form a most erroneous opinion of your character.

But I entertain no such chimerical hopes; I form no such unworthy opinions; I expect not that your hearts can be more at ease than my own; I have no right to expect it; but I have a right to call upon you, in the name of your country, in the name of the living God, of whose eternal justice you are now administering that portion which dwells with us on this side of the grave, to discharge your breasts as far as you are able of every bias of prejudice or passion; that, if my client be guilty of the offence charged upon him, you may give tranquillity to the public by a firm verdict of conviction; or if he be innocent, by as firm a verdict of acquittal; and that you will do this in defiance of the paltry artifices and senseless clamors that have been resorted to, in order to bring him to his trial with anticipated conviction.

Gentlemen, the representation of your people is the vital principal of their political existence; without it they are dead, or they live only to servitude; without it there are two estates acting upon and against the third, instead of acting in co-operation with it; without it, if the people be oppressed by their judges, where is the tribunal to which their judges can be amenable? Without it, if they be trampled upon, and plundered by a minister, where is the tribunal to which the offender shall be amenable? Without it, where is the ear to hear, or the heart to feel, or the hand to redress their sufferings?

Shall they be found, let me ask you, in the accursed band of imps and minions that bask in their disgrace, and

fatten upon their spoils, and flourish upon their ruin? But let me not put this to you as a merely speculative question. It is a plain question of fact: rely upon it, physical man is every where the same; it is only the various operation of moral causes, that gives variety to the social or individual character and condition. How otherwise happens it, that modern slavery looks quietly at the despot, on the very spot where Leonidas expired? The answer is, Sparta has not changed her climate, but she has lost that government which her liberty could not survive.

I call you, therefore, to the plain question of fact. This paper recommends a reform in parliament; I put that question to your consciences; do you think it needs that reform? I put it boldly and fairly to you, do you think the people of Ireland are represented as they ought to be?—Do you hesitate for an answer? If you do, let me remind you, that untill the last year three millions of your countrymen have, by the express letter of the law, been excluded from the reality of actual, and even from the phantom of virtual representation. Shall we then be told that this is only the affirmation of a wicked and seditious incendiary?

If you do not feel the mockery of such a charge, look at your country; in what state do you find it? Is it in a state of tranquillity and general satisfaction? These are traces by which good is ever to be distinguished from bad government. Without any very minute inquiry or speculative refinement, do you feel, that veneration for the law, a pious and humble attachment to the constitution, form the political morality of your people? Do you find that comfort and competency among your people, which are always to be found where a government is mild and moderate; where taxes are imposed by a body, who have an interest in treating the poorer orders with compassion, and preventing the weight of taxation from pressing sore upon them.

Gentlemen, I mean not to impeach the state of your representation; I am not saying that it is defective, or that it ought to be altered or amended; nor is this a place for me to say, whether I think that three millions of the inhabitants of a country, whose whole number is but four, ought to be admitted to any efficient situation in the state.

It may be said, and truly, that these are not questions for either of us directly to decide; but you cannot refuse them some passing consideration, at least, when you remember

that on this subject the real question for your decision is, whether the allegation of a defect in your constitution is so utterly unfounded and false, that you can ascribe it only to the malice and perverseness of a wicked mind, and not to the innocent mistake of an ordinary understanding: whether it may not be mistake; whether it can be only sedition.

And here, gentlemen, I own I cannot but regret, that one of our countrymen should be criminally pursued for asserting to the necessity of a reform, at the very moment when that necessity seems admitted by the parliament itself; that this unhappy reform shall at the same moment be a subject of legislative discussion, and criminal prosecution. Far am I from imputing any sinister design to the virtue or wisdom of our government, but who can avoid feeling the deplorable impression that must be made on the public mind, when the demand for that reform is answered by a criminal information?

I am the more forcibly impressed by this consideration, when I reflect that when this information was first put upon the file, the subject was transiently mentioned in the House of Commons. Some circumstances retarded the progress of the inquiry there, and the progress of the information was equally retarded here. The first day of this session, you all know that subject was again brought forward in the House of Commons; and, as if they had slept together, this prosecution was also revived in the Court of King's Bench;—and that before a jury taken from a panel partly composed of those very members of parliament, who, in the House of Commons must debate upon this subject as a measure of public advantage, which they are here called upon to consider as a public crime.

This paper, gentlemen, insists upon the necessity of emancipating the Catholics of Ireland, and that is charged as a part of the libel. If they had kept this prosecution impending for another year, how much would remain for a jury to decide upon, I should be at a loss to discover. It seems as if the progress of public reformation was eating away the ground of the prosecution. Since the commencement of the prosecution, this part of the libel has unluckily received the sanction of the legislature. In that interval, our Catholic brethren have obtained that admission, which it seems it was a libel to propose: in what way to account for this, I am really at a loss.

Have any alarms been occasioned by the emancipation

of our Catholic brethren? Has the bigoted malignity of any individuals been crushed? Or, has the stability of the government, or has that of the country been awakened? Or, is one million of subjects stronger than three millions? Do you think the benefit they received should be poisoned by the stings of vengeance? If you think so, you must say to them,—“you have demanded your emancipation, and you have got it; but we abhor your persons, we are outraged at your success, and we will stigmatize, by a criminal prosecution, the relief which you have obtained from the voice of your country.”

I ask you, gentlemen, do you think, as honest men, anxious for the public tranquillity, conscious that there are wounds not yet completely cicatrized, that you ought to speak this language at this time, to men who are too much disposed to think that in this very emancipation they have been saved from their own parliament, by the humanity of their Sovereign? Or, do you wish to prepare them for the revocation of these improvident concessions?

Do you think it wise or humane, at this moment, to insult them by sticking up in a pillory the man who dared to stand forth their advocate? I put it to your oaths, do you think that a blessing of that kind, that a victory obtained by justice over bigotry and oppression, should have a stigma cast upon it by an ignominious sentence upon men bold and honest enough to propose that measure,—to propose the redeeming of religion from the abuses of the church—the reclaiming of three millions of men from bondage, and giving liberty to all who had a right to demand it—giving, I say, in the so much censured words of this paper, “UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION!”

No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced; no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him; no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down; no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery; the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible Genius of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.

I cannot avoid adverting to a circumstance that distinguishes the case of Mr. Rowan, from that of Mr. Muir. The severer law of Scotland, it seems—and happy for them that it should—enables them to remove from their sight the victim of their infatuation. The more merciful spirit of our law deprives you of that consolation; his sufferings must remain forever before our eyes, a continual call upon your shame and your remorse.

But those sufferings will do more; they will not rest satisfied with your unavailing contrition, they will challenge the great and paramount inquest of society; the man will be weighed against the charge, the witness, and the sentence; and impartial justice will demand, why has an Irish jury done this deed? The moment he ceases to be regarded as a criminal, he becomes of necessity an accuser; and let me ask you, what can your most zealous defenders be prepared to answer to such a charge?

When your sentence shall have sent him forth to that stage which guilt alone can render infamous; let me tell you, he will not be like a little statue upon a mighty pedestal, diminishing by elevation; but he will stand a striking and imposing object upon a monument, which, if it do not—and it cannot—record the atrocity of his crime, must record the atrocity of his conviction. Upon this subject, therefore, credit me when I say, that I am still more anxious for you, than I can possibly be for him.

I cannot but feel the peculiarity of your situation.—Not the jury of his own choice, which the law of England allows, but which ours refuses; collected in that box by a person, certainly no friend to Mr. Rowan, certainly not very deeply interested in giving him a very impartial jury. Feeling this, as I am persuaded you do, you cannot be surprised—however you may be distressed—at the mournful preface, with which an anxious public is led to fear the worst from your possible determination.

But I will not, for the justice and honor of our common country, suffer my mind to be borne away by such melancholy anticipation. I will not relinquish the confidence that this day will be the period of his sufferings; and, however mercilessly he has been hitherto pursued, that your verdict will send him home to the arms of his family, and the wishes of his country. But if—which heaven forbid—it hath still been unfortunately determined, that because he has not bent to power and authority—because he would not bow

down before the golden calf and worship it—he is to be bound and cast into the furnace; I do trust in God that there is a redeeming spirit in the constitution, which will be seen to walk with the sufferer through the flames, and to preserve him unhurt by the conflagration.

Extract from Mr. Wirt's Eulogy on Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, both of whom died upon the same day, July 4th, 1826, fifty years from the adoption of the Declaration of Independence:—pronounced at Washington, Oct. 19th, 1826.

THE scenes which have been lately passing in our country, and of which this meeting is a continuance, are full of moral instruction. They hold up to the world a lesson of wisdom by which all may profit, if Heaven shall grant them the discretion to turn it to its use. The spectacle, in all its parts, has indeed been most solemn and impressive; and though the first impulse be now past, the time has not yet come, and never will come, when we can contemplate it without renewed emotion.

In the structure of their characters; in the course of their action; in the striking coincidences which marked their high career; in the lives and in the deaths of the illustrious men, whose virtues and services we have met to commemorate—and in that voice of admiration and gratitude which has since burst, with one accord, from the twelve millions of freemen who people these United States;—there is a moral sublimity which overwhelms the mind, and hushes all its powers into silent amazement!

The European, who should have heard the sound without apprehending the cause, would be apt to inquire, "What is the meaning of all this?—what had these men done to elicit this unanimous and splendid acclamation? Why has the whole American nation risen up, as one man, to do them honor, and offer to them this enthusiastic homage of the heart?"

Were they mighty warriors, and was the peal that we have heard the shout of victory? Were they great commanders, returning from their distant conquests, surrounded with the spoils of war, and was this the sound of their triumphal procession? Were they covered with martial glory in any form, and was this "the noisy wave of the multitudes,

rolling back at their approach?" Nothing of all this: No; they were peaceful and aged patriots, who, having served their country together through their long and useful lives, had now sunk together to the tomb.

They had not fought battles; but they had formed and moved the great machinery, of which battles were only a small, and comparatively trivial consequence. They had not commanded armies; but they had commanded the master springs of the nation, on which all its great political, as well as military movements depended. By the wisdom and energy of their counsels, and by the potent mastery of their spirits, they had contributed pre-eminently to produce a mighty Revolution, which has changed the aspect of the world.

A Revolution which, in one half of that world has already restored man to his "long-lost liberty," and government to its only legitimate object, the happiness of the People; and on the other hemisphere has thrown a light so strong, that even the darkness of despotism is beginning to recede. Compared with the solid glory of an achievement like this, what are battles, and what the pomp of war, but the poor and fleeting pageants of a theater? What were the selfish and petty strides of Alexander, to conquer a little section of the savage world, compared with this generous, this magnificent advance toward the emancipation of the entire world!

And this, be it remembered, has been the fruit of intellectual exertion:—the triumph of mind! What a proud testimony does it bear to the character of our nation, that they are able to make a proper estimate of services like these!—That while in other countries, the senseless mob fall down in stupid admiration before the bloody wheels of the conqueror,—even of the conqueror by accident,—in this, our People rise with one accord, to pay their homage to intellect and virtue!

What a cheering pledge does it give of the stability of our institutions, that, while abroad the yet benighted multitude are prostrating themselves before the idols which their own hands have fashioned into Kings, here, in this land of the free, our people are every where starting up with one impulse, to follow, with their acclamations, the ascending spirits of the great Fathers of the Republic!

This is a spectacle of which we may be permitted to be proud. It honors our country no less than the illustrious

dead. And could those great patriots speak to us from the tomb, they would tell us, that they have more pleasure in the testimony which these honors bear to the character of their country, than in that which they bear to their individual services.

They now see as they were seen while in the body, and know the nature of the feeling from which these honors flow. It is love for love. It is the gratitude of an enlightened nation to the noblest order of benefactors. It is the only glory worth the aspiration of a generous spirit. Who would not prefer this living tomb in the hearts of his countrymen, to the proudest mausoleum that the genius of sculpture could erect!

Man has been said to be the creature of accidental position. The cast of his character has been thought to depend, materially, on the age, the country, and the circumstances in which he has lived. To a considerable extent, the remark is no doubt true. Cromwell, had he been born in a republic, might have been "guiltless of his country's blood;" and, but for those civil commotions which had wrought his great mind into tempest, even Milton might have rested "mute and inglorious."

The occasion is doubtless necessary to develop the talent, whatsoever it may be; but the talent must exist, in embryo at least, or no occasion can quicken it into life. And it must exist, too, under the check of strong virtues; or the same occasion that quickens it into life, will be extremely apt to urge it on to crime. The hero who finished his career at St. Helena, extraordinary as he was, is a far more common character in the history of the world, than he who sleeps in our neighborhood, embalmed in his country's tears;—or than those whom we have now met to mourn and to honor.

Jefferson and Adams were great men by nature. Not great and eccentric minds "shot madly from their spheres" to affright the world, and scatter pestilence in their course; but minds, whose strong and steady light, restrained within their proper orbits by the happy poise of their characters, came to cheer and gladden a world that had been buried for ages in political night. They were heaven-called avengers of degraded man. They came to lift him to the station for which God had formed him, and put to flight those idiot superstitions with which tyrants had contrived to enthrall his reason and his liberty.

And that being who had sent them upon this mission, had fitted them pre-eminently for his glorious work. He filled their hearts with a love of country, which burned strong within them, even in death. He gave them a power of understanding which no sophistry could baffle, no art elude; and a moral heroism which no dangers could appall. Careless of themselves, reckless of all personal consequences, trampling under foot that petty ambition of office and honor, which constitutes the master-passion of little minds, they bent all their mighty powers to the task for which they had been delegated—the freedom of their beloved country, and the restoration of fallen man.

They felt that they were Apostles of human liberty; and well did they fulfil their high commissions—They rested not until they had accomplished their work at home, and given such an impulse to the great ocean of mind, that they saw the waves rolling on the farthest shore before they were called to their reward: and then left the world, hand in hand, exulting, as they rose, in the success of their labors.

Extract from an Address at the laying of the Corner Stone of the Bunker Hill Monument, 17th June, 1825.

THE great event in the history of the continent which we are now met here to commemorate,—that prodigy of modern times, at once the wonder and blessing of the world, is the American revolution. In a day of extraordinary prosperity and happiness, of high national honor, distinction, and power, we are brought together in this place, by our love of country, by our admiration of exalted character, by our gratitude for signal services and patriotic devotion.

And while we are enjoying all the blessings of our condition, and looking abroad on the brightened prospects of the world, we hold still among us some of those who were active agents in the scenes of 1775, and who are now here, from every quarter of New England, to visit, once more, and under circumstances so affecting,—I had almost said so overwhelming,—this renowned theater of their courage and patriotism.

Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out our lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now here where you stood fifty years ago this very hour,

with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet;—but all else how changed!

You hear now no roar of hostile cannon,—you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strowed with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death; all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more.

All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs which you then saw filled with wives, and children, and countrymen, in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defense.

All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave for ever. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and, in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you.

But the scene amidst which we stand, does not permit us to confine our thoughts or our sympathies to those fearless spirits who hazarded or lost their lives on this consecrated spot. We have the happiness to rejoice here in the presence of a most worthy representation of the survivors of the whole revolutionary army.

Veterans! You are the remnant of many a well-fought field. You bring with you marks of honor from Trenton and Monmouth, from Yorktown, Camden, Bennington, and Saratoga. VETERANS OF HALF A CENTURY! when in your youthful days you put every thing at hazard in your country's cause, good as that cause was, and sanguine as youth is, still your fondest hopes did not stretch onward to an hour

like this! At a period to which you could not reasonably have expected to arrive; at a moment of national prosperity, such as you could never have foreseen; you are now met here to enjoy the fellowship of old soldiers, and to receive the overflowings of a universal gratitude.

But your agitated countenances, and your heaving breasts inform me, that even this is not an unmixed joy. I perceive that a tumult of contending feelings rushes upon you. The images of the dead, as well as the persons of the living, throng to your embraces. The scene overwhelms you, and I turn from it. May the father of all mercies bless them, and smile upon your declining years.

And when you shall here have exchanged your embraces; when you shall once more have pressed the hands which have been so often extended to give succor in adversity, or grasped in the exultation of victory; then look abroad into this lovely land, which your young valour defended, and mark the happiness with which it is filled; yea, look abroad into the whole earth, and see what a name you have contributed to give to your country, and what a praise you have added to freedom; and then rejoice in the sympathy and gratitude, which beam upon your last days from the improved condition of mankind.

Speech of Titus Quinctius to the Romans.

THOUGH I am not conscious, O Romans, of any crime by me committed, it is yet with the utmost shame and confusion that I appear in your assembly. You have seen it—posterity will know it!—in the fourth consulship of Titus Quinctius the Æqui and Volsi (scarce a match for the Hernici alone) came in arms to the very gates of Rome,—and went away unchastised!

The course of our manners, indeed, and the state of our affairs have long been such, that I had no reason to presage much good; but, could I have imagined that so great an ignominy would have befallen me this year, I would, by banishment or death, (if all other means had failed,) have avoided the station I am now in. What! might Rome then have been taken, if these men who were at our gates had not wanted courage for the attempt?—Rome taken whilst I was consul! Of honors I had sufficient—of life enough—more than enough—I should have died in my third consulate.

But who are they that our dastardly enemies thus despise?—the consuls, or you, Romans? If we are in fault, depose us, or punish us yet more severely. If you are to blame—may neither Gods nor men punish your faults! only may you repent!—No, Romans, the confidence of your enemies is not owing to their courage, or to their belief of your cowardice: they have been too often vanquished not to know both themselves and you.

Discord, discord is the ruin of this city! The eternal disputes between the senate and the people, are the sole cause of our misfortunes. While we set no bounds to our dominion, nor you to your liberty; while you impatiently endure Patrician magistrates, and we Plebeian; our enemies take heart, grow elated and presumptuous. In the name of the immortal gods, what is it, Romans, you would have? You desired Tribunes;—for the sake of peace, we granted them. You were eager to have Decemvirs;—we consented to their creation. You grew weary of these decemvirs;—we obliged them to abdicate.

Your hatred pursued them when reduced to private men; and we suffered you to put to death, or banish, Patricians of the first rank in the republic. You insisted upon the restoration of the Tribuneship;—we yielded; we quietly saw Consuls of your own faction elected. You have the protection of your tribunes, and the privilege of appeal; the Patricians are subjected to the decrees of the Commons. Under pretense of equal and impartial laws, you have invaded our rights; and we have suffered it, and we still suffer it. When shall we see an end of discord? When shall we have one interest, and one common country? Victorious and triumphant, you show less temper than we under defeat. When you are to contend with us, you can seize the Aventine hill—you can possess yourselves of the Mons Sacer.

The enemy is at our gates,—the Æsquiline is near being taken,—and nobody stirs to hinder it! But against us you are valiant; against us you can arm with diligence. Come on, then, besiege the senate-house, make a camp of the forum, fill the jails with our chief nobles, and when you have achieved these glorious exploits, then, at last, sally out at the Æsquiline gate with the same fierce spirits against the enemy.

Does your resolution fail you for this? Go, then, and behold from our walls your lands ravaged, your houses plun-

dered and in flames, the whole country laid waste with fire and sword. Have you any thing here to repair these damages? Will the tribunes make up your losses to you? They will give you words as many as you please; bring impeachments in abundance against the prime men of the state; heap laws upon laws; assemblies you shall have without end;—but will any of you return the richer from those assemblies?

Extinguish, O Romans! these fatal divisions; generously break this cursed enchantment, which keeps you buried in a scandalous inaction. Open your eyes, and consider the management of those ambitious men, who, to make themselves powerful in their party, study nothing but how they may foment divisions in the commonwealth.—If you can but summon up your former courage, if you will now march out of Rome with your consuls, there is no punishment you can inflict which I will not submit to, if I do not in a few days drive those pillagers out of our territory. This terror of war, with which you seem so grievously struck, shall quickly be removed from Rome to their own cities.

Extract from Judge Story's Centennial Address, delivered at Salem, Mass., Sept. 18, 1828.

WHEN we reflect on what has been, and is now, is it possible not to feel a profound sense of the responsibility of this Republic to all future ages? What vast motives press upon us for lofty efforts. What brilliant prospects invite our enthusiasm. What solemn warnings at once demand our vigilance, and moderate our confidence.

The old world has already revealed to us in its unsealed books, the beginning and end of all its own marvelous struggles in the cause of liberty. Greece, lovely Greece, "the land of scholars and the nurse of arms," where sister republics in fair processions chanted the praises of liberty and the gods; where and what is she? For two thousand years the oppressor has bound her to the earth. Her arts are no more. The last sad relics of her temples are but the barracks of a ruthless soldiery; the fragments of her columns and her palaces are in the dust, yet beautiful in ruin.

She fell not when the mighty were upon her. Her sons were united at Thermopylæ and Marathon; and the tide of her triumph rolled back upon the Hellespont. She was conquered by her own factions. She fell by the hands of her own

people. The man of Macedonia did not the work of destruction. It was already done by her own corruption, banishments, and dissensions. Rome, republican Rome, whose eagles glanced in the rising and setting sun, where, and what is she? The eternal city yet remains, proud even in her desolation, noble in her decline, venerable in the majesty of religion, and calm as in the composure of death.

The *malaria* has but traveled in the paths worn by her destroyers. More than eighteen centuries have mourned over the loss of her empire. A mortal disease was upon her vitals, before Cæsar had crossed the Rubicon; and Brutus did not restore her health by the deep probings of the senate chamber. The Goths and Vandals and Huns—the swarms of the north—completed only what was already begun at home. Romans betrayed Rome. The legions were bought and sold; but the people offered the tribute money.

And where are the republics of modern times, which clustered around immortal Italy? Venice and Genoa exist but in name. The Alps, indeed, look down upon the brave and peaceful Swiss, in their native fastnesses; but the guaranty of their freedom is in their weakness, and not in their strength. The mountains are not easily crossed, and the valleys are not easily retained.

When the invader comes, he moves like an avalanche, carrying destruction in his path. The peasantry sink before him. The country is too poor for plunder, and too rough for valuable conquest. Nature presents her eternal barriers on every side, to check the wantonness of ambition; and Switzerland remains with her simple institutions, a military road to fairer climates, scarcely worth a permanent possession, and protected by the jealousy of her neighbors.

We stand the latest, and, if we fail, probably the last experiment of self-government by the people. We have begun it under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigour of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppressions of tyranny. Our constitutions have never been enfeebled, by the vices or luxuries of the old world. Such as we are, we have been from the beginning; simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government and self-respect.

The Atlantic rolls between us and any formidable foe. Within our own territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude and longitude, we have the choice of many products, and many means of independence. The government

is mild. The press is free. Religion is free. Knowledge reaches, or may reach every home. What fairer prospect of success could be presented? What means more adequate to accomplish the sublime end? What more is necessary, than for the people to preserve what they themselves have created?

Already has the age caught the spirit of our institutions. It has already ascended the Andes, and snuffed the breezes of both oceans. It has infused itself into the life-blood of Europe, and warmed the sunny plains of France, and the low lands of Holland. It has touched the philosophy of Germany and the North, and, moving onward to the South, has opened to Greece the lessons of her better days.

Can it be that America, under such circumstances, can betray herself?—that she is to be added to the catalogue of Republics, the inscription of whose ruin is, “they were, but they are not.” Forbid it, my countrymen; forbid it, Heaven.

I call upon you, fathers, by the shades of your ancestors, by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil, by all you are, and all you hope to be,—resist every project of disunion,—resist every encroachment upon your liberties,—resist every attempt to fetter your consciences, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction.

I call upon you, mothers, by that which never fails in woman,—the love of your offspring,—teach them, as they climb your knees, or lean on your bosom, the blessing of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with their baptismal vows, to be true to their country, and never to forget or to forsake her.

I call upon you, young men, to remember whose sons you are—whose inheritance you possess. Life can never be too short, which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression. Death never comes too soon, if necessary in defense of the liberties of your country.

I call upon you, old men, for your counsels, and your prayers, and your benedictions. May not your gray hairs go down in sorrow to the grave, with the recollection that you have lived in vain. May not your last sun sink in the west upon a nation of slaves.

No—I read in the destiny of my country, far better hopes, far brighter visions. We who are now assembled here, must soon be gathered to the congregation of other days. The time for our departure is at hand, to make way for our

children upon the theater of life. May God speed them and theirs. May he who at the distance of another century shall stand here to celebrate this day, still look round upon a free, happy, and virtuous people. May he have reason to exult as we do. May he, with all the enthusiasm of truth, as well as of poetry, exclaim, that here is still his country ;—

“Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.”

On the Formation of Character, and the attainment of knowledge:—Addressed to the American Youth.

A good name is in all cases the fruit of personal exertion. It is not inherited from parents; it is not created by external advantages; it is no necessary appendage of birth, or wealth, or talents, or station; but the result of one's own endeavors,—the fruit and reward of good principles, manifest in a course of virtuous and honorable action. This is the more important to be remarked, because it shows that the attainment of a good name, whatever be your external circumstances, is entirely within your power.

No young man, however humble his birth, or obscure his condition, is excluded from the invaluable boon. He has only to fix his eyes upon the prize, and press toward it in a course of virtuous and useful conduct, and it is his. And it is interesting to notice how many of our worthiest and best citizens, have risen to honor and usefulness by their own persevering exertions. They are to be found in great numbers, in each of the learned professions, and in every department of business; and they stand forth, bright and animating examples of what can be accomplished by resolution and effort.

Indeed, in the formation of character, personal exertion is the first, the second, and the third virtue. Nothing great or excellent can be acquired without it. A good name will not come without being sought. All the virtues of which it is composed, are the result of untiring application and industry. Nothing can be more fatal to the attainment of a good character, than a treacherous confidence in external advantages. These, if not seconded by your own endeavors, will “drop you mid-way, or perhaps you will not have started, when the diligent traveler will have won the race.”

Thousands of young men have been ruined by relying

for a good name on their honorable parentage, or inherited wealth, or the patronage of friends. Flattered by these distinctions, they have felt as if they might live without plan and without effort,—merely for their own gratification and indulgence. No mistake is more fatal. It always issues in producing an inefficient and useless character.

On this account, it is, that character and wealth rarely continue in the same family, more than two or three generations. The younger branches, placing a deceptive confidence in an hereditary character, neglect the means of forming one of their own, and often exist in society only a reproach to the worthy ancestry, whose name they bear.

In the formation of a good character, it is of great importance that the early part of life be improved and guarded, with the utmost diligence and carefulness. The most critical period of life is that which elapses from fourteen to twenty-one years of age. More is done during this period, to mould and settle the character of the future man, than in all the other years of life.

If a young man passes this season with pure morals and a fair reputation, a good name is almost sure to crown his maturer years, and descend with him to the close of his days. On the other hand, if a young man in this spring season of life neglects his mind and heart; if he indulges himself in vicious courses, and forms habits of inefficiency and slothfulness, he experiences a loss which no effort can retrieve, and brings a stain upon his character which no tears can wash away.

Life will inevitably take much of its shape and coloring, from the plastic powers that are now operating. Every thing, almost, depends upon giving a proper direction to this outset of life. The course now taken is usually decisive.—The principles now adopted, and the habits now formed, whether good or bad, become a kind of second nature, fixed and permanent.

Youthful thoughtlessness, I know, is wont to regard the indiscretions and vicious indulgencies of this period, as of very little importance. But they have great influence in forming your future character, and deciding the estimation in which you are to be held in the community. They are the germs of bad habits; and bad habits confirmed, are ruin to the character and the soul. The errors and vices of a young man, even when they do not ripen into habit, impress a blot on the name which is rarely effaced. They are remembered

in subsequent life; the public eye is often turning back to them; the stigma is seen; it cleaves fast to the character, and its unhappy effects are felt till the end of his days.

"A fair reputation, it should be remembered, is a plant, delicate in its nature, and by no means rapid in its growth. It will not shoot up in a night, like the gourd that shaded the prophet's head; but like that same gourd, it may perish in a night." A character which it has cost many years to establish, is often destroyed in a single hour, or even minute. Guard then, with peculiar vigilance, this forming, fixing season of your existence; and let the precious days and hours that are now passing by you, be diligently occupied in acquiring those habits of intelligence, of virtue and enterprise, which are so essential to the honor and success of future life.

To the formation of a good character it is of the highest importance that you have a commanding object in view, and that your aim in life be elevated. To this cause, perhaps, more than to any other, is to be ascribed the great difference which appears in the characters of men. Some start in life with an object in view, and are determined to attain it; while others live without plan, and reach not for the prize set before them. The energies of the one are called into vigorous action, and they rise to eminence, while the others are left to slumber in ignoble ease, and sink into obscurity.

It is an old proverb, that he who aims at the sun, to be sure will not reach it, but his arrow will fly higher than if he aimed at an object on a level with himself. Just so in the formation of character. Set your standard high; and, though you may not reach it, you can hardly fail to rise higher than if you aimed at some inferior excellence. Young men are not, in general, conscious of what they are capable of doing. They do not task their faculties, nor improve their powers, nor attempt, as they ought, to rise to superior excellence. They have no high, commanding object at which to aim; but often seem to be passing away life, without object and without aim.

The consequence is, their efforts are few and feeble; they are not waked up to any thing great or distinguished; and therefore fail to acquire a character of decided worth. But, my friends, you may be whatever you resolve to be. Resolution is omnipotent. Determine that you will be something in the world, and you shall be something. Aim at excellence, and excellence will be attained. This is the great secret of effort and eminence.

The circumstances in which you are placed as the members of a free and intelligent community, also demand of you a careful improvement of the means of knowledge you enjoy. You live in an age of great mental excitement. The public mind is awake, and society in general is fast rising on the scale of improvement. At the same time, the means of knowledge are most abundant. They exist every where and in the richest variety.

Nor were stronger inducements ever held out to engage all classes of people in the diligent use of these means. Useful talents of every kind are in great demand. The field of enterprise is widening and spreading around you. The road to wealth, to honor, to usefulness, and happiness, is open to all, and all who will may enter upon it, with the almost certain prospect of success. In this free community there are no privileged orders. Every man finds his level. If he has talents he will be known and estimated, and rise in the respect and confidence of society.

Added to this, every man is here a freeman. He has a voice in the election of rulers, in making and executing the laws, and may be called to fill important places of honor and trust, in the community of which he is a member. What then is the duty of persons in these circumstances? Are they not called to cultivate their minds, to improve their talents, and acquire the knowledge which is necessary to enable them to act, with honor and usefulness, that part assigned them on the stage of life?

Can any expect to maintain a respectable standing in society, if, while others are rising around them, they neglect the means to rise with them? If any please thus to neglect their opportunities for acquiring knowledge, they can have their choice; but let them at the same time make up their minds to exist as mere cyphers in society; to be hewers of wood and drawers of water; to float down as leaves upon the bosom of the stream, unknown, unregarded, soon to be forgotten as if they had never been.

A diligent use of the means of knowledge, accords well with your nature as rational and immortal beings. God has given you minds which are capable of indefinite improvement; he has placed you in circumstances peculiarly favorable for making such improvement; and to inspire you with diligence in mounting up the shining course before you, he points you to the prospect of an endless existence beyond the grave; and assures you that the glories, and the woes of it, depend on the character you form at this period of your life.

Here is an argument of infinite weight for the cultivation of your intellectual and moral powers. If you who possess these powers were destined, after spending a few days on earth, to fall into non-existence; if there were nothing in you which death cannot destroy, nor the grave cover, there would indeed be but little inducement to cultivate your minds. "For who would take pains to trim a taper which shines but for a moment, and can never be lighted again?"

But if you have minds which are capable of endless progression in knowledge, of endless approximation to the supreme intelligence; if in the midst of unremitting success, objects of new interest will be forever opening before you;—O what prospects are presented to your view! What strong inducements to cultivate your mind and heart, and to enter upon that course of improvement here, which is to run on brightening in glory and in bliss, ages without end.—*Hawes.*

PROMISCUOUS PIECES.

The incidents of a Voyage across the Atlantic.

To an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative. From the moment you lose sight of the land you have left, all is vacancy until you step on the opposite shore, and are launched at once into the bustle and novelties of another world.

I have said that at sea all is vacancy. I should correct the expression. To one given up to day-dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea voyage is full of subjects for meditation; but then they are the wonders of the deep, and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes. I delighted to loll over the quarter-railing, or climb to the main-top on a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea; or to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own, or to watch the gentle undulating billows rolling their silver volumes, as if to die away on those happy shores.

There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe, with which I looked down from my giddy height

on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols,— shoals of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship,—the grampus slowly heaving his huge form above the surface,— or the ravenous shark, darting like a spectre through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me; of the finny herds that roam its fathomless valleys; of shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth; and those wild phantasms that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

Sometimes a distant sail, gliding along the edge of the ocean, would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world, hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence! What a glorious monument of human invention, that has thus triumphed over wind and wave; has brought the ends of the earth in communion; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north, all the luxuries of the south; diffused the light of knowledge and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seems to have thrown an insurmountable barrier!

We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, every thing that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse, attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months: clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it, and long seaweeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, is the crew?—Their struggle has long been over; they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest; their bones lie whitening in the caverns of the deep. Silence—oblivion, like the waves, has closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end.

What sighs have been wafted after that ship! what prayers offered up at the deserted fire-side of home! How often has the mistress, the wife, and the mother, poured over the daily news to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into

anxiety—anxiety into dread—and dread into despair! Alas. not one memento shall ever return for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known is, that she sailed from her port, “and was never heard of more.”

The sight of the wreck, as usual, gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening, when the weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and threatening, and gave indications of one of those sudden storms that will sometimes break in upon the serenity of a summer voyage. As we sat round the dull light of a lamp, in the cabin, that made the gloom more ghastly, every one had his tale of shipwreck and disaster. I was particularly struck with a short one related by the captain.

“As I was once sailing,” said he, “in a fine stout ship across the banks of Newfoundland, one of the heavy fogs that prevail in those parts, rendered it impossible for me to see far a-head, even in the day time; but at night the weather was so thick that we could not distinguish any object at twice the length of our ship. I kept lights at the mast-head, and a constant watch forward to look out for fishing-smacks, which are accustomed to lie at anchor on the banks. The wind was blowing a smacking breeze, and we were going a great rate through the water.

“Suddenly the watch gave the alarm of ‘a sail a-head!’ but it was scarcely uttered till we were upon her. She was a small schooner at anchor, with her broadside toward us.—The crew were all asleep, and had neglected to hoist a light. We struck her just a-mid-ships. The force, the size, and the weight of our vessel, bore her down below the waves; we passed over her, and were hurried on our course.

“As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half-naked wretches, rushing from her cabin: they had just started from their beds to be swallowed shrieking by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind. The blast that bore it to our ears, swept us out of all further hearing. I shall never forget that cry! It was some time before we could put the ship about, she was under such headway. We returned, as nearly as we could judge, to the place where the smack was anchored.—We cruised about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired several guns, and listened if we might hear the halloo of any survivors; but all was silent—we never heard nor saw any thing of them more!”

It was a fine sunny morning when the thrilling cry of “land!” was given from the mast-head. I question whether

Columbus, when he discovered the new world, felt a more delicious throng of sensations, than rush into an American's bosom when he first comes in sight of Europe. There is a volume of associations in the very name. It is the land of promise, teeming with every thing of which his childhood has heard, or on which his studious ears have pondered.

From that time, until the period of arrival, it was all feverish excitement. The ships of war that prowled like guardian giants round the coast; the headlands of Ireland, stretching out into the channel; the Welsh mountains, towering into the clouds; all were objects of intense interest. As we sailed up the Mersey, I reconnoitered the shores with a telescope. My eye dwelt with delight on neat cottages, with their trim shrubberies and green grass plots. I saw the mouldering ruins of an abbey overrun with ivy, and the taper spire of a village church, rising from the brow of a neighboring hill—all were characteristic of England.

The tide and wind were so favorable, that the ship was enabled to come at once at the pier. It was thronged with people; some idle lookers-on, others eager expectants of friends or relatives. I could distinguish the merchant to whom the ship belonged. I knew him by his calculating brow, and restless air. His hands were thrust into his pockets; he was whistling thoughtfully, and walking to and fro, a small space having been accorded to him by the crowd, in deference to his temporary importance. There were repeated cheerings and salutations interchanged between the shore and the ship, as friends happened to recognize each other.

But I particularly noted one young woman of humble dress, but interesting demeanor. —She was leaning forward from among the crowd; her eye hurried over the ship as it neared the shore, to catch some wished-for countenance.—She seemed disappointed and agitated, when I heard a faint voice call her name. It was from a poor sailor, who had been ill all the voyage, and had excited the sympathy of every one on board. When the weather was fine, his mess-mates had spread a mattress for him on deck in the shade; but of late his illness had so increased, that he had taken to his hammock, and only breathed a wish that he might see his wife before he died.

He had been helped on deck as we came up the river, and was now leaning against the shrouds, with a countenance so wasted, so pale, and so ghastly, that it is no wonder even the eye of affection did not recognize him. But at the

sound of his voice her eye darted on his features, it read at once a whole volume of sorrow; she clasped her hands, uttered a faint shriek, and stood wringing them in silent agony.

All now was hurry and bustle—the meeting of acquaintances—the greetings of friends—the consultation of men of business. I alone was solitary and idle. I had no friend to meet, no cheering to receive. I stepped upon the land of my forefathers—but felt that I was a stranger in the land.

W. Irving.

Description of a Thunder Storm on the Highlands of the Hudson.

It was the latter part of a calm, sultry day, that we floated gently with the tide, between those stern mountains, the highlands of the Hudson. There was that perfect quiet which prevails over nature in the languor of summer heat; the turning of a plank, or the accidental falling of an oar on deck, was echoed from the mountain side, and reverberated along the shores; and if by chance the captain gave a shout of command, there were airy tongues that mocked it from every cliff.

I gazed about me in mute delight and wonder, at these scenes of nature's magnificence. To the left the Dunderberg reared its woody precipices, height over height, forest over forest, away into the deep summer sky. To the right strutted forth the bold promontory of Antony's Nose, with a solitary eagle wheeling about it; while beyond, mountain succeeded to mountain, until they seemed to lock their arms together, and confine this mighty river in their embraces.—There was a feeling of quiet luxury in gazing at the broad, green bosoms, here and there scooped out among the precipices; or at woodlands high in air, nodding over the edge of some beetling bluff, and their foliage all transparent in the yellow sunshine.

In the midst of my admiration, I remarked a pile of bright snowy clouds peering above the western heights. It was succeeded by another, and another, each seemingly pushing onward its predecessor, and towering, with dazzling brilliancy, in the deep blue atmosphere: and now, muttering peals of thunder were faintly heard, rolling behind the

mountains. The river, hitherto still and glassy, reflecting pictures of the sky and land, now showed a dark ripple at a distance, as the breeze came creeping up it. The fish hawks wheeled and screamed, and sought their nests on the high dry trees; the crows flew clamorously to the crevices of the rocks, and all nature seemed conscious of the approaching thundergust.

The clouds now rolled in volumes over the mountain tops; their summit still bright and snowy, but the lower parts of an inky blackness. The rain began to patter down in broad and scattered drops; the wind freshened, and curled up the waves; at length it seemed as if the bellying clouds were torn open by the mountain tops, and complete torrents of rain came rattling down. The lightning leaped from cloud to cloud, and streamed quivering against the rocks, splitting and rending the stoutest forest trees. The thunder burst in tremendous explosions; the peals were echoed from mountain to mountain; they crashed upon Dunderberg, and rolled up the long defile of the highlands, each headland making a new echo, until old Bull Hill seemed to bellow back the storm.

For a time the scudding rack and mist, and the sheeted rain, almost hid the landscape from the sight. There was a fearful gloom, illumined still more fearfully by the streams of lightning which glittered among the rain drops. Never had I beheld such an absolute warring of the elements; it seemed as if the storm was tearing and rending its way through this mountain defile, and had brought all the artillery of heaven into action.

Irving.

The happy effects of a virtuous sensibility.

THE exercise of a virtuous sensibility, powerfully influences the proper discharge of all the relative and social duties of life. Without some discharge of those duties, there could be no comfort nor security in human society. Men would become hordes of savages perpetually harassing one another. In one way or other, therefore, the great duties of social life must be performed. There must be among mankind some reciprocal co-operation and aid. In this all consent. But let us observe, that these duties may be performed from different principles, and in different ways.

Sometimes they are performed merely from decency

and regard to character; sometimes from fear, and even from selfishness, which obliges men to show kindness, in order that they may receive returns of it. In such cases, the exterior of fair behavior may be preserved. But all will admit, that when from constraint only, the offices of seeming kindness are performed, little dependence can be placed on them, and little value allowed to them.

By others, these offices are discharged solely from a principal of duty. They are men of cold affections, and perhaps of an interested character. But overawed by a sense of religion, and convinced that they are bound to be beneficent, they fulfill the course of relative duties with regular tenor. Such men act from conscience and principle. So far they do well and are worthy of praise. They assist their friends; they give to the poor; they do justice to all.

But what a different complexion is given to the same actions,—how much higher flavor do they acquire,—when they flow from the sensibility of a feeling heart? If one be not moved by affection, even supposing him influenced by principle, he will go no farther than strict principle appears to require. He will advance slowly and reluctantly. As it is justice, not generosity, which impels him, he will often feel as a task what he is required by conscience to perform. Whereas, to him who is prompted by virtuous sensibility, every office of beneficence and humanity is a pleasure.

He gives, assists, and relieves, not merely because he is bound to do so, but because it would be painful for him to refrain. Hence the smallest benefit he confers rises in its value on account of its carrying the affection of the giver impressed upon the gift. It speaks his heart, and the discovery of the heart is very frequently of greater consequence than all that liberality can bestow.

How often will the affectionate smile of approbation gladden the humble, and raise the dejected! How often will the look of tender sympathy, or the tear that involuntarily falls, impart consolation to the unhappy! By means of this correspondence of hearts, all the great duties which we owe to one another are both performed to more advantage, and endeared in the performance.

From true sensibility flow a thousand good offices, apparently small in themselves, but of high importance to the felicity of others;—offices which altogether escape the observation of the cold and unfeeling, who by the hardness of their manner render themselves unamiable, even when they

mean to do good. How happy then would it be for mankind, if this affectionate disposition prevailed more generally in the world! How much would the sum of public virtue and public felicity be increased, if men were always inclined to rejoice with those that rejoice, and to weep with those that weep.

Blair.

The importance of order in the management of business.

WHATEVER may be your business or occupation in life, let the administration of it proceed with method and economy. From time to time examine your situation; and proportion your expense to your growing, or diminishing revenue. Provide what is necessary before you indulge in what is superfluous. Study to do justice to all with whom you deal, before you affect the praise of liberality. In a word, fix such a plan of living as you find that your circumstances will fairly admit, and adhere to it invariably, against every temptation to improper excess.

No admonition respecting morals is more necessary than this, to the age in which we live—an age manifestly distinguished by a propensity to thoughtless profusion; wherein all the different ranks of men are observed to press with forward vanity on those who are above them; to vie with their superiors in every mode of luxury and ostentation; and to seek no farther argument for justifying extravagance, than the fashion of the times and the supposed necessity of living like others around them.

.. This turn of mind begets contempt for sober and orderly plans of life. It overthrows all regard to domestic concerns and duties. It pushes men on to hazardous and visionary schemes of gain, and unfortunately unites the two extremes of grasping with rapaciousness and of squandering with profusion. In the midst of such disorder no prosperity can be of long continuance. While confusion grows upon men's affairs, and prodigality at the same time wastes their substance, poverty makes its advances like an armed man.

They tremble at the view of the approaching evil, but have lost the force of mind to make provision against it. Accustomed to move in a round of society and pleasures disproportioned to their condition, they are unable to break through the enchantments of habit; and, with their eyes

open sink into the gulf which is before them. Poverty enforces dependence; and dependence increases corruption. Necessity first betrays them into mean compliances; next impels them to open crime; and, beginning with ostentation and extravagance, they end in infamy and guilt.

Such are the consequences of neglecting order in our worldly circumstances. Such is the circle in which the profligate and the dissolute daily run. To what cause so much as to the want of order, can we attribute those scenes of distress which so frequently excite our pity—families that once were flourishing reduced to ruin, and the melancholy widow and neglected orphan thrown forth friendless upon the world? What cause has been more fruitful in engendering those atrocious crimes which fill society with disquiet and terror, in training the gamester to fraud, the robber to violence, and even the assassin to blood?

Be assured, then, that order, frugality, and economy are the necessary supports of every personal and private virtue. How humble soever these qualities may appear to some, they are nevertheless the basis on which liberty, independence, and true honor must rise. He who has the steadiness to arrange his affairs with method and regularity, and to conduct his train of life agreeably to his circumstances, can be master of himself in every situation into which he may be thrown.

He is under no necessity to flatter or to lie, to stoop to what is mean, or to commit what is criminal. But he who wants that firmness of mind which the observance of order requires, is held in bondage to the world; he can neither act his part with courage as a man, nor with fidelity as a Christian. From the moment you have allowed yourselves to pass the line of economy, and live beyond your fortune, you have entered on the path of danger. Precipices surround you on all sides. Every step which you take may lead to mischiefs that as yet lie hidden, and to crimes that will end in everlasting perdition.

Blair.

The Funeral of Maria.

MARIA was in her twentieth year. To the beauty of her form, and excellence of her natural disposition, a parent, equally indulgent and attentive, had done the fullest justice. To accomplish her person, and to cultivate her mind, every endeavor had been used, and had been attended with that

success which parental efforts commonly meet with, when not prevented by mistaken fondness or untimely vanity.

Few young ladies have attracted more admiration ; none ever felt it less : with all the charms of beauty, and the polish of education, the plainest were not less affected. nor the most ignorant less assuming. She died when every tongue was eloquent of her virtues, when every hope was ripening to reward them.

It is by such private and domestic distresses, that the softer emotions of the heart are more strongly excited. The fall of more important personages is commonly distant from our observation ; but even where it happens under our immediate notice, there is a mixture of other feelings, by which our compassion is weakened.

The eminently great, or extensively useful, leave behind them a train of interrupted views, and disappointed expectations, by which the distress is complicated beyond the simplicity of piety. But the death of one, who like Maria was to shed the influence of her virtues over the age of a father, and the childhood of her sisters, presents to us a little view of family affliction. which every eye can perceive, and every heart can feel.

On scenes of public sorrow and national regret, we gaze as upon those gallery pictures, which strike us with wonder and admiration : domestic calamity is like the miniature of a friend, which we wear in our bosoms, and keep for secret looks and solitary enjoyment.

The last time I saw Maria, was in the midst of a crowded assembly of the fashionable and the gay, where she fixed all eyes by the gracefulness of her motions, and the native dignity of her mien ; yet, so tempered was that superiority which they conferred with gentleness and modesty, that not a murmur was heard, either from the rivalry of beauty, or the envy of homeliness. From that scene the transition was so violent to the hearse and the pall, the grave and the sod, that once or twice my imagination turned rebel to my senses, I beheld the objects around me as the painting of a dream, and thought of Maria as still living.

I was soon, however, recalled to the sad reality. The figure of her father bending over the grave of his darling child ; the silent, suffering composure, in which his countenance was fixed ; the tears of his attendants, whose grief was light and capable of tears ; these gave me back the truth, and reminded me that I should see her no more. There was a

flow of sorrow, with which I suffered myself to be borne along with a melancholy kind of indulgence; but when her father dropped the cord with which he had helped to lay his Maria in the earth, its sound on the coffin chilled my heart, and horror for a moment took place of pity!

It was but for a moment.—He looked eagerly into the grave; made one involuntary motion to stop the assistants, who were throwing the earth into it; then, suddenly recollecting himself, clasped his hands together, threw up his eyes to heaven, and then, first, I saw a few tears drop from them. I gave language to all this. It spoke a lesson of faith, and piety, and resignation. I went away sorrowful, but my sorrow was neither ungentle nor unmanly; I cast on this world a glance rather of pity than of enmity; and on the next, a look of humbleness and hope!

Such, I am persuaded, will commonly be the effect of scenes like that I have described, on minds neither frigid nor unthinking: for, of feelings like these, the gloom of the ascetic is as little susceptible as the levity of the giddy. There needs a certain pliancy of mind which society alone can give, though its vices often destroy it,—to render us capable of that gentle melancholy, which makes sorrow pleasant, and affliction useful.

It is not from a melancholy of this sort, that men are prompted from the cold, unfruitful virtues of monkish solitude. These are often the effects, rather of passion secluded than repressed, rather of temptation avoided than overcome. The crucifix and the rosary, the death's head and the bones, if custom has not made them indifferant, will rather chill desire than excite virtue; but, amidst the warmth of social affection, and of social sympathy, the heart will feel the weakness, and enjoy the duties of humanity.

Perhaps it will be said, that such situations and such reflections as the foregoing, will only affect minds already too tender, and be disregarded by those who need the lessons they impart. But this, I apprehend, is to allow too much to the force of habit, and the resistance of prejudice.

I will not pretend to assert, that rooted principles and long-established conduct are suddenly to be changed by the effects of situation, or the eloquence of sentiment; but, if it be granted that such change ever took place, who shall determine by what imperceptible motive or accidental impression, it was first begun? And, even if the influence of such a call to thought can only smother in its birth, one allurements to

evil, or confirm one wavering purpose to virtue, I shall not have unjustly commended that occasional indulgence of pensiveness and sorrow, which will thus be rendered not only one of the refinements, but one of the improvements of life:

Mackenzie.

The Vision of Mirza.

ON the fifth day of the moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers I always kept holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and, passing from one thought to another, "Surely," said I, "man is but a shadow, and life a dream."

While I was thus musing, I cast my eyes toward the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one, in the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of their last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place.

My heart melted away in secret raptures. I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a Genius, and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasure of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and, by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat.

I drew near, with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and, as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability, that familiarized him to my imagination;

and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground; and, taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies: follow me."

He led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, "Cast thy eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." "I see," said I, "a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it." "The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the valley of misery; and the tide of water that thou seest, is part of the great tide of eternity." "What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?"

"What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine, now," said he, "this sea, that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it." "I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide." "The bridge thou seest," said he, "is human life: consider it attentively." Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three-score and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number of about a hundred.

As I was counting the arches the Genius told me that this bridge consisted, at first, of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. "But tell me farther," said he, "what thou discoverest on it?" "I see multitudes of people passing over it," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it."

As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and, upon farther examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that the throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, than many of them fell into them. They grew thinner toward the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together toward the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed some persons—but their number was very small—that continued a kind of hobbling march on the

broken arches, but fell through, one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk. I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented.

My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly, in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching by every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up toward the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation, stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles, that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk.

In this confusion of objects, I observed some with cimeters in their hands, and others with lances, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors, which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The Genius, seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it.—"Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou yet seest any thing thou dost not comprehend." Upon looking up, "What mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time! I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches."

"These," said the Genius, "are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life." I here fetched a deep sigh. "Alas!" said I, "man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!" The Genius being moved with compassion toward me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. "Look no more," said he, "on man, in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist, into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it."

I directed my sight as I was ordered, and—whether or no the good Genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate—I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, tha:

had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean, planted with innumerable islands that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them.

I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the Genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge.

"The islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted, as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea shore. There are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degrees and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them. Every island is a paradise, accommodated to its respective inhabitants.

"Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives the opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him." I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on those happy islands.—At length, said I, "Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie under those dark clouds that cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant."

The Genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands I saw nothing but the

long, hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep and camels grazing upon the sides of it.

Addison:

The Eternity of God.

If all who live and breathe around us are the creatures of yesterday, and destined to see destruction to-morrow; if the same condition is our own, and the same sentence is written against us; if the solid forms of inanimate nature and laborious art, are fading and falling; if we look in vain for durability to the very roots of the mountains, where shall we turn, and on what can we rely? Can no support be offered; can no source of confidence be named? Oh yes! there is one Being to whom we can look, with a perfect conviction of finding that security, which nothing about us can give, and which nothing about us can take away.

To this Being we can lift up our souls, and on him we may rest them, exclaiming in the language of the monarch of Israel, "Before the mountains were brought forth, or even thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God." "Of old hast thou laid the foundations of the earth, and the heavens are the work of thy hands. They shall perish, but thou shalt endure; yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment, as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed; but thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end."

The eternity of God is a subject of contemplation, which, at the same time that it overwhelms us with astonishment and awe, affords us an immoveable ground of confidence in the midst of a changing world. All things which surround us, all these dying, mouldering inhabitants of time, must have had a Creator, for the plain reason that they could not have created themselves. And their Creator must have existed from all eternity, for the plain reason that the first cause must necessarily be uncaused.

As we cannot suppose a beginning without a cause of existence, that which is the cause of all existence must be self-existent, and could have had no beginning. And, as it had no beginning, so also, as it is beyond the reach of all influence and control, as it is independent and almighty, it will have no end. Here then is a support which will never fail; here is a foundation which can never be moved—the everlasting Creator of countless worlds, "the high and lofty One that inhabits eternity."

What a sublime conception! He inhabits eternity, occupies this inconceivable duration, pervades and fills throughout this boundless dwelling. Ages on ages, before even the dust of which we are formed was created, he had existed in infinite majesty; and ages on ages will roll away, after we have returned to the dust whence we were taken, and still he will exist in infinite majesty, living in the eternity of his own nature, reigning in the plenitude of his own omnipotence, for ever sending forth the word which forms, supports, and governs all things, commanding new created lights to shine on new created worlds, and raising up new created generations to inhabit them.

The contemplation of this glorious attribute of God, is fitted to excite in our minds the most animating and consoling reflections. Standing as we are amid the ruins of time, and the wrecks of mortality, where every thing about us is created and dependent, proceeding from nothing, and hastening to destruction, we rejoice that something is presented to our view which has stood from everlasting, and will remain for ever.

When we have looked on the pleasures of life, and they have vanished away; when we have looked on the works of nature, and perceived that they were changing; on the monuments of art, and seen that they would not stand; on our friends, and they have fled while we were gazing; on ourselves, and felt that we were as fleeting as they; when we have looked on every object to which we could turn our anxious eyes, and they have all told us that they could give us no hope nor support, because they were so feeble themselves; we can look to the throne of God: change and decay have never reached that; the revolution of ages has never moved it; the waves of an eternity have been rushing past it, but it has remained unshaken; the waves of another eternity are rushing toward it, but it is fixed, and never can be disturbed.

Greenwood.

The Sea and its Inhabitants.

THE sea carries indubitable evidences of a most wise and gracious ordination. How grand, surprisingly grand and majestic, are the works as well as the attributes, of an omnipotent Being! What are the canals in all the coun-

tries of the earth compared with this reservoir!—What are all the superb edifices, erected by royal magnificence, compared with yonder concave of the skies! And what are the most pompous illuminations of theaters and triumphant cities, compared with the resplendent source of day!

Let us examine a single drop of water—the very least quantity the eye can discover. In this almost imperceptible speck, a famous philosopher computes no less than thirteen thousand globules. Amazing to conceive! Impossible to explicate! If, then, in so small a speck abundantly more than ten thousand globules exist, what myriads of myriads must float in the unmeasured extent of the ocean!

Let the ablest arithmetician try to comprehend in his mind, not the internal constitution, but only the number of these fluid particles. As well may he grasp the winds in his fist, or mete out the universe with his span, as execute the task. Great then, inconceivably great, is that adored and glorious Sovereign, who sitteth upon this flood as upon a throne; nay, who holds it, diffused as it is from pole to pole, in the hollow of his hand, and before whom, in all its prodigious dimensions, it is but as the drop of a bucket.

Nor are the regions of the ocean without their proper and peculiar inhabitants, who are clothed and accoutered in exact conformity to the clime—not in swelling wool, or buoyant feathers; not in a flowing robe, or a well trimmed suit—but with as much compactness, and with as little superfluity as possible. They are clad, or rather sheathed with scales, which adhere closely to their bodies, and are always laid in a kind of natural oil—than which apparel, nothing can be more light, and at the same time nothing more solid.

It hinders the fluid from penetrating their flesh; it prevents the cold from coagulating their blood; and enables them to make their way through the waters with the utmost facility. They have each an air bladder, a curious instrument, by which they increase or diminish their specific gravity; sink like lead, or float like a cork; rise to what height, or descend to what depth they please.

It is impossible to enter on the musterroll of those scaly herds, and that minuter fry, which graze the sea weed, or stray through the coral groves. They are innumerable as the sands which lie under them; countless as the waves which cover them. Here are uncouth animals of monstrous shapes, and amazing qualities. Some that have been disco-

vered by the inquisitive eye of man, and many more that remain among the secrets of the hoary deep.

Here are shoals and shoals of various characters, and of the most diversified sizes, from the cumbrous whale whose flouncing tempests the ocean, to the evanescent anchovy, whose substance dissolves in the smallest fricassee. Some, lodged in their pearly shells, and fattening on their rocky beds, seem attentive to no higher employ than that of imbibing moist nutriment. These, but a small remove from vegetable life, are almost rooted on the rock on which they lie reposed; while others, active as the winged creation, and swift as an arrow from the Indian bow, shoot along the yielding flood, and range at large the spacious regions of the deep.

In this region is the tortoise, who never moves but under her own penthouse—the lobster, which, whether he sleeps or wakes, is still in a state of defense, and clad in jointed armour—the oyster, a sort of living jelly, ingarrisoned in a bulwark of native stone,—with many other kinds of sea reptiles, or, as the Psalmist speaks—“Things creeping innumerable.” How surprising are the varieties of their figure, and charming the splendor of their colors.

Unsearchable is the wisdom, and endless the contrivance, of the all-creating God! Some are rugged in their form, and little better than hideous in their aspect; their shells seem to be the rude production of a disorderly jumble, rather than the regular effects of skill and design; yet we shall find even in these seeming irregularities, the nicest dispositions. Their abodes, uncouth as they may appear, are adapted to the genius of their respective tenants, and exactly suited to their particular exigences. Neither the Ionic delicacy, nor the Corinthian richness, nor any other order of architecture, would have served their purpose half so well as their coarse and homely fabric.

Some, on the other hand, are extremely neat. Their structure is all symmetry and elegance. No enamel in the world is comparable to their polish. There is not a room of state in all the palaces of Europe, so brilliantly adorned, as the dining-room and bed-chamber of the little fish that dwells in the mother of pearl. Such a lovely mixture of red, and blue, and green, so delightfully staining the most clear and glittering ground, is nowhere else to be seen. The royal power may covet it, and human art may mimic it; but

neither the one nor the other, nor both united, will ever be able to equal it.

But what we admire more than all their streaks, their spots, and their embroidery, is the extraordinary provision made for their safety. Nothing is more relishing and palatable than their flesh. Nothing more heavy and sluggish than their motions. As they have no speed to escape, neither have they any dexterity to elude the foe. Were they naked or unguarded, they must be an easy prey to every freebooter that roams the ocean.

To prevent this fatal consequence, what is only clothing to other animals, is to them a clothing, a house, and a castle. They have a fortification that grows with their growth, and is part of themselves. By this means they live secure amidst millions and millions of ravenous jaws; by this means they are impraked as it were in their own shell; and, screened from every other assault, are reserved for the use and pleasure of mankind.

How admirable is the ordination of that great Being who thus causeth all to minister together for good, and who while he protects the most defenceless, provides for the pleasures of the most distinguished of his creatures. "Thy tender mercies are over all thy works, O Lord! and thou neglectest nought thou hast made." *Enfield.*

Description of Jerusalem and the surrounding country.

ALTHOUGH the size of Jerusalem was not extensive, its very situation, on the brink of rugged hills, encircled by deep and wild valleys, bounded by eminences whose sides were covered with groves and gardens, added to its numerous towers and temples, must have given it a singular and gloomy magnificence, scarcely possessed by any other city in the world.

The most pleasing feature in the scenery around the city is the valley of Jehoshaphat. Passing out of the gate of St. Stephen, you descend the hill to the torrent of Kedron; a bridge leads over its dry and deep bed: it must have been a very narrow, though, in winter a rapid stream. On the left is a grotto, handsomely fitted up, and called the tomb of the Virgin Mary, though it is well known she neither died nor was buried near Jerusalem.

A few steps beyond the Kedron you come to the garden

of Gethsemane, of all gardens the most interesting and hal-
lowed; but how neglected and decayed! It is surrounded by
a kind of low hedge; but the soil is bare; no verdure grows
on it, save six fine venerable olive-trees, which have stood
here for many centuries. This spot is at the foot of Olivet,
and is beautifully situated; you look up and down the ro-
mantic valley; close behind rises the mountain; before you
are the walls of the devoted city.

While lingering here, at evening, and solitary,—for it is
not often a footstep passes by,—that night of sorrow and dis-
may rushes on the imagination, when the Redeemer was
betrayed and forsaken by all, even by the loved disciple.—
Hence the path winds up the Mount of Olives: it is a beau-
tiful hill: the words of the Psalmist, “the mountains around
Jerusalem,” must not be literally applied, as none are within
view save those of Arabia. It is verdant, and covered in
some parts with olive-trees.

From the summit you enjoy an admirable view of the
city: it is beneath and very near: and looks, with its valleys
around it, exactly like a panorama. Its noble temple of
Omar, and large area planted with palms; its narrow streets,
ruined palaces and towers, are all laid out before you. On
the summit are the remains of a church, built by the Em-
press Helena; and in a small edifice containing one large
and lofty apartment, is shown the print of the last footstep of
Christ when he took his leave of earth.

The fathers should have placed it nearer to Bethany,
in order to accord with the account given us in Scripture;
but it answers the purpose of drawing crowds of pilgrims to
the spot. Descending Olivet to the narrow valley of Jeho-
shaphat, you soon come to the pillar of Absalom: it has a
very antique appearance, and is a pleasing object in the val-
ley: it is of a yellow stone, adorned with half columns, form-
ed into three stages, and terminates in a cupola.

The tomb of Zecharias, adjoining, is square, with four
or five pillars, and is cut out of the rock. Near these is a
sort of grotto, hewn out of an elevated part of the rock,
with four pillars in front, which is said to have been the apos-
tles' prison at the time they were confined by the rulers.
The small and wretched village of Siloa is built on the rug-
ged sides of the hill above; and just here the valleys of
Hinnom and Jehoshaphat meet, at the south-east corner of
Mount Zion: they are both sprinkled with olive-trees.

Over the ravine of Hinnom, and directly opposite the

city, is the mount of Judgment, or of evil counsel; because there they say the rulers took counsel against Christ, and the palace of Caiaphas stood. It is a broad and barren hill, without any of the picturesque beauty of Olivet, though loftier. On its side is pointed out the Aceldama, or field where Judas hung himself: a small and rude edifice stands on it, and it is used as a burying-place.

But the most interesting portion of this hill, is where its rocks descend precipitously into the valley of Hinnom, and are mingled with many a straggling olive-tree. All these rocks are hewn into sepulchers of various forms and sizes: no doubt they were the tombs of the ancient Jews, and are in general cut with considerable care and skill. They are often the resting-place of the benighted passenger. Some of them open into inner apartments, and are provided with small windows, or apertures, cut in the rock.

In these there is none of the darkness or sadness of the tomb; but in many, so elevated and picturesque is the situation, a traveler may pass hours, with a book in his hand, while valley and hill are beneath and around him. Before the door of one large sepulcher stood a tree on the brink of the rock; the sun was going down on Olivet on the right, and the resting-place of the dead commanded a sweeter scene, than any of the abodes of the living.

Many of the tombs have flights of steps leading up to them: it was in one of these that a celebrated traveler would fix the site of the holy sepulcher: it is certainly more picturesque, but why more just is hard to conceive; since the words of Scripture do not fix the identity of the sacred tomb to any particular spot, and tradition, on so memorable an occasion could hardly err. The fathers declare, it long since became absolutely necessary to cover the native rock with marble, in order to prevent the pilgrims from destroying it, in their zeal to carry off pieces to their homes; and on this point their relation may, one would suppose, be believed.

The valley of Hinnom now turns to the west of the city, and extends rather beyond the north wall: here the plain of Jeremiah commences, and is the best wooded tract in the whole neighborhood. In this direction, but farther on, the historian of the siege speaks "of a tower, that afforded a prospect of Arabia at sun-rising, and of the utmost limits of the Hebrew possessions at the sea westward." The former is still enjoyed from the city; but the latter could only be had at a much greater distance north, where there is no hill in front.

About half a mile from the wall are the tombs of the kings. In the midst of a hollow, rocky and adorned with a few trees, is the entrance: you then find a large apartment, above fifty feet long, at the side of which a low door leads into a series of small chambers, in the walls of which are several deep recesses, hewn out of the rock, of the size of the human body. There are six or seven of these low and dark apartments, one or two of which are adorned with vine-leaves and clusters of grapes.

Many parts of the stone coffins, beautifully ornamented in the Saracenic manner, are strewn on the floor: it would seem that some hand of ravage had broken them to pieces, with the view of finding something valuable within. The sepulchres of the judges, so called, are situated in a wild spot, about two miles from the city. They bear much resemblance to those of the kings, but are not so handsome or spacious.

Returning to the foot of the Mount of Olives, you proceed up the vale of Jehoshaphat on a line with the plain: it widens as you advance, and is more thickly sprinkled with olives. When arrived at the hill in which it terminates, the appearance of the city and its environs is rich and magnificent; and you cannot help thinking that were an English party suddenly transported here, they would not believe it was the sad and dreary Jerusalem they were gazing on.

This is the finest point to view it from: for its numerous minarets and superb mosque, are seen to great advantage over the trees of the plain and valley, and the foreground is verdant and cultivated. One or two houses of the Turks stood in this spot, and we had trespassed on the rude garden of one of them, where the shade of a spreading tree invited us to linger over the prospect.

The climate of the city and country is in general very healthy. The elevated position of the former, and the numerous hills which cover the greater part of Palestine, must conduce greatly to the purity of the air. One seldom sees a country overrun with hills in the manner this is: in general they are not in ranges, but more or less isolated, and of a picturesque form. Few of them approach to the character of mountains, save Carmel, the Quarantina, the shores of the lakes, and those which bound the valley of the Jordan.

To account for the existence of so large a population in the promised lands, the numerous hills must have been entirely cultivated: at present, their appearance on the sides and summits, is for the most part bare and rocky. In old

time, they were probably formed into terraces, as is now seen on the few cultivated ones, where the vine, olive, and fig-tree flourish.

High up the rocky side of a hill, on the left of the wilderness, and amidst a profusion of trees, is the cave or grotto of St. John. A fountain gushes out close by. When we talk of wildernesses, mountains, and plains, in Palestine, it is to be understood, that they seldom answer to the size of the same objects in more extensive countries; that they sometimes present but a beautiful miniature of them. It certainly deserved the term, given by the Psalmist to the city, of being a "compact" country.

From the east end of this wilderness, you enter the famous valley of Elah, where Goliath was slain by the champion of Israel. It is a pretty and interesting spot: the bottom covered with olive-trees: Its present appearance answers exactly to the description given in Scripture; the two hills, on which the armies stood entirely confining it on the right and left.

The valley is not above half a mile broad. Tradition was not required to identify this spot; nature has stamped it with everlasting features of truth. The brook still flows through it in a winding course, from which David took the smooth stones; the hills are not precipitous, but slope gradually down; and the vale is varied with banks and undulations, and not a single habitation is visible in it.

At the south-east of Zion, in the vale of Jehoshaphat, they say the gardens of Solomon stood, and also on the sides of the hill adjoining that of Olivet. It was not a bad, though rather a confined site for them. The valley here is covered with a rich verdure, divided by hedges into a number of small gardens. A mean-looking village stands on the rocky side of the hill above. Not a single palm-tree is to be seen in the whole territory around, where once every eminence was covered with them.

The roads leading to the city are bad, except to the north, being the route to Damascus; but the supplies of wood, and other articles for building the temple, must have come by another way than the near and direct one from Jaffa, which is impassable for burthens of a large size, from the defiles and rocks amidst which it is carried; the circuitous routes by land from Tyre or Acre were probably used.

The Turk, who is chief of the guard that keeps watch at the entrance of the sacred church, waited on us two of

three times; he is a very fine and dignified looking man, and ensured us entrance at all hours, which permission we availed ourselves of to pass another night amidst its hallowed scenes, with interest and pleasure but little diminished.

We chose a delightful morning for a walk to Bethany. The path leads up the side of Olivet, by the very way which our Savior is said to have descended, in his last entry into Jerusalem. At a short distance are the ruins of the village of Bethphage; and half a mile farther is Bethany. The distance is about two miles from the city. The village is beautifully situated; and the ruins of the house of Lazarus are still shown, and do credit to the good father's taste.

The condition of the Jews in Palestine is more insecure, and exposed to insult and exaction, than in Egypt and in Syria, from the frequent lawless and oppressive conduct of the governors and chiefs. These distant pachalics are less under the control of the Porte; and in Egypt the subjects of Mahmoud enjoy a more equitable and quiet government, than in any other part of the empire. There is little national feeling or enthusiasm among them; though there are some exceptions, where these exist in an intense degree. In the city they appear fearful and humbled; for the contempt in which they are held by the Turks is excessive, and they often go poorly clad to avoid exciting suspicion.

Yet it is an interesting sight to meet with a Jew, wandering with his staff in his hand, and a venerable beard sweeping his bosom, in the rich and silent plain of Jericho, on the sides of his native mountains, or on the banks of the ancient river Kishon, where the arm of the mighty was withered in the battle of the Lord. Did a spark of the love of his country warm his heart, his feeling must be exquisite:—but his spirit is suited to his condition.

Letters from the East.

America to Great Britain.

ALL hail ! thou noble land,
Our fathers' native soil !
O stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore ;
For thou, with magic might,
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright
The world o'er !

The genius of our clime,
From his pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the great sublime ;
While the Tritons of the deep
With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.
Then let the world combine—
O'er the main our naval line,
Like the milky-way, shall shine
Bright in fame !

Though ages long have pass'd
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravell'd seas to roam,—
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins !
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame,
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains ?

While the language of the free and bold
Which the bard of Avon sung,
In which our MILTON told
How the vault of heaven rung,
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host ?
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast ;

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let ocean roll,

Our joint communion breaking with the sun ;
Yet, still, from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
"We are one !"

The Bucket

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood !
When fond recollection presents them to view ;
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew ;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell ;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket,
The moss-cover'd bucket which hung in the well.

The moss-cover'd vessel I hail as a treasure,
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,
How quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-cover'd bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips ;
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though fill'd with the nectar that JUPITER sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
A tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in his well.

Love.

WHEN the tree of love is budding first,
Ere yet its leaves are green,
Ere yet, by shower and sunbeam nurst
Its infantile life has been ;
The wild bee's slightest touch might wring
The buds from off the tree,
As the gentle dip of the swallow's wing
Breaks the bubbles on the sea.

But when its open leaves have found
A home in the free air,
Pluck them and there remains a wound
That ever rankles there.
The blight of hope and happiness
Is felt when fond ones part,
And the bitter tear that follows is
The life-blood of the heart.

When the flame of love is kindled first,
'Tis the fire-fly's light at even,
'Tis dim as the wandering stars that burst
In the blue of the summer heaven.
A breath can bid it burn no more,
Or if, at times, its beams
Come on the memory, they pass o'er,
Like shadows in our dreams.

But when that flame has blazed into
A being and a power,
And smiled in scorn upon the dew
That fell in its first warm hour,
'Tis the flame that curls round the martyr's head,
Whose task is to destroy ;
'Tis the lamp on the altars of the dead,
Whose light but darkens joy !

Then crush even in the hour of birth,
The infant buds of Love,
And tread his glowing fire to earth,
Ere 'tis dark in clouds above ;
Cherish no more a cypress tree
To shade thy future years,
Nor nurse a heart-flame that may be
Quench'd only with thy tears.

The Fall of Niagara.

THE thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God pour'd thee from his "hollow hand,"
And hung his bow upon thine awful front ;
And spoke in that loud voice, which seem'd to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Savior's sake,
"The sound of many waters ;" and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch His centuries in the eternal rock.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
That hear the question of that voice sublime ?
O ! what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side !
Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In his short life to thine unceasing roar !
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him
Who drown'd a world and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains ?—a light wave,
That breaks and whispers of its Maker's might.

A Psalm of Life.

TELL me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream !
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Italy.

A CALM and lovely paradise
Is Italy, for minds at ease.
The sadness of its sunny skies
Weighs not upon the lives of these.
The ruin'd aisle, the crumbling fane,
The broken column, vast and prone—
It may be joy, it may be pain,
Amid such wrecks to walk alone;
The saddest men will sadder be,
The gentlest lover gentler there,
As if, what'er the spirit's key,
It strengthen'd in that solemn air.

The heart soon grows to mournful things;
And Italy has not a breeze
But comes on melancholy wings.
And even in her majestic trees
Stand ghost-like in the Cæsars' home,
As if their conscious roots were set

In the graves of giant Rome,
 And drew their sap, all kingly yet
 And every stone your foot beneath
 And sculptures in the dust still breathe
 The fire with which their lines were wrought,
 And sunder'd arch and plunder'd tomb
 Still thunder back the echo, "Rome!"

Yet gaily o'er Egeria's fount
 The ivy flings its emerald veil,
 And flowers grow fair on Numa's mount,
 And light-sprung arches span the dale,
 And soft, from Caracalla's Baths,
 The herdsman's song comes down the breeze,
 While climb his goats the giddy paths
 To grass-grown architrave and frieze;
 And gracefully Albano's hill
 Curves into the horizon's line,
 And sweetly sings that classic rill,
 And fairly stands that nameless shrine;
 And here, O, many a sultry noon
 And starry eve, that happy June,
 Came ANGELO and MELANE,
 And earth for us was all in tune—
 For while Love talk'd with them, Hope walk'd apart
 with me!

Charity.

Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives,
 She builds our quiet as she forms our lives;
 Lays the rough path of peevish nature even,
 And opens in each breast a little heaven.

The Hare and many Friends.

FRIENDSHIP in truth is but a name,
 Unless to few we stint the flame.
 The child, whom many fathers share,
 Hath seldom known a father's care.

'Tis thus in friendship ; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

A hare, who in a civil way,
Complied with every thing like Gay,
Was known by all the bestial train,
Who haunt the woods, or graze the plain.
Her care was never to offend ;
And ev'ry creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from deep-mouthed thunder flies.
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath ;
She hears the near advance of death ;
She doubles to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round,
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the horse appear'd in view !
" Let me," says she, " your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight ;
To friendship ev'ry burthen's light."

The horse replied,— " Poor honest puss !
It grieves my heart to see thee thus :
Be comforted, relief is near ;
For all your friends are in the rear."

She next the stately bull implor'd ;
And thus replied the mighty lord ;—
" Since ev'ry beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offense, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.—
To leave you thus might seem unkind ;
But see, the goat is just behind."

The goat remark'd her pulse was high
Her languid head, her heavy eye,—
" My back," says he, " may do you harm ;
The sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."

The sheep was feeble, and complain'd
His sides a load of wool sustain'd ;
Said he was slow, confess'd his fears ;
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.

She now the trotting calf address'd,
To save from as in a friend distress'd.

"Shall I," says he, "of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler pass'd you by:
How strong are those! how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine might take offense.
Excuse me then: you know my heart,
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament!—Adieu!
For, see, the hounds are just in view."

The African Chief.

CHAINED in the market place he stood,
A man of giant frame,
Amid the gathering multitude
That shrunk to hear his name.
All stern of look and strong of limb,
His dark eye on the ground;
And silently they gazed on him
As on a lion bound.
Vainly, but well, that chief had fought;—
He was a captive now:—
Yet pride, that fortune humbles not,
Was written on his brow,
The scars his dark broad bosom wore
Showed warrior true and brave:
A prince among his tribe before,
He could not be a slave.
Then to his conqueror he spake—
"My brother is a king;
Undo this necklace from my neck,
And take this bracelet ring;
And send me where my brother reigns.
And I will fill thy hands
With store of ivory from the plains,
And gold dust from the sands."
Not for thy ivory nor thy gold
Will I unbind thy chains;
That bloody hand shall never hold
The battle spear again.
A price thy nation never gave,
Shall yet be paid for thee;
For thou shalt be the Christian's slave,
In lands beyond the sea."

Then spoke the warrior chief, and bade
To shred his locks away ;

And, one by one, each heavy braid
Before the victor lay.

Thick were the plaited locks and long,
And deftly hidden there,
Shone many a wedge of gold among
The dark and crisped hair.

"Look! feast thy greedy eyes with gold,
Long kept for sorest need :

Take it, thou askest sums untold,
And say that I am freed.

Take it—my wife, the long, long day,
Weeps by the cocoa-tree :

And my young children leave their play,
And ask in vain for me."

"I take thy gold ; but I have made
Thy fetters fast and strong ;

And ween that by the cocoa shade
Thy wife shall wait thee long."

Strong was the agony that shook
The captive's frame to hear ;

And the proud meaning of his look
Was changed to mortal fear.

His heart was broken—crazed his brain ;
At once his eye grew wild :

He struggled fiercely with his chain,
Whispered, and wept, and smiled !

Yet wore not long those fatal bands ;
And once at shut of day,

They drew him forth upon the sand,
The foul hyena's prey.

Bryant.

The Sacrifice of Abraham.

MORN breaketh in the east. The purple clouds
Are putting on their gold and violet,
To look the meeter for the sun's bright coming.
Sleep is upon the waters and the wind ;
And nature from the wary forest-leaf
To her majestic master, sleeps. As yet
There is no mist upon the deep blue sky,
And the clear dew is, on the blushing blossoms
Of crimson roses in a holy rest.

How hallowed is the hour of morning ! meet,
Aye—beautifully meet for the pure prayer.
The patriarch standeth at his tented door,
With his white locks uncover'd. 'Tis his wont
To gaze upon the gorgeous orient;
And at that hour the awful majesty
Of man who talketh often with his God,
Is wont to come again and clothe his brow,
As at his fourscore strength.

But now, he seemeth
To be forgetful of his vigorous frame,
And boweth to his staff as at the hour
Of noontide sultriness. And that bright sun—
He looketh at his pencil'd messengers,
Coming in golden raiment, as if all
Were but a graven scroll of fearfulness.
Ah, he is waiting till it herald in
The hour to sacrifice his much lov'd son!

Light poureth on the world. And Sarah stands,
Watching the steps of Abraham and her child,
Along the dewy sides of the far hills,
And praying that her sunny boy faint not—
Would she have watched their paths so silently,
If she had known that he was going up,
Ev'n in his fair hair'd beauty, to be slain,
As a white lamb for sacrifice?

They trod
Together onward, patriarch and child—
The bright sun throwing back the old man's shade
In straight and fair proportion, as of one
Whose years were freshly number'd. He stood up,
Even in his vigorous strength, and like a tree
Rooted in Lebanon, his frame bent not;
His thin, white hairs had yielded to the wind,
And left his brow uncover'd; and his face,
Impress'd with the stern majesty of grief,
Nerved to a solem duty, now stood forth
Like a rent rock, submissive, yet sublime.

But the young boy—he of the laughing eye
And ruby lip, the pride of life was on him.
He seemed to drink the morning. The sun and dew,
And the aroma of the spicy trees,
And all that giveth the delicious east
Its fitness for an Eden, stole like light
Into his spirit, ravishing his thoughts
With love and beauty. Every thing he met,

Buoyant or beautiful, the lightest wing
Of bird or insect, or the palest dye
Of the fresh flowers, won him from his path,
And joyously broke forth his tiny shout,
As he flung back his silken hair, and sprung
Away to some green spot, or clust'ring vine,
To pluck his infant trophies.

Every tree
And fragrant shrub was a new hiding-place;
And he would crouch till the old man came by,
Then bound before him with his childish laugh,
Stealing a look behind him playfully,
To see if he had made his father smile.

The sun rode on in heaven. The dew stole up
From the fresh daughters of the earth, and heat
Came like a sleep upon the delicate leaves,
And bent them with blossoms to their dreams.
Still trod the patriarch on with that same step,
Firm and unfaltering, turning not aside
To seek the olive shades, or lave their lips
In the sweet waters at the Syrian wells,
Whose gush hath so much music.

Weariness
Stole on the gentle boy, and he forgot
To toss the sunny hair from off his brow,
And spring for the fresh flowers on light wing
As in the early morning; but he kept
Close by his father's side, and bent his head
Upon his bosom like a drooping bud,
Lifting it not, save now and then to steal
A look up to that face, whose sternness awed
His childishness to silence.

It was noon—
And Abraham on Moriah bow'd himself,
And buried up his face, and pray'd for strength.
He could not look upon his son and pray;
But with his hand upon the clustering curls
Of the fair, kneeling boy, he pray'd that God
Would nerve him for that hour. Oh man was made
For the stern conflict. In a mother's love
There is more tenderness; the thousand cords
Woven with every fiber of her heart,
Complain, like delicate harp-strings, at a breath;
But love in man is one deep principle,

Which, like a root grown in a rifted rock,
Abides the tempest.

He rose up and laid
The wood upon the altar. All was done, ithe
He stood a moment—and a deep, quick flush
Pass'd o'er his countenance; and then he nerv'd
His spirit with a bitter strength, and spoke—
“Isaac my only son”—The boy look'd up,
And Abraham turned his face away, and wept.

“Where is the lamb, my father?”—oh the tones,
The sweet, the thrilling music of a child!
How it doth agonize at such an hour!
It was the last, deep struggle—Abraham held
His lov'd, his beautiful, his only son,
And lifted up his arm, and call'd on God—
And lo! God's Angel staid him—and he fell
Upon his face and wept.

Willis.

DIDACTIC PIECES.

On Early Rising.

THE breath of night's destructive to the hue
Of every flower that blows. Go to the field,
And ask the humble daisy why it sleeps,
Soon as the sun departs: Why close the eyes
Of blossoms infinite, ere the still moon
Her oriental veil puts off? Think why,
Nor let the sweetest blossom be exposed
That nature boasts, to night's unkindly damp:
Well may it droop, and all its freshness lose,
Compelled to taste the rank and poisonous steam
Of midnight theater, and morning ball.

Give to repose the solemn hour she claims;
And, from the forehead of the morning, steal
The sweet occasion. O! there is a charm
That morning has, that gives the brow of age
A smack of youth, and makes the lip of youth
Breath perfumes exquisite. Expect it not,
Ye who till noon upon a down-bed lie,
Indulging feverish sleep, or wakeful dream
Of happiness no mortal heart has felt,
But in the regions of romance.

Ye fair,
 Like you it must be wooed, or never won:
 And, being lost, it is in vain ye ask
 For milk of roses and Olympian dew.
 Cosmetick art no tincture can afford,
 The faded features to restore: no chain
 Be it of gold, and strong as adamant,
 Can fetter beauty to the fair one's will.

Hurdis.

Nature and Poetry favorable to virtue.—Humility recommended in judging of the ways of Providence.

O NATURE, how in every charm supreme!
 Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new.
 O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
 To sing thy glories with devotion due!
 Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,
 From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty;
 And held high converse with the godlike few,
 Who, to th' enraptured heart, and ear, and eye,
 Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

Then hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
 Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth!
 Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
 Amused my childhood, and informed my youth.
 O let your spirit still my bosom soothe,
 Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide:
 Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth,
 For well I know wherever ye reside,
 There harmony, and peace, and innocence abide.

Ah me! neglected on the lonesome plain,
 As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore;
 Save when, against the winter's drenching rain,
 And driving snow, the cottage shut the door.
 Then, as instructed by tradition hoar,
 Her legend when the beldam 'gan impart,
 Or chant the old heroic ditty o'er,
 Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart:
 Much he the tale admired, but more the tuneful art.

Various and strange was the long-winded tale;
 And halls, and knights and feats of arms displayed
 Or merry swains who quaff the nut-brown ale,
 And sing, enamored of the nut-brown maid,

The moonlight revel of the fairy glade,
 Or hags that suckle an infernal brood,
 And ply in caves th' unutterable trade,*
 'Midst fiends and specters, quench the moon in blood,
 Yell in the midnight storm, or ride th' infuriate flood.

But when to horror his amazement rose,
 A gentler strain the beldam would rehearse,
 A tale of rural life, a tale of woes,
 The orphan-babes, and guardian uncle fierce.†
 O cruel! will no pang of pity pierce
 That heart, by lust of lucre seared to stone?
 For sure, if aught of virtue last, or verse,
 To latest times shall tender souls bemoan
 Those hopeless orphan-babes, by thy fell arts undone.

Behold, with berries smeared, with brambles torn,
 The babes now famished, lay them down to die:
 Amidst the howl of darksome woods forlorn,
 Folded in one another's arms they lie;
 Nor friend, nor stranger, hears their dying cry:
 "For from the town the man returns no more."
 But thou, who Heaven's just vengeance dar'st defy,
 This deed, with fruitless tears, shall soon deplore,
 When Death lays waste thy house, and flames consume thy
 store.

A stifled smile of stern, vindictive joy,
 Brightened one moment Edwin's starting tear:
 "But why should gold man's feeble mind decoy,
 And innocence thus die by doom severe?"
 O Edwin! while thy heart is yet sincere,
 Th' assaults of discontent and doubt repel:
 Dark, even at noontide, is our mortal sphere,
 But, let us hope;—to doubt is to rebel;—
 Let us exult in hope, that all shall yet be well.

Nor be thy generous indignation check'd,
 Nor check'd the tender tear to Misery given;
 From Guilt's contagious power shall that protect,
 This soften and refine the soul for heaven.
 But dreadful is their doom whom doubt has driven

* Allusion to Shakspeare.

Macbeth.—How now, ye secret, black, and midnight hags,
 What is't ye do?

Witches.—A deed without a name.

Macbeth.—Act IV. Scene I.

† See the fine old ballad, called *The Children in the Wood*.

To censure Fate, and pious Hope forego :
 Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,
 Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
 But frown on all that pass, a monument of wo.

Shall he, whose birth, maturity, and age,
 Scarce fill the circle of one summer's day,—
 Shall the poor gnat, with discontent and rage,
 Exclaim that Nature hastens to decay
 If but a cloud obscure the solar ray,—
 If but a momentary shower descend!—
 Or shall frail man heaven's high decree gainsay
 Which bade the series of events extend,
 Wide through unnumbered worlds, and ages without end !

One part, one little part, we dimly scan,
 Through the dark medium of life's feverish dream ;
 Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
 If but that little part incongruous seem.
 Nor is that part, perhaps, what mortals deem ;
 Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
 O then renounce that impious self-esteem,
 That aims to trace the secrets of the skies ;
 For thou art but of dust ;—be humble, and be wise.

Beattie.

Human Frailty.

WHAT are our joys but dreams ? And what our hopes
 But goodly shadows in the summer cloud ?
 There's not a wind that blows, but bears with it.
 Some rainbow promise—Not a moment flies,
 But puts its sickle in the fields of life,
 And mows its thousands, with their joys and cares.
 'Tis but as yesterday, since on yon stars
 Which now I view, the Chaldee shepherd gaz'd
 In his mid-watch, observant, and dispos'd
 The twinkling hosts as fancy gave them shape.

Yet in the interim, what mighty shocks
 Have buffeted mankind—whole nations raz'd—
 Cities made desolate—the polish'd sunk
 To barbarism, and once barbaric states
 Swaying the wand of science and of art,
 Illustrious deeds and memorable names
 Blotted from record, and upon the tongue
 Of gray tradition voluble no more.

Where are the heroes of ages past,—
 Where the brave chieftains,—where the mighty ones
 Who flourished in the infancy of days?—
 All to the grave gone down!—On their fall'n fame
 Exultant, mocking at the pride of man,
 Sits grim *Forgetfulness*.—The warrior's arm
 Lies nerveless on the pillow of its shame;
 Hush'd is his stormy voice, and quench'd the blaze
 Of his red eye-ball.

Yesterday his name
 Was mighty on the earth—To-day—'tis what?
 The meteor of the night of distant years,
 That flash'd unnotic'd, save by wrinkled eld,
 Musing at midnight upon prophecies,
 Who at her lonely lattice saw the gleam
 Point to the mist-pois'd shroud, then quietly
 Clos'd her pale lips, and lock'd the secret up,
 Safe in the charnel's treasures.

O how weak
 Is mortal man! How trifling—how confin'd
 His scope of vision!—Puff'd with confidence,
 His phrase grows big with immortality;
 And he, poor insect of a summer's day,
 Dreams of eternal honors to his name,—
 Of endless glory, and perennial bays.
 He idly reasons of eternity,
 As of the train of ages,—when, alas!
 Ten thousand thousand of his centuries
 Are, in comparison, a little point,
 Too trivial for account.

O it is strange,
 'Tis passing strange, to mark his fallacies:
 Behold him proudly view some pompous pile
 Whose high dome swells to emulate the skies,
 And smile and say, my name shall live with this
 Till *Time* shall be no more;—while at his feet,
 Yea, at his very feet, the crumbling dust
 Of the fall'n fabric of the other day
 Preaches the solemn lesson.

He should know
 That time must conquer,—that the loudest blast
 That ever fill'd Renown's obstrep'rous trump
 Fades in the lapse of ages, and expires.
 Who lies inhum'd in the terrific gloom
 Of the gigantic pyramid? Or who
 Rear'd its huge wall?—Oblivion laughs and says,

The prey is mine. They sleep, and never more
Their names shall strike upon the ear of man.
Their memory burst its fetters.

Where is Rome?—

She lives but in the tale of other times;
Her proud pavilions are the hermit's home;
And her long colonnades, her public walks,
Now faintly echo to the pilgrim's feet,
Who comes to muse in solitude, and trace,
Through the rank moss reveal'd, her honor'd dust.
But not to Rome alone has fate confined
The doom of ruin; cities numberless—
Tyre, Sidon, Carthage, Babylon, and Troy,
And rich Phœnicia,—they are blotted out,
Half-raz'd from memory; and their very name
And being in dispute!

Harvest Hymn.

God of the year!—With songs of praise,
And hearts of love, we come to bless
Thy bounteous hand; for thou hast shed
Thy manna o'er the wilderness:
In early spring-time thou didst fling
O'er earth its robe of blossoming;
And its sweet treasures, day by day,
Rose quickening in the blessed ray.

And now they whiten hill and vale,
And hang from every vine and tree,
Whose pensile branches, bending low,
Seem'd bowed in thankfulness to thee:
The earth, with all its purple isles,
Is answering to the genial smiles;
And gales of perfume breathe along,
And lift to thee their voiceless song.

God of the seasons! Thou hast blest
The land with sunlight and with showers;
And plenty o'er its bosom smiles,
To crown the sweet Autumnal hours:
Praise, praise to thee!—Our hearts expand
To view the blessings of thy hand;
And, on the incense breath of Love
Go off to their bright home above.

ANON

Education.

ALAS! what differs more than man from man!
And whence this difference?—whence but from himself?
For, see the universal race, endowed
With the same upright form! The sun is fixed,
And th' infinite magnificence of heaven,
Within the reach of every human eye;
The sleepless ocean murmurs in all ears;
The vernal field infuses fresh delight
Into all hearts. Throughout the world of sense,
Even as an object is sublime or fair,
That object is laid open to the view
Without reserve or veil; and as a power
Is salutary, or its influence sweet,
Are each and all enabled to perceive
That power, that influence, by impartial law.

Gifts nobler are vouchsafed alike to all,
Reason,—and, with that reason, smiles and tears,
Imagination, freedom of the will,
Conscience to guide and check, and death
To be foretasted,—immortality presumed.
Strange then, nor less than monstrous might be deemed
The failure, if th' Almighty, to this point
Liberal and undistinguishing, should hide
The excellence of moral qualities
From common understanding,—leaving truth
And virtue, difficult, abstruse and dark,
Hard to be won, and only by a few:—
Strange, should he deal herein with nice respects,
And frustrate all the rest! Believe it not:
The primal duties shine aloft—like stars;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of man—like flowers.

The generous inclination, the just rule,
Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure thoughts—
No mystery is here; no special boon
For high and not for low—for proudly graced
And not for meek in heart. The smoke ascends
To heaven as lightly from the cottage hearth,
As from the haughty palace. He whose soul
Ponders its true equality, may walk
The fields of earth with gratitude and hope;
Yet in that meditation will he find

Motive to sadder grief, when his thoughts turn
From nature's justice, to the social wrongs
That make such difference betwixt man and man.

Oh for the coming of that glorious time,
When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth
And best protection, this imperial realm,
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
An obligation on her part, to *teach*
Those who are born to serve her and obey;
Binding herself by statute to secure,
For all the children whom her soil maintains,
The rudiments of Letters, and inform
The mind with moral and religious truth,
Both understood and practised;—so that none
However destitute, be left to droop,
By timely culture unsustained, or run
Into a wild disorder, or be forced
To drudge through weary life, without the aid
Of intellectual implements and tools,—
A savage horde among the civilized,—
A servile band among the lordly free!

This right—as sacred, almost, as the right
I' exist and be supplied with sustenance
And means of life—the lisping babe proclaims
To be inherent in him by heaven's will,
For the protection of his innocence;
And the rude boy who knits his angry brow;
And lifts his wilful hand on mischief bent;
Or turns the sacred faculty of speech
To impious use, by process indirect
Declares his due, while he makes known his need.

This sacred right is fruitlessly announced—
This universal plea in vain addressed—
To eyes and ears of parents, who themselves
Did, in the time of their necessity,
Urge it in vain; and, therefore, like a prayer
That from the humblest floor ascends to heaven,
It mounts to reach the State's parental ear;
Who, if indeed she own a mother's heart;
And be not most unfeelingly devoid
Of gratitude to Providence, will grant
Th' unquestionable good.—

The discipline of slavery is unknown
Among us,—hence the more do we require

The discipline of virtue, order else
Cannot subsist, nor confidence, nor peace.
Thus, duties rising out of good possessed,
And prudent caution, needful to avert
Impending evil, do alike require
That permanent provision should be made
For the whole people to be taught and trained:—
So shall licentiousness and black resolve
Be rooted out, and virtuous habits take
Their place; and genuine piety descend,
Like an inheritance, from age to age. *Wordsworth.*

Address to Liberty.

O could I worship aught beneath the skies
That earth hath seen, or fancy could devise,
Thine altar, sacred Liberty, should stand,
Built by no mercenary vulgar hand,
With fragrant turf, and flowers as wild and fair,
As ever dressed a bank, or scented summer air.

Duly, as ever on the mountain's height,
The peep of morning shed a dawning light;
Again, when evening in her sober vest
Drew the grey curtain of the fading west;
My soul should yield thee willing thanks and praise
For the chief blessings of my fairest days.
But that were sacrilege: praise is not thine,
But his who gave thee, and preserves thee mine:
Else I would say,—and, as I spake, bid fly
A captive bird into the boundless sky,—
This rising realm adores thee; thou art come
From Sparta hither, and art here at home:
We feel thy force still active; at this hour
Enjoy immunity from priestly power;
While conscience, happier than in ancient years,
Owns no superior but the God she fears.

Propitious Spirit! yet expunge a wrong,
Thy rights have suffered, and our land, too long;
Teach mercy to ten thousand hearts that share
The fears and hopes of a commercial care:
Prisons expect the wicked, and were built
To bind the lawless, and to punish guilt;
But shipwreck, earthquake, battle, fire, and flood,
Are mighty mischiefs, not to be withstood;

And honest merit stands on slippery ground,
 Where covert guile, and artifice abound.
 Let just restraint, for public piece designed,
 Chain up the wolves and tigers of mankind;
 The foe of virtue has no claim to thee;—
 But let insolvent innocence go free.

Cowper.

"All things are of God."

THOU art, O God, the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see.
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from thee:
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day with farewell beam delays,
 Among the opening clouds of even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Through opening vistas into heaven;—
 Those hues that make the sun's decline
 So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies;
 Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
 Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes;—
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
 Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
 And ev'ry flower that summer wreaths
 Is born beneath thy kindling eye:—
 Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

Moore.

The hour of Prayer.

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
 While the red light fades away;—
 Mother, with thine earnest eye,
 Ever foll'wing silently;
 Father, by the breeze of eve,

Called thy harvest work to leave—
Pray! Ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Trav'ler, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band ;—
Mourner haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone ;—
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell—
Sailor, on the dark'ning sea ;—
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Warrior, that from battle won
Breathest now at set of sun ;—
Woman, o'er the lowly slain,
Weeping on his burial-plain ;—
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie!
Heaven's first star alike ye see—
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Hope triumphant in death.

UNFADING Hope! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return,
Heav'n to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
Oh! then thy kingdom comes! Immortal Power!
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day :—
Then, then the triumph of the trance begin!
And all thy Phœnix spirit burns within!

Oh! deep-enchancing prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes—
Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die!
Mysterious worlds, untravel'd by the sun!
Where Time's far-wand'ring tide has never run,
From your unfathom'd shades, and viewless spheres,
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.

'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!
While Nature hears with terror-mingled trust,

The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust ;
And, like the trembling Hebrew when he trod
The roaring waves, and called upon his God,
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss !

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illumine
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb !
Melt and dispel ye specter-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul !
Fly, like the moon-ey'd herald of dismay,
Chas'd on his night-steed by the star of day !
The strife is o'er—The pangs of Nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.

Hark ! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of Heaven, undazzled by the blaze,
On Heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody ;
Wild as that hallowed anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight stars
Watch'd on the holy towers of Zion's hill !

Soul of the just ! companion of the dead !
Where is thy home, and whether art thou fled ?
Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose ;
Doom'd on his airy path awhile to burn,
And doom'd, like thee, to travel, and return.—
Hark ! from the world's exploding centre driven,
With sounds that shock the firmament of Heaven,
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
On bickering wheels, and adamant car.

From planet whirl'd to planet more remote,
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought ;
But, wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun !—
So hath the traveler of earth unfurl'd
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world ;
And, o'er the path by mortal never trod,
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God !

Campbell

Incentives to Devotion.

Lo ! the unletter'd hind, who never knew
To raise his mind excursive, to the heights
Of abstract contemplation, as he sits
On the green hillock by the hedge-row side,
What time the insect swarms are murmuring,
And marks, in silent thought, the broken clouds,
That fringe, with loveliest hues, the evening sky,
Feels in his soul the hand of nature rouse
The thrill of gratitude, to him who formed
The goodly prospect : he beholds the God
Thron'd in the west ; and his reposing ear
Hears sounds angelic in the fitful breeze
That floats through neighboring copse or fairy brake,
Or lingers, playful, on the haunted stream.

Go with the cotter to his winter fire,
When o'er the moor the loud blast whistles shrill,
And the hoarse ban-dog bays the icy moon ;
Mark with what awe he lists the wild uproar,
Silent, and big with thought ; and hear him bless
The God that rides on the tempestuous clouds,
For his snug hearth, and all his little joys.

Hear him compare his happier lot, with his
Who bends his way across the wintry wolds,
A poor night-traveler, while the dismal snow
Beats in his face, and dubious of his paths,
He stops, and thinks, in every lengthening blast,
He hears some village mastiff's distant howl,
And sees far streaming some lone cottage light ;
Then, undeceived, upturns his streaming eyes,
And clasps his shivering hands, or overpower'd,
Sinks on the frozen ground, weighed down with sleep
From which the hapless wretch shall never wake.

Thus the poor rustic warms his heart with praise
And glowing gratitude : he turns to bless
With honest warmth, his Maker and his God.
And shall it e'er be said, that a poor hind,
Nurs'd in the lap of ignorance, and bred
In want and labor, glows with noble zeal
To laud his Maker's attributes, while he
Whom starry silence in her cradle rocked,

And Castalay enchastened with its dew,
Closes his eye upon the holy word,
And, blind to all but arrogance and pride,
Dares to declare his infidelity,
And openly condemn the Lord of Hosts!

What is the pomp of learning? the parade
Of letters and of tongues? Even as the mists
Of the gray morn before the rising sun,
That pass away and perish. Earthly things
Are but the transient pageants of an hour;
And earthly pride is like the passing flower,
That springs to fall, and blossoms but to die.

H. K. White.

DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

The Rainbow.

THE evening was glorious, and light through the trees,
Play'd in sunshine the rain-drops, the birds, and the breeze:
The landscape outstretching in loveliness lay,
On the lap of the year, in the beauty of May.
For the bright queen of spring, as she pass'd down the vale
Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale;
And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,
And fresh in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.
The skies, like a banner in sunset unroll'd,
O'er the west threw their splendor of azure and gold;
But one cloud at a distance rose dense, and increas'd,
Till its margin of black touch'd the zenith and east.

We gaz'd on these scenes, while around us they glow'd
When a vision of beauty appeared on the cloud;
'Twas not like the sun, as at mid-day we view,
Nor the moon, that rolls lightly through star-light and blue,
Like a spirit it came in the van of the storm,
And the eye and the heart hail'd its beautiful form;
For it look'd not severe, like an angel of wrath,
But its garments of brightness illum'd its dark path.
In the hues of its grandeur sublimely it stood,
O'er the river, the village, the field, and the wood;
And river, field, village, and woodland grew bright,
As conscious they gave and afforded delight.

'Twas the bow of Omnipotence, bent in his hand,
Whose grasp at creation the universe spann'd ;
'Twas the presence of God, in a symbol sublime,
His vow from the flood to the exile of time ;—
Not dreadful, as when in a whirlwind he pleads,
When storms are his chariot, and lightning his steeds,—
The black cloud of vengeance his banner unfurl'd,
And thunder his voice to a guilt-stricken world,—
In the breath of his presence, when thousands expire,
And seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire,
And the sword and the plague-spot with death strew the plain,
And vultures and wolves are the graves of the slain :—

Not such was that rainbow, that beautiful one !
Whose arch was refraction, its key-stone—the sun ;
A pavilion it seem'd with a deity graced,
And justice and mercy met there and embraced.
Awhile, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,
Like love o'er a death-couch, or hope o'er the tomb ;
Then left the dark scene, whence it slowly retired,
As love has just vanished, or hope had expired.

I gazed not alone on that source of my song ;
To all who beheld it these verses belong ;
Its presence to all was the path of the Lord !
Each full heart expanded, grew warm and adored.
Like a visit—the converse of friends—or a day,
That bow from my sight pass'd forever away ;
Like that visit, that converse, that day, to my heart,
That bow from remembrance can never depart.
'Tis a picture in mem'ry, distinctly defined,
With the strong and imperishing colors of mind :—
A part of my being beyond my control,
Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

Campbell.

The last Days of Autumn.

Now the growing year is over,
And the shepherd's tinkling bell,
Faintly from its winter cover,
Rings a low farewell :—
Now the birds of Autumn shiver
Where the withered beach-leaves quiver,
O'er the dark and lazy river,
In the rocky dell.

2. Now the mist is on the mountains,
 Redd'ning in the rising sun;
 Now the flowers around the fountains
 Perish one by one:

Not a spire of grass is growing;
 But the leaves that late were glowing,
 Now its blighted green are strowing
 With a mantle dun.

3. Now the torrent brook is stealing
 Faintly down the furrowed glade—
 Not as when in winter pealing,
 Such a din it made,
 That the sound of cataracts falling
 Gave no echo so appalling,
 As its hoarse and heavy brawling
 In the pine's black shade.

4. Darkly blue the mist is hovering
 Round the clifted rock's bare height,
 All the bordering mountains covering
 With a dim uncertain light:
 Now, a fresher wind prevailing,
 Wide its heavy burden sailing,
 Deepens as the day is failing,
 Fast the gloom of night.

5. Slow the blood-stained moon is rising
 Through the still and hazy air,
 Lik a sheeted spectre gliding
 In a torch's glare:
 Few the hours her light is given—
 Mingling clouds of tempest driven
 O'er the mourning face of heaven,
 All is blackness there."

Percival.

An Evening sketch.

'Tis twilight now.
 The sovereign sun behind his western hills
 In glory hath declined. The mighty clouds,
 Kissed by his warm effulgence, hang around
 In all their congregated hues of pride,
 Like pillars of some tabernacle grand,
 Worthy his glowing presence; while the sky,
 Illumin'd to its center, glows intense,
 Changing his sapphire majesty to gold.

How deep is the tranquillity ! the trees
Are slumbering through their multitude of boughs,
Even to the leaflet on the frailest twig !
A twilight gloom pervades the distant hills ;
An azure softness mingling with the sky.
Then drags the fishman to the yellow shore
His laden nets ; and, in the sheltering cove,
Behind yon rocky point, his shallop moors,
To tempt again the perilous deep at dawn.

The sea is waveless, as a lake ingulf'd
'Mid sheltering hills,—without a ripple spread.
Its bosom, silent and immense,—the hues
Of flickering day have from its surface died,
Leaving it garb'd in sunless majesty.
With bosoming branches round, yon village hangs
It rows of lofty elm trees ; silently,
Towering in spiral wreaths to the soft sky,
The smoke from many a cheerful hearth ascends,
Melting in ether.

As I gaze, behold
The evening star illumines the blue south,
Twinkling in loveliness. O ! holy star,
Thou bright dispenser of the twilight dews,
Thou herald of Night's glowing galaxy,
And harbinger of social bliss !—how oft,
Amid the twilights of departed years,
Resting beside the river's mirror clear,
On trunk of massy oak, with eyes upturn'd
To thee in admiration, have I sat,
Dreaming sweet dreams till earth-born turbulence
Was all forgot ; and thinking that in thee,
Far from the rudeness of this jarring world,
There might be realms of quiet happiness !

Niagara Falls.

TREMENDOUS torrent ! for an instant hush
The terrors of thy voice, and cast aside
Those wide-involving shadows, that my eyes
May see the fearful beauty of thy face—
I am not all unworthy of thy sight ;
For, from my very boyhood, have I loved—
Shunning the meaner track of common minds—
To look on nature in her loftier moods.

At the fierce rushing of the hurricane—
At the near bursting of the thunderbolt—
I have been touched with joy ; and, when the sea,
Lashed by the wind, hath rocked my bark, and showed
Its yawning caves beneath me, I have loved
Its dangers and the wrath of elements.
But never yet the madness of the sea
Hath moved me, as thy grandeur moves me now.

Thou flowest on in quiet, till thy waves
Grow broken 'midst the rocks ; thy current then
Shoots onward, like the irresistible course
Of destiny. Ah ! terrible thy rage !
The hoarse and rapid whirlpools there ! My brain
Grows wild, my senses wander, as I gaze
Upon the hurrying waters ; and my sight
Vainly would follow, as toward the verge
Sweeps the wide torrent—waves innumerable
Meet there and madden—waves innumerable
Urge on and overtake the waves before,
And disappear in thunder and in foam.

They reach—they leap the barrier : the abyss
Swallows, insatiable, the sinking waves.
A thousand rainbows arch them, and the woods
Are deafened with the roar. The violent shock
Shatters to vapor the descending sheets ;
A cloudy whirlwind fills the gulf, and heaves.
The mighty pyramid of circling mist
To heaven. The solitary hunter, near,
Pauses with terror in the forest shades.

God of all truth ! in other lands I've seen
Lying philosophers, blaspheming men,
Questioners of thy mysteries, that draw
Their fellows deep into impiety ;
And therefore doth my spirit seek thy face
In earth's majestic solitudes. Even here
My heart doth open all itself to thee.
In this immensity of loneliness
I feel thy hand upon me. To my ear
The eternal thunder of the cataract brings
Thy voice, and I am humbled as I hear.

Dread torrent ! that with wonder and with fear
Dost overwhelm the soul of him that looks
Upon thee, and dost bear it from itself—
Whence hast thou thy beginning ? Who supplies
Age after age, thy unexhausted springs ?

What power hath ordered, that, when all thy weight
Descends into the deep, the swollen waves
Rise not, and roll to overwhelm the earth?

The Lord hath opened his omnipotent hand,
Covered thy face with clouds, and given his voice
To thy down-rushing waters; he hath girt
Thy terrible forehead with his radiant bow.
I see thy never-resting waters run,
And I bethink me how the tide of time
Sweeps to eternity. So pass off man—
Pass—like a noon-day dream—the blossoming days,
And he awakes to sorrow. * * * *

Hear, dread Niagara! my latest voice.
Yet a few years, and the cold earth shall close
Over the bones of him who sings thee now
Thus feelingly. Would that this, my humble *versa*,
Might be, like thee, immortal. I, meanwhile,
Cheerfully passing to the appointed rest,
Might rise my radiant forehead in the clouds,
To listen to the echoes of my fame.

Hohenlinden.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

And redder yet those fires shall glow,
On Linden's hills of blood-stained snow.
And darker yet shall be the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon lurid sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

7. The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Ah! few shall part where many meet.
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet,
Shall be a soldier's sepulcher.

Campbell.

Summer Morning.

SWEET the beams of rosy morning,
Silent chasing gloom away;
Lovely tints the sky adorning,
Harbingers of opening day!
See the king of day appearing,
Slow his progress and serene;
Soon I feel the influence, cheering,
Of this grand and lovely scene!

Lovely songsters join their voices,
Harmony the grove pervades;
All in nature now rejoices,
Light and joy succeed the shades.
Stars withdraw, and man arises,
To his labor cheerful goes;
Day's returning blessings prizes,
And in praise his pleasure shows!

May each morn that in succession,
Adds new mercies ever flowing,
Leave a strong and deep impression
Of my debt, for ever growing!
Debt of love, ah! how increasing!
Days and years fresh blessings bring,
But my praise shall flow unceasing,
And my Maker's love I'll sing!

The envious Man.

MUCH was removed that tempted once to sin,
Avarice no gold, no wine the drunkard saw:

But envy had enough, as heretofore,
 To fill his heart with gall and bitterness.
 What made the man of envy what he was,
 Was worth in others, vileness in himself,
 A lust of praise, with undeserving deeds,
 And conscious poverty of soul : and still
 It was his earnest work and daily toil
 With lying tongue, to make the noble seem
 Mean as himself.

On fame's high hill he saw
 The laurel spread its everlasting green,
 And wished to climb ; but felt his knees too weak ;
 And stood below unhappy, laying hands
 Upon the strong ascending gloriously
 The steps of honor, bent to draw them back ;
 Involving oft the brightness of their path
 In mists his breath had raised.

Whene'er he heard,
 As oft he did, of joy and happiness,
 And great prosperity, and rising worth,
 'Twas like a wave of wormwood o'er his sou.
 Rolling its bitterness. His joy was wo—
 The wo of others : when from wealth to want,
 From praises to reproach, from peace to strife,
 From mirth to tears, he saw a brother fall,
 Or virtue make a slip—his dreams were sweet.

But chief with slander, daughter of his own,
 He took unhallowed pleasure ; when she talked,
 And with her filthy lips defiled the best,
 His ear drew near ; with wide attention gaped
 His mouth ; his eye, well pleased, as eager gazed
 As glutton when the dish he most desired
 Was placed before him ; and a horrid mirth,
 At intervals, with laughter shook his sides.

Pollok.

Cheerfulness.

FAIR as the dawning light ! auspicious guest !
 Source of all comfort to the human breast !
 Deprived of thee, in sad despair we moan
 And tedious roll the heavy moments on.
 Though beauteous objects all around us rise,
 To charm the fancy and delight the eyes ;

Tho' art's fair works and nature's gifts conspire
To please each sense, and satiate each desire,—
'Tis joyless all, till thy enliv'ning ray
Scatters the melancholy gloom away,
Then opens to the soul a heavenly scene,
Gladness and peace, all sprightly, all serene.

Where dost thou deign, say, in what blest retreat,
To choose thy mansion, and to fix thy seat?
Thy sacred presence how shall we explore?
Can avarice gain thee with her golden store?
Can vain ambition with her boasted charms,
Tempt thee with her wide extended arms?
No, with Content alone canst thou abide
Thy sister, ever smiling by thy side.

When boon companions, void of ev'ry care,
Crown the full bowl, and the rich banquet share,
And give a loose to pleasure—art thou there?
Or when the assembled great and fair advance
To celebrate the mask, the play, the dance,—
While beauty spreads its sweetest charms around,
And airs ecstatic swell their tuneful sound,
Art thou within the pompous circle found?
Does not thy influence more sedately shine?
Can such tumultuous joys as these be thine?

Surely more mild, more constant in their course,
Thy pleasures issue from a nobler source,—
From sweet discretion ruling in the breast,
From passions temper'd, and from lusts repress;
From thoughts unconscious of a guilty smart,
And the calm transports of an honest heart.

Thy aid, O ever faithful, ever kind!
Through life, through death, attends the virtuous mind,
Of angry fate wards from us ev'ry blow.
Cures ev'ry ill, and softens ev'ry wo.
Whatever good our mortal state desires,
What wisdom finds, or innocence inspires;
From nature's bounteous hand whatever flows
Whate'er our Maker's providence bestows —
By thee mankind enjoys,—by thee repays
A grateful tribute of perpetual praise. *Fitzgerald.*

Night before the Battle of Waterloo.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell—

But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising
knell—

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well,
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ab! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since, upon nights so sweet, such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,

And, like a stricken deer, I stray
Where all are strange, and none are kind—
Kind to the worm, the wearied soul,
That pants, that struggles for repose:
O that my steps had reached the goal
Where earthly sighs and sorrows close!
Years have passed o'er me, like a dream
That leaves no trace on memory's page:
I look around me, and I seem
Some relic of a former age.
Alone, as in a stranger clime,
Where stranger voices mock my ear,
I mark the lagging course of time,
Without a wish—a hope—a fear!
Yet I had hopes—and they have fled;
And fears—and they were all too true;
My wishes too—but they are dead;
And what have I with life to do?
Tis but to wear a weary load
I may not, dare not, cast away;
To sigh for one small, still abode,
Where I may sleep as sweet as they;—
As they the loveliest of their race,
Whose grassy tombs my sorrows steep,
Whose worth my soul delights to trace,
Whose very loss 'tis sweet to weep,—
To weep beneath the silent moon,
With none to chide, to hear, to see:
Life can bestow no greater boon
On one whom death disdains to free.
I leave the world that knows me not,
To hold communion with the dead;
And fancy consecrates the spot
Where fancy's softest dreams are shed.
I see each shade—all silvery white—
I hear each spirit's melting sigh;
I turn to clasp those forms of light,—
And the pale morning chills my eye.
But soon the last dim morn shall rise,—
The lamp of life burns feebly now,—
When stranger hands shall close my eyes,
And smooth my cold and dewy brow.
Unknown I lived; so let me die:
Nor stone, nor monumental cross,

Tell where his nameless ashes lie,
Who sighed for gold, and found it dross.

The Winter Night.

Now Phœbe, in her midnight reign,
Dark muffled, viewed the dreary plain,
While crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
Rose in my soul,—
When on my ear this plaintive strain
Slow, solemn, stole:—

“Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust!
And freeze, thou bitter, biting frost!
Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows!
Not all your rage, as now united, shows
More hard unkindness, unrelenting
Vengeful malice, unrepenting,
Than heaven-illumin'd man on brother man bestows

See stern oppression's iron grip,
Or mad ambition's gory hand,
Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
Wo, want, and murder o'er a land!

Even in the peaceful rural vale,
Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
How pampered luxury,—flattery by her side,
The parasite empoisoning her ear,
With all the servile wretches in the rear,—
Looks o'er proud property, extended wide,
And eyes the simple rustic hind,
Whose toil upholds the glittering show,—
A creature of another kind,
Some coarser substance, unrefined,
Placed for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below.

Where, where is love's fond, tender throe,
With lordly honor's lofty brow,
The powers you proudly own?
Is there, beneath love's noble name,
Can harbor, dark, the selfish aim,
To bless himself alone?

O ye! who, sunk in beds of down,
Feel not a want but what yourselves create,

Think for a moment on his wretched fate
Whom friends and fortune quite disown !
Ill satisfied keen nature's clamorous call,
Stretched on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
While through the ragged roof and chinky wall,
Chill, o'er his slumbers, piles the drifty heap :—

Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
Where guilt and poor misfortune pine !
Guilt, erring man relenting view !—
But shall thy *legal* rage pursue
The wretch, already crushed low
By cruel fortune's undeserved blow ?
Affliction's sons are brothers in distress,
A brother to relieve how exquisite the bliss !”

I heard no more ; for Chanticleer
Shook off the powdery snow,
And hailed the morning with a cheer,
A cottage rousing crow.
But deep this truth impressed my mind—
Through all his works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God.

Burns.

The Cotter's Saturday Night, or a Scottish Peasant's Family Devotion.

THE frugal supper done, with cheerful face,
They round the fireside form a circle wide ;
The sire turns o'er with patriarchal grace,
The sacred Bible once his father's pride :
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His hoary locks displaying, thin and bare,
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He seeks a portion with judicious care ;
And “Let us worship God,” he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name ;
Or noble Elgin beats the heav'nward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
Compar'd with these. Italian trills are tame,

The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise,
Nor unison have they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abra'm was the friend of God on high;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or, how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or, Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or, rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme;
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in heav'n the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:
How his first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by Heaven's
command.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days;
There, ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear;
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
The pow'r incens'd the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul;
And in his book of life the inmates poor enroll.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God;"
And certain, in fair virtue's heav'nly road

The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human-kind,
Studied in arts most vile, in wickedness refin'd!—*Burns.*

The Burial of Sir John Moore.

Nor a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse o'er the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning,
By the trembling moon-beams' misty light,
And our lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet, nor in shroud we bound him;
But he lay—like a warrior taking his rest,
His martial cloak wrapt around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lowly pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we, far away o'er the billow.

Lightly they'll speak of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him
But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where his comrades have laid him.

Not the half of our heavy task was done,
When the bell toll'd the hour for retiring;
And we heard, too, the distant random gun,
That the foe was then suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carv'd not a line, we rais'd not a stone,
But we left him alone—with his glory.

Wolfe.

"Earth to Earth, and Dust to Dust."

"EARTH to earth, and dust to dust!"
Here the evil and the just,
Here the youthful and the old,
Here the fearful and the bold,
Here the matron and the maid
In one silent bed are laid;
Here the vassal and the king
Side by side lie withering;
Here the sword and sceptre rust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

Age on age shall roll along
O'er this pale and mighty throng;
Those that wept them, those that weep
All snail with these sleepers sleep.
Brothers, sisters of the worm,
Summer's sun or winter's storm,
Song of peace or battle's roar,
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more:
Death shall keep his sullen trust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

But a day is coming fast,
Earth, thy mightiest and thy last!
It shall come in fear and wonder,
Heralded with trump and thunder;
It shall come in strife and toil;
It shall come in blood and spoil;
It shall come in empire's groans,
Burning temples, trampled thrones:
Then, ambition, rue thy lust!—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then shall come the judgment sign,
In the East the King shall shine,
Flashing from heaven's golden gate,
Thousand thousands round his state,
Spirits with the crown and plume;—
Tremble then, thou sullen tomb!
Heaven shall open on our sight,
Earth be turned to living light—
Kingdom of the ransomed just—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then thy mount, Jerusalem,
Shall be gorgeous as a gem;
Then shall in the desert rise
Fruits of more than paradise,
Earth by angel feet be trod,
One great garden of her God!
Till are dried the martyr's tears,
Through a thousand glorious years!
Now in hope of Him we trust,—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

Croly.

PROMISCUOUS PIECES.

The Rose of the Wilderness.

At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour,
I have mus'd in a sorrowful mood,
On the wind shaken weeds that embosom the bower,
Where the home of my forefathers stood.
All ruined and wild is their roofless abode,
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree;
And travel'd by few is the grass-covered road,
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode,
To his hills that encircle the sea.

Yet wand'ring, I found on my ruinous walk,
By the dial stone aged and green,
One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
To mark where a garden had been.
Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,
All wild in the silence of Nature, it drew,
From each wandering sun-beam a lonely embrace,
For the night-weed and thorn overshadowed the place,
Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness! emblem of all
That remains in this desolate heart!
The fabric of bliss to its center may fall;
But patience shall never depart!
Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and bright,
In the days of delusion by fancy combin'd,
With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,
Abandon my soul like a dream of the night,
And leave but a desert behind.

Be hush'd my dark spirit! for wisdom condemns,
 When the faint and the feeble deplore;
 Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems
 A thousand wild waves on the shore!
 Through the perils of chance, and the scowl of disdain,
 May thy front be unalter'd, thy courage elate;
 Yea! even the name I have worshipp'd in vain,
 Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again;
 To bear is to conquer our fate. *Campbell.*

Apostrophe to Mount Parnassus.

1. O THOU Parnassus! whom I now survey,
 Not in the phrensy of a dreamer's eye,
 Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,
 But soaring, snow-clad, through thy native sky,
 In the wild pomp of mountain majesty!
 What marvel that I thus essay to sing?
 The humblest of thy pilgrims, passing by,
 Would gladly woo thine Echoes with his string,
 Though from thy heights no more one Muse shall wave her
 wing.

Oft have I dreamed of thee!—whose glorious name
 Who knows not, knows not man's divinest lore;—
 And now I view thee, 'tis, alas! with shame
 That I, in feeblest accents, must adore.
 When I recount thy worshippers of yore,
 I tremble, and can only bend the knee;
 Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar,
 But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy
 In silent joy, to think at last I look on thee!

Happier in this than mightiest bards have been,
 Whose fate to distant homes confined their lot,
 Shall I, unmoved, behold the hallowed scene
 Which others rave of, though they know it not?
 Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot,
 And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their grave,
 Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,
 Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,
 Or glides, with glassy foot, o'er yon melodious wave.

Byron.

The Ocean.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar :
I love not Man the less, but Nature more.
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel,
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore ;—upon thy watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depth with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,—
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war,—
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake
They melt into the yeast of waves, which mar
Alike th' Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee ;
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts ;—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play :—
Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow :—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where th' Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
Calm or convuls'd—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving,—boundless, endless, and sublime—

The image of Eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread fathomless, alone.
Byron.

The Sacking of Prague.

Oh! sacred Truth! thy triumph ceas'd awhile,
 And Hope, thy sister, ceas'd with thee to smile,
 When leagu'd Oppression pour'd to Northern wars
 Her whisker'd panders and her fierce hussars,
 Wav'd her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
 Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet horn;
 Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
 Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her height survey'd,
 Wide o'er the fields a waste of ruin laid,—
 Oh! Heav'n, he cried, my bleeding country save!
 Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
 Yet, though destruction sweeps these lovely plains,
 Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
 By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
 And swear for her to live!—with her to die!—

He said, and on the rampart heights array'd
 His trusty warriors, few but undismay'd;
 Firm plac'd and slow, a horrid front they form,
 Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
 Low, murm'ring sounds along their banners fly,
 Revenge, or death—the watchword and reply;—
 Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
 And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm!—

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
 From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew;
 Oh bloodiest picture in the Book of Time,
 Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime.—
 Found not a gen'rous friend, a pitying foe,
 Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her wo!
 Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,
 Clos'd her bright eye, and curb'd her high career;
 Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell;
 And freedom shriek'd—as Kosciusko fell!

The sun went down, nor ceas'd the carnage there.
 Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air;

On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
 His blood-dy'd waters murm'ring far below;
 The storm prevails, the rampart yields away,
 Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
 Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
 A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
 Earth shook, red meteors flash'd along the sky,
 And conscious Nature shudder'd at the cry!

Oh! righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found a grave
 Why slept the sword Omnipotent to save?
 Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy rod,
 That smote the foes of Zion and of God,—
 That crush'd proud Ammon, when his iron car
 Was yoked in wrath, and thunder'd from afar?
 Where was the storm that slumber'd till the host
 Of blood-stain'd Pharaoh left their trembling coast?
 Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
 And heav'd an ocean on their march below!

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
 Ye that at Marathon and Leucitra bled!
 Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
 Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
 Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
 And make her arm puissant as your own!
 Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return.
 The Patriot Tell—the Bruce of Bannockburn!

Yes! thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall see
 That man hath yet a soul—and dare be free!
 A little while, along thy sadd'ning plains,
 The starless night of desolation reigns;
 Truth shall restore the light by Nature giv'n,
 And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heav'n!
 Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurl'd,—
 Her name, her nature, wither'd from the world!

Campbell.

The Greek and the Turkman.

THE Turkman lay beside the river;
 The wind play'd loose through bow and quiver;
 The charger on the bank fed free;
 The shield hung glittering from the tree;
 The trumpet, shawm, and attabal,
 Were hid from dew by cloak and pall;

For long and weary was the way
The hordes had march'd that burning day.

Above them, on the sky of June,
Broad as a buckler, glow'd the moon,
Flooding with glory vale and hill;
In silver sprang the mountain rill;
The weeping shrub in silver bent;
A pile of silver stood the tent:
All soundless, sweet tranquillity,
All beauty, hill, and tent, and tree.

There came a sound—'twas like the gush
When night winds shake the rose's bush;
There came a sound—'twas like the flow
Of rivers swell'd with melting snow;
There came a sound—'twas like the tread
Of wolves along the valley's bed;
There came a sound—'twas like the roar
Of ocean on its winter shore.

"Death to the Turk!" uprose the yell;
On rolled the charge—a thunder peal:
The Tartan arrows fell like rain,
They clank'd on helm, on mail, on chain;
In blood, in hate, in death, were twin'd
Savage and Greek, mad, bleeding, blind;
And still on flank, on front, and rear,
Rag'd, Constantine, thy thirstiest spear!

Brassy and pale, a type of doom,
Labor'd the moon, through deep'ning gloom;
Down plung'd her orb—'twas pitchy night:—
Now Turkman, turn thy reins for flight!
On rush'd their thousands through the dark;
But in their camp a ruddy spark
Like an uncertain meteor, reel'd:
Thy hand, brave king, that firebrand wheel'd!

Wild burst the burning element
O'er man and courser, flag and tent;
And through the blaze the Greeks outsprang,
Like tigers, bloody, foot and fang,
With dagger's stab, and falchion's sweep,
Delving the stunn'd and staggering heap,
Till lay the slave by chief and Khan,
And all was gore that once was man.

There's wailing on the Euxine shore—
Her chivalry shall ride no more.

There's warning on thy hills, Altai,
 For chiefs—the Grecian vultures' prey!
 But Bosphorus, thy silver wave
 Hears shouts for the returning brave—
 The bravest of her kingly line,
 For there comes glorious Constantine.

Croly

Morning Meditations.

IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
 I've safely pass'd the silent night;
 Again I see the breaking shade,
 Again behold the morning light.

New born I bless the waking hour;
 Once more, with awe, rejoice to be
 My conscious soul resumes her power,
 And soars, my guardian God, to thee.

O guide me through the various maze
 My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread;
 And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
 Where dangers press around my head.

A deeper shade shall soon impend—
 A deeper sleep my eyes oppress:
 Yet then thy strength shall still defend.
 Thy goodness still delight to bless.

That deeper shade shall break away;
 That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes;
 Thy light shall give eternal day;
 Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

Hawkesworth.

Hymn to the Stars.

Ay, there ye shine, and there have shone;
 In one eternal 'hour of prime,'
 Each rolling burningly, alone,
 Through boundless space and countless time.
 Ay, there ye shine—the golden dew
 That lave the realms by seraphs trod,
 There, through yon echoing vault, diffuse
 The song of choral worlds to God.

Ye visible spirits! bright as erst
 Young Eden's birthnight saw ye shine,

On all her flowers and fountains first,
Yet sparkling from the hand divine ;
Yes, bright as then ye smil'd, to catch
The music of a sphere so fair,
Ye hold your high immortal watch,
And gird your God's pavilion there.

Gold frets to dust,—yet there ye are ;
Time rots the diamond,—there ye roll
In primal light, as if each star
Enshrined an everlasting soul !
And does it not—since your bright throngs
One all-enlight'ning Spirit own,
Prais'd there by pure, sidereal tongues,
Eternal, glorious, blest, alone ?

Could man but see what ye have seen,
Unfold awhile the shrouded past,
From all that is, to what has been,
The glance how rich ! the range how vast !
The birth of time, the rise, the fall
Of empires, myriads, ages flown,
Thrones, cities, tongues, arts, worships,—all
The things whose echoes are not gone.

Ye saw rapt Zoroaster send
His soul into your mystic reign ;
Ye saw th' adoring Sabian bend—
The living hills his mighty fane !—
Beneath his blue and beaming sky,
He worshipped at your lofty shrine,
And deem'd he saw, with gifted eye,
The Godhead in his works divine.

And there ye shine, as if to mock
The children of a mortal sire.
The storm, the bolt, the earthquake's shock,
The red volcano's cataract fire,
Drought, famine, plague, and blood, and flame,
All nature's ills—and life's worse woes—
Are nought to you ;—ye smile the same,
And scorn alike their dawn and close.

Ay, there ye roll—emblems sublime
Of him whose spirit o'er us moves,
Beyond the clouds of grief and crime,
Still shining on the world he loves :—
Nor is one scene to mortals given,
That more divides the soul and sod,

Than yon proud heraldry of heaven—
Yon burning blazonry of God.

Address to the Mummy, in Belzoni's Exhibition, London.

AND thou hast walk'd about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted Dummy,
Thou hast a tongue—come, let us hear its tune;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, Mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
Not like thin ghosts, and disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason and forbidden
By oath to tell the mysteries of thy trade;
Then say what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise play'd?
Perhaps thou wert a Priest—if so, my struggles
Are vain;—Egyptian priests ne'er owned their juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinion'd flat,
Has hob-a-nobb'd with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
Or dropp'd a half-penny in Homer's hat,
Or doff'd thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and ended;
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations;
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head
When the great Persian conquerer, Cambyses,

March'd armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
 O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
 And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder
 When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder ?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confess'd,
 The nature of thy private life unfold :—
 A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,
 And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled :—
 Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face ?
 What was thy name and station, age and race ?

Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead !
 Imperishable type of evanescence !
 Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
 And standest undecayed within our presence,
 Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
 When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
 If its undying guest be lost for ever ?
 O let us keep the soul enbalm'd and pure
 In living virtue ; that when both must sever,
 Although corruption may our frame consume,
 Th' immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

On Time.

Mov'd by a strange mysterious power,
 That hastes along the rapid hour,
 I touch the deep ton'd string ;
 E'en now I see his wither'd face,
 Beneath yon tower's mouldering base,
 Where mossy vestments cling.

Dark roll'd his cheerless eye around,
 Severe his grisly visage frown'd—
 No locks his head array'd,—
 He grasped a hero's antique bust,
 The marble crumbled into dust,
 And sunk amidst the shade.

Malignant triumph filled his eyes,
 " See hapless mortals, see," he cries,
 " How vain your idle schemes !
 Beneath my grasp, the fairest form
 Dissolves and mingles with the worm,
 Thus vanish mortal dreams.

The works of God! and man I spoil;
The proudest proofs of human toil,
I treat as childish toys:
I crush the noble and the brave,
Beauty I mar, and in the grave
I bury human joys."

Hold! ruthless phantom—hold! I cried,
If thou canst mock the dreams of pride,
And meaner hopes devour,
Virtue, beyond thy reach, shall bloom,
When other charms sink to the tomb,—
She scorns thy envious power.

On frosty wings the demon fled,
Howling as o'er the wall he sped,—
"Another year is gone!"
The ruin'd spire—the crumbling tow'r,
Nodding, obey'd his awful pow'r,
As time flew swiftly on.

Since beauty then, to time must bow,
And age deform the fairest brow,
Let brighter charms be yours:
The virtuous mind embalm'd in truth,
Shall bloom in everlasting youth,
While Time himself endures."

Osborne.

The Silent Expression of Nature.

WHEN thoughtful to the vault of heaven
I lift my wondering eyes,
And see the clear and quiet even,
To night resign the skies,—
The moon, in silence, rear her crest,
The stars in silence shine,—
A secret rapture fill my breast,
That speaks its birth divine.

Unheard, the dews around me fall,
And heavenly influence shed;
And, silent, on this earthly ball,
Celestial footsteps tread.
Aerial music wakes the spheres,
Touch'd by harmonious powers:
With sounds, unheard by mortal ears,
They charm the lingering hours.

Night reigns, in silence, o'er the pole,
 And spreads her gems unheard :
 Her lessons penetrate the soul,
 Yet borrow not a word.
 Noiseless the sun emits his fire,
 And pours his golden streams ;
 And silently the shades retire
 Before his rising beams.

The hand that moves, and regulates,
 And guides the vast machine,—
 That governs wills, and times, and fates,—
 Retires, and works unseen.
 Angelic visitants forsake
 Their amaranthine bowers ;
 On silent wing their stations take,
 And watch th' allotted hours.

Sick of the vanity of man,—
 His noise, and pomp, and show—
 I'll move upon great Nature's plan,
 And, silent, work below.
 With inward harmony of soul,
 I'll wait the upper sphere ;
 Shining, I'll mount above the pole,
 And break my silence there.

The Man of Benevolence.

Let me record
 His praise—the man of great benevolence,
 Who charity with glowing heart embraced,
 And to her gentle bidding, made his feet
 Swift ministers.—Of all mankind, his soul
 Was most in harmony with heaven : as one
 Sole family of brothers, sisters, friends ;
 One in their origin, one in their rights
 To all the common gifts of providence,
 And in their hopes, their joys, and sorrows one,
 He viewed the universal human race.

He needed not a law of state to force
 Grudging submission to the law of God ;
 The law of love was in his heart alive.
 What he possessed, he counted not his own,
 But, like a faithful steward in a house
 Of public alms, what freely he received,

He freely gave; distributing to all
The helpless, the last mite beyond his own
Temperate support, and reckoning still the gift
But justice, due to want; and so it was;
Altho' the world, with compliment not ill
Applied, adorned it with a fairer name.

Nor did he wait till to his door the voice
Of supplication came, but went abroad,
With foot as silent as the starry dew,
In search of misery that pined unseen,
And would not ask. And who can tell what sights
He saw! what groans he heard in that cold world
Below! where Sin, in league with gloomy Death,
March'd daily thro' the length and breadth of all
The land, wasting at will, and making earth,
Fair earth! a lazarus-house, a dungeon dark;
Where Disappointment fed on Ruined Hope;
Where guilt, worn out, leaned on the triple edge
Of want, remorse, despair; where Cruelty
Reached forth a cup of wormwood to the lips
Of sorrow, that to deeper sorrow wailed;
Where Mockery, and Disease, and Poverty,
Met miserable Age, erewhile sore bent
With his own burthen; where the arrowy winds
Of winter pierced the naked orphan babe,
And chilled the mother's heart who had no home,
And where, alas! in mid-time of his day,
The honest man, robb'd by some villain's hand,
Or with long sickness pale, and paler yet
With want and hunger, oft drank bitter draughts
Of his own tears, and had no bread to eat.

Oh! who can tell what sights he saw, what shapes
Of wretchedness! or who describe what smiles
Of gratitude illumed the face of wo,
While from his hand he gave the bounty forth!
As when the sun, from cancer wheeling back,
Returned to capricorn, and showed the north,
That long had lain in cold and cheerless night,
His beamy countenance;—all nature then
Rejoiced together glad; the flower looked up
And smiled; the forest from his locks shook off
The hoary frosts, and clapp'd his hands; the birds
Awoke, and, singing, rose to meet the day;
And from his hollow den, where many months
He slumbered sad in darkness, blithe and light
Of heart the savage sprung, and saw again

His mountains shine ; and with new songs of love,
 Allured the virgin's ear ; so did the house,
 The prison-house of guilt, and and all th' abodes
 Of unprovided helplessness, revive,
 As on them looked the sunny messenger
 Of charity,—by angels tended still,
 That marked his deeds, and wrote them in the book
 Of God's remembrance :—careless he to be
 Observed of men ; or have each mite bestowed,
 Recorded punctual with the name and place
 In every bill of news : pleased to do good,
 He gave and sought no more.

Pollok.

The Passions:—An Ode.

WHEN music, heavenly maid, was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Throng'd around her magic cell,
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting ;
 By turns, they felt the glowing mind
 Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refined ;
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
 From the supporting myrtles round,
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound ;
 And, as they oft had heard apart,
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each—for madness rul'd the hour—
 Would prove his own expressive power.

First, Fear, his hand its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewilder'd laid ;
 And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
 E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd ;—his eyes on fire,
 In lightnings own'd his secret stings ;—
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
 And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair,
 In sullen sounds his grief beguil'd—
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air—
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still through all her song:
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope, enchanted, smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose.
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down;
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of wo:
And; ever and anon, he beat,
The doubling drum with furious heat:
And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his
 ead.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed—
Sad proof of thy distressful state—
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd;
And now it courted Love; now, raving, call'd on Hate

With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd;
And, from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes, by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul;
And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound:
Through glades and glooms the mingled measures stole,
Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
 (Round a holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace, and lonely musing,)
In hollow murmurs died away.

But, O! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,

Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung!—
 The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known.
 The oak crown'd Sisters, and their chaste eyed Queen,
 Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys green:
 Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
 And Sport leap'd up, and seized his beechen spear

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:—
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand address'd—
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
 They would have thought who heard the strain,
 They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
 Amidst the festal-sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing;
 While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
 Love fram'd with Mirth, a gay fantastic round;
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
 And he, amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.—*Collins*

Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.

THE curfew tolls—the knell of parting day—
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;—

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow, twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield ;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await, alike, th' inevitable hour ;—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle, and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death ?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
Some heart, once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,—

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;—

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride,
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray:
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name; their years; spell'd by the unletter'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who; to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned—
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day—
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires:
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance by lonely Contemplation led
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate.—

Haply, some hoary-headed swain may say,
 " Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
 Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

" There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreaths its old, fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

" Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
 Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

" One morn I missed him on th' accustomed hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favorite tree:
 Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he :—

" The next, with dirges, due, in sad array,
 Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne:
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

The Epitaph.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown:
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere:
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send :—
 He gave to misery all he had—a tear;
 He gained from heaven—'twas all he wished—a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode—
 (There they, alike, in trembling hope repose)—
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

Gray.

*On the Barrows, or Monumental Mounds, in the Prairies
 of the Western Rivers.*

THE sun's last rays were fading from the west,
 The deep'ning shade stole slowly o'er the plain,
 The evening breeze had lulled itself to rest,
 And all was silence,—save the mournful strain,

With which the widowed turtle wooed, in vain,
Her absent lover to her lonely nest.

Now, one by one, emerging to the sight,
The brighter stars assume their seats on high ;
The moon's pale crescent glowed serenely bright,
As the last twilight fled along the sky,
And all her train, in cloudless majesty,
Were glittering on the dark blue vault of night.

I lingered, by some soft enchantment bound,
And gazed, enraptured, on the lovely scene ;
From the dark summit of an Indian mound,
I saw the plain, outspread in living green ;
Its fringe of cliffs was in the distance seen,
And the dark line of forest sweeping round.

I saw the lesser mounds which round me rose ;
Each was a giant heap of mouldering clay ;
There slept the warriors, women, friends, and foes,
There, side by side, the rival chieftains lay ;
And mighty tribes, swept from the face of day,
Forgot their wars, and found a long repose.

Ye mouldering relics of departed years,
Your names have perish'd ; not a trace remains.
Save where the grass-grown mound its summit rears
From the green bosom of your native plains.
Say, do your spirits wear oblivion's chains ?
Did death forever quench your hopes and fears ?—

Or did those fairy hopes of future bliss,
Which simple nature to your bosoms gave,
Find other worlds with fairer skies than this,
Beyond the gloomy portals of the grave,
In whose bright climes the virtuous and the brave
Rest from their toils, and all their cares dismiss ?—

Where the great hunter still pursues the chase,
And, o'er the sunny mountains tracks the deer,
Or where he finds each long-extinguish'd race,
And sees once more the mighty mammoth rear
The giant form which lies imbedded here,
Of other years the sole remaining trace.

Or, it may be, that still ye linger near
The sleeping ashes, once your dearest pride ;

And, could your forms to mortal eye appear,
Or the dark veil of death be thrown aside,
Then might I see your restless shadows glide,
With watchful care, around these relics dear.

If so, forgive the rude, unhallowed feet
Which trod so thoughtless o'er your mighty dead.
I would not thus profane their lone retreat,
Nor trample where the sleeping warrior's head
Lay pillowed on his everlasting bed,
Age after age, still sunk in slumbers sweet.

Farewell! and may you still in peace repose;
Still o'er you may the flowers untrodden, bloom,
And softly wave to every breeze that blows,
Casting their fragrance on each lonely tomb,
In which your tribes sleep in earth's common womb,
And mingle with the clay from which they rose.

Flint.

The Ruins.

I've seen, in twilight's pensive hour,
The moss-clad dome, the mouldering tower,
In awful ruin stand;
That dome, where grateful voices sung,
That tower, whose chiming music rung
Majestically grand!

I've seen, 'mid sculptur'd pride, the tomb
Where heroes slept, in silent gloom,
Unconscious of their fame;
Those who, with laurel'd honors crown'd,
Among their foes spread terror round,
And gain'd—an empty name!

I've seen, in death's dark palace laid,
The ruins of a beauteous maid,
Cadaverous and pale!
That maiden who, while life remain'd,
O'er rival charms in triumph reign'd,
The mistress of the vale.

I've seen, where dungeon damp's abide,
A youth, admir'd in manhood's pride,

In morbid fancy rave;
 He who, in reason's happier day,
 Was virtuous, witty, nobly gay,
 Learn'd, generous, and brave.

Nor dome, nor tower in twilight shade,
 Nor hero fallen, nor beauteous maid,
 To ruin all consign'd,—
 Can with such pathos touch my breast,
 As (on the maniac's form impress'd)
 The ruins of the MIND!

Osborne.

A Summer Evening Meditation.

'Tis past! The sultry tyrant of the south
 Has spent his short-lived rage; more grateful hours
 Move silent on: the skies no more repel
 The dazzled sight, but with mild maiden beams
 Of tempered luster, court the cherish'd eye
 To wander o'er their sphere, where, hung aloft,
 Dian's bright crescent, like a silver bow
 New strung in heaven, lifts high its beamy horns,
 Impatient for the night, and seems to push
 Her brother down the sky.

Fair Venus shines
 Even in the eye of day; with sweetest beam
 Propitious shines, and shakes a trembling flood
 Of softened radiance from her dewy locks.
 The shadows spread apace; while meek-eyed Eve,
 Her cheek yet warm with blushes, slow retires
 Through the Hesperian gardens of the west,
 And shuts the gates of day.

'Tis now the hour
 When Contemplation, from her sunless haunts,
 The cool damp grotto, or the lonely depth
 Of unpierc'd woods, where wrapt in solid shade
 She mus'd away the gaudy hours of noon,
 And fed on thoughts unripen'd by the sun,
 Moves forward; and with radiant finger points
 To yon blue concave swelled by breath divine,
 Where, one by one, the living eyes of heaven
 Awake, quick kindling o'er the face of ether
 One boundless blaze—ten thousand trembling fires,

And dancing lusters, where th' unsteady eye,
Restless and dazzled, wanders unconfined
O'er all this field of glories—spacious field,
And worthy of the Master—he, whose hand
With hieroglyphics older than the Nile,
Inscrib'd the mystic tablet, hung on high
To public gaze, and said—Adore, O Man :
The finger of thy God !

How deep the silence, yet how loud the praise :
But are they silent all ? or is there not
A tongue in every star, that talks with man
And woos him to be wise—or woos in vain—
This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,
And wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.
At this still hour, the self-collected soul
Turns inward, and beholds a stranger there
Of high descent, and more than mortal rank—
An embryo God—a spark of fire divine,
Which must burn on for ages, when the sun,
(Fair transitory creature of a day !)
Has closed his golden eye, and, wrapt in shades,
Forgets his wonted journey through the east.

Seized in thought,
On fancy's wild and roving wing I sail,
From the green borders of the peopled earth,
And the pale moon, her duteous fair attendant ;
From solitary Mars ; from the vast orb
Of Jupiter,—whose huge gigantic bulk
Dances in ether like the lightest leaf,—
To the dim verge the suburbs of the system,
Where cheerless Saturn 'midst his watery moons,
Girt with a lucid zone, in gloomy pomp,
Sits like an exiled monarch. Fearless thence
I launch into the trackless deeps of space,
Where, burning round, ten thousand suns appear
Of elder beam, which ask no leave to shine
Of our terrestrial star, nor borrow light
From the proud regent of our scanty day—
Sons of the morning, first-born of creation,
And only less than He who marks their track,
And guides their fiery wheels.

But O thou mighty mind ! whose powerful word
Said, " Thus let all things be," and thus they were—
Where shall I seek thy presence ? how, unblamed,
Invoke thy dread perfection ?

Have the broad eyelids of the morn beheld thee?
Or does the beamy shoulder of Orion
Support thy throne? Oh! look with pity down
On erring guilty man; not in thy names
Of terror clad; nor with those thunders armed
That conscious Sinai felt, when fear appalled
The scattered tribes—thou hast a gentler voice,
That whispers comfort to the swelling heart,
Abashed, yet longing to behold her Maker.

But now my soul, unused to stretch her powers
In flight so daring, drops her weary wing,
And seeks again the known accustomed spot,
Drest up with sun, and shade, and lawns, and streams
A mansion fair and spacious for its guest,
And all replete with wonders. Let me here,
Content and grateful, wait th' appointed time,
And ripen for the skies: the hour will come
When all these splendors bursting on my sight,
Shall stand unveiled, and to my ravished sense
Unlock the glories of the world unknown.

Barbauld.

PART III.

AMERICAN HISTORY.

The Discovery of America :—Settlement of Virginia by the English.

AMERICA was discovered in the year 1492, by Christopher Columbus, a native of Genoa—an expedition having been fitted out for that purpose, at his most earnest solicitations, by the Spanish government. The project of seeking for a Continent west of the Atlantic, had long been entertained by Columbus ; but notwithstanding the perseverance and fortitude with which he brought it to a successful termination, he was defrauded of the just right of associating his name with this vast portion of the earth. In this he was supplanted by Amerigo Vespucci, a native of Florence, who in 1499 went on a voyage to America, and who published an account of his adventures so ingeniously framed, as to make it appear that he had the glory of first discovering the continent.

But the English were the second people that discovered the new world, and the first that discovered the continent of America. On the 24th of June, 1497, Giovanni Caboto, (or Cabot,) and his son Sebastian, who were commissioned by Henry VIII. to sail in quest of new countries, discovered a large island, to which they gave the name of Prima Vesta, or first seen ; now called Newfoundland. From this they steered to the north, in search of a passage to India ; but finding no appearance of a passage, they tacked about, and ran as far as Florida, the island of Cuba, as he relates, being on his left.

On the accession of Elizabeth to the crown of England, a period commenced, highly auspicious to mercantile extension. The coast of Labrador was explored by Martin Frobisher, under her auspices, in the years 1576, '7, '8 ; and Sir Francis Drake, about this time, accomplished his celebrated voyage around the globe.

In 1584, Sir Walter Raleigh, a favorite at that time of the queen, despatched two small vessels, under the command of Philip Amidas and Arthur Barlow, which reached the coast of North Carolina on the 4th of July, making their passage

in sixty-seven days by way of the Canary islands and the West Indies. On their return, Amidas and Barlow gave a splendid description of the country—of its beauty, fertility, mildness of climate, and serenity of atmosphere ; and Elizabeth gave it the name of Virginia.

In 1585, Sir Walter Raleigh fitted out a squadron of seven small vessels, with one hundred and eighty adventurers, which sailed from Plimouth, under the command of Sir Richard Greenville. This colony was left on the island of Roanoke, under the care of Captain Lane ; but through bad management, turning all their attention to the search for gold and silver, they were soon assailed by a two-fold calamity—the hostility of the natives and the prospect of famine. Sir Francis Drake, on his return from the West Indies, at the unanims request of the colonists, carried them back to England, and thus ended the ill-conducted experiment, after a trial of nine months. Early in the following year, three more vessels arrived at the same spot, with one hundred and fifty settlers ; but misfortune pursued this infant settlement. The threatened Spanish armada engrossed the attention of the parent country, the colony received no supplies, and the inhabitants perished miserably by famine, or by the hands of their surrounding enemies.

Sir Walter Raleigh being engaged in other ambitious undertakings, so vast and various as were beyond his power to accomplish, and becoming cold to the unprofitable scheme of effecting settlements in America, assigned his interest in that country to Sir Thomas Smith and a company of merchants in London, in 1596. These were satisfied for the present to pursue a petty traffic with the natives, and made no attempt to take possession of the soil.

But in the succeeding reign of James, who having concluded an amicable treaty with Spain, and terminated a tedious war, the period was more auspicious for settlements in America. The attention of the monarch was called to this subject by the efforts of distinguished geographers and men of science. James divided into districts of nearly equal extent, that portion of North America which stretches from the 34th to the 45th degree of north latitude, excepting the territory of any other Christian prince or people already occupied ; one called the First, or South Colony, the other the Second, or North Colony of Virginia.

In 1606, he authorized certain gentlemen, mostly residents of London, to settle in a limited district of the former : an equal extent of the latter he allotted to several gentlemen of Bristol, Plymouth, and other parts of the west of England.

These grants laid the first foundation of states which in a few centuries were destined to become rivals to the mother country in wealth, in science, and in power.

The supreme government of the colonies was vested in a council resident in England, to be nominated by the king; the subordinate jurisdiction in a council which was to reside in America, and also to be named by the crown, and to act conformably to its instructions. Whatever was required for their sustenance, or for the support of commerce, he permitted to be shipped from England free of duty, during the space of seven years; and as an incitement to industry, granted them the liberty of trading with other nations, appropriating the duties to be laid on foreign traffic for twenty-one years, as a fund for their own exclusive benefit.

A vessel of one hundred tons, and two barques, under the command of Captain Newport, sailed with one hundred and five men, destined to remain in the country: among these was a Mr. Percy, brother of the earl of Northumberland, and several officers who had served with reputation in the preceding reign. The first land that was discovered was a promontory, the southern boundary of the Chesapeake, April, 1607: this was named cape Henry, in honor of the prince of Wales. The spacious inlet was entered, and the expedition coasted the southern shore, and up a river sixty miles, called by the natives Powhatan, to which the English gave the name of James River, in honor of their sovereign. Here a site was fixed for the infant settlement, which was named James Town.

Imprudent in their conduct toward the natives, this feeble society was early involved in war. Scarcity of provisions introduced diseases; and in a few months half their original number were swept away, and the remainder left sickly and dejected.

The government soon devolved on Captain John Smith, who was originally one of the council appointed by the king, but who had unjustly been deprived of his authority by the colonists. This gentleman, who was emphatically the father of Virginia, was a native of Lincolnshire: he had distinguished himself in feats of courage and chivalry, particularly while engaged in the Hungarian army against the Turks. His undaunted temper, deeply tinged with the romantic spirit of the times, was happily adapted to the present trying situation of the colony.

Soon after he had been called as their leader, while hunting in the woods, he was attacked by two hundred Indians, who poured in upon him a continued flight of arrows.

After performing wonderful feats, he sunk in the unequal contest, and was made a prisoner. Charmed by his arts and his valor, they released him from captivity. Afterwards he was beset by three hundred more of these ferocious people, pursued into a marsh, and, after he had thrown away his arms, which he could no longer use by reason of the cold, he was taken and carried in triumph to Powhatan, the principal chieftain of Virginia.

Here the doom of death was pronounced upon him, and he was about to receive the fatal blow, when the favorite daughter of Powhatan, interposed in his behalf. This amiable child (not then thirteen years of age) not only prevented the execution of Smith by her entreaties and tears, but caused him to be set at liberty, and sent him, from time to time, seasonable presents of provisions.

The colony was now reduced to thirty-eight persons. Soon after, however, succors arrived from England, and an addition of one hundred new planters was added to their number. But the culture of the land, and other useful employments were neglected, in the futile idea that gold had been discovered issuing from a small stream which emptied into James River. The effects of the delusion were soon severely felt in the prospect of approaching famine. In the hope of obtaining relief, Smith, in a small open boat, and with a feeble crew, went in search of aid from the Indians.

In two different excursions, that occupied upward of four months, he visited all the countries on the eastern and western shores of the Chesapeake bay, entering the principal creeks, and tracing the rivers as far as their falls, and obtained a supply of food for the suffering colony. In these tours, he sailed upwards of three thousand miles, amidst almost incredible hardships, and brought back with him an account of that large tract of country, now comprehended in the two states of Virginia and Maryland, so full and correct, that his map is the original from which all subsequent delineations have been formed until lately.

About this period, the old charter being found inconvenient and oppressive, a new charter was granted by James, by which the boundaries of the colony were enlarged; the council in Virginia was abolished, and the government vested entirely in one residing in London, the members of which were to be chosen by the proprietors, and these to nominate a governor, who was to reside in Virginia, and carry their orders into execution.

Lord Delaware was at first appointed to this office; but as this nobleman could not immediately leave England,

the power was vested in Sir Thomas Gates and Sir George Somers, who were despatched from England with five hundred planters. A violent hurricane separated the fleet on their way; and the ships without the officers only arrived at James Town. Presently every thing was reduced to a state of anarchy; Captain Smith, at once the shield and the sword of the colony, being disabled by an accidental explosion of gun-powder, the wretchedness which followed is beyond description; and the arrival of Gates and Somers, who had been cast away on one of the Bermuda islands, although it saved the wretched survivors at James Town from immediate death, was unable to preserve them till autumn.

Nothing remained but to seek immediate assistance; and with only sixteen days' provision, the colony set sail, in hopes of reaching the banks of Newfoundland, and getting relief. But before they had arrived at the mouth of the river they met Lord Delaware, who brought a large supply of sustenance, new settlers, and every thing requisite either for cultivation or defense. Under the skilful administration of this nobleman, the colony began, once more, to assume a promising appearance. He was succeeded by Sir Thomas Dale, who concluded a treaty of friendship with the Powhatans one of the most powerful and warlike tribes of Virginia.

Pocahontas, the amiable female who had preserved the life of Captain Smith, frequently visited the English settlements; and during this intercourse, she was betrayed on board a vessel and there imprisoned. Her father, who loved her with the most ardent affection, was obliged to discontinue hostilities on such conditions as were dictated by his treacherous enemy. She was afterwards solicited by Mr. Rolfe, a respectable planter in marriage. Powhatan consented, and the marriage was celebrated with extraordinary pomp.

From this time, the most friendly intercourse subsisted between the colonies and the Indians. Rolfe and his wife went to England, where, by the introduction of Captain Smith Pocahontas was received by the court with the respect due to her birth; she was instructed in the Christian religion, and publicly baptized. About returning to America, Pocahontas died at Gravesend; leaving one son, from whom are sprung some of the most respectable families of Virginia.

Hitherto no individual right of property in land was established; all was holden and dealt out in common. But the governor, in 1616, divided a considerable extent of land into small lots, and granted one of these for ever to each individual; from which period the colony rapidly extended. The culture of tobacco, since become the great staple of Vir

ginia, was introduced; but the eager demand for the article in England, caused for some time a scarcity of food in the colony.

About this time, a Dutch ship from the coast of Guinea, having sailed up James River, sold to the planters a part of her negroes; which race has been augmented in Virginia by successive importations and by natural increase, till it forms more than one third part of the population.

In 1619, Sir George Yeardly, the governor, impelled by that popular spirit of freedom which has ever been the characteristic of Americans, called the first general assembly which was held in Virginia. At this time eleven corporations sent representatives to the convention, which was permitted to assume legislative power, the natural privilege of man. The supreme authority was lodged, partly in the governor, partly in a council of state appointed by the company, and in a general assembly, composed of representatives of the people.

A natural effect of the happy change was an increase of agriculture. The company extended the trade of the colony to Holland and other countries. This measure produced the first difference of sentiment between the colony and the parent state. Jealous at seeing a commodity, (tobacco,) for which the demand was daily increasing, conducted to foreign ports beyond its control, thereby causing a diminution of revenue, the latter endeavored to check this colonial enterprise, without considering that the restraint was a breach of the sacred principles of justice.

The suspicion of the monarch James was soon roused, and the charter, by decision of the king's bench was declared forfeit and the company dissolved. Charles I. adopted all his father's maxims in respect to Virginia, which, during a great part of his reign, knew no other law than the royal will. But the colonists resisting, Charles yielded to the popular voice: he recalled Harvey, the obnoxious governor, and appointed Sir William Berkeley, a man of great abilities, prudent, virtuous, and popular; whose influence was directed in finally restoring to the people much the same share in the government, as they had enjoyed previously to the revocation of the charter.

After the execution of the king, and the establishment of the commonwealth under Cromwell, through the influence of the governor, the colonists continued to adhere to their loyalty to the king. In 1651, the English commonwealth took vigorous measures to reduce the Virginians to obedience. A numerous squadron, with land forces, was dispatched for

this purpose. Berkeley resisted, but was unable to maintain an equal contest, and was soon defeated. The people were, however, allowed to retain the privileges of citizens; but Berkeley retired as a private citizen.

Cromwell's parliament framed acts prohibiting all intercourse between the colonies and foreign states, and allowing no trade but in English ships. On the death of Matthews, the last governor appointed by Cromwell, the Virginians burst out in new violence. They called Sir William Berkeley from his retirement, boldly erected the royal standard, and proclaimed Charles II., son of their late monarch, to be their lawful sovereign. Charles was however soon placed on the throne, and the Virginians were thus saved from the chastisement to which they were exposed by their previous declaration in his favor. But the new king and parliament rewarded their fidelity by increasing the restraints upon colonial commerce!

The number of inhabitants in Virginia in 1688, exceeded sixty thousand; and its population in the previous twenty-eight years was doubled. In 1691, the college of William and Mary was founded. To aid in its erection and support, the sovereigns whose name it bears, gave nearly two thousand pounds out of their private purse; and granted twenty thousand acres of land, and a duty on tobacco, for its further encouragement.

Settlement of Massachusetts.

THE partition of the great territory of Virginia into North and South colonies, has already been mentioned. Still more

feeble were the operations of the Plymouth company, to whom was assigned the conduct of the northern division, although animated by the zeal of Sir John Popham, chief justice of England, Sir Fernando Gorges, and other public spirited gentlemen of the west.

In the year 1607, the same in which James Town was founded, a small settlement was commenced on the river Sagadahoc, now called the Kennebec; but this was soon abandoned. Some fishing vessels visited Cape Cod several times; among them, one commanded by Captain Smith, who returned with a high-wrought description of the coast and country, exhibiting a map of the bays, harbors, &c., on which he inscribed "New England;" the Prince of Wales, delighted with the representations of Smith, immediately confirmed the name.

To the operations of religion, rather than to the desire of pecuniary emolument, are the various settlements of New England indebted for their origin. The sacred rights of conscience and of private judgment were not then properly understood; nor was the charity and mutual forbearance taught Christians by their divine Master, practised in any country. Every church employed the hand of power in supporting its own doctrines, and opposing the tenets of another.

In reforming the rituals and exterior symbols of the church of England, Elizabeth, lest by too wide a departure from the Romish church, she might alarm the populace, had allowed many of the ancient ceremonies to remain unaltered. With several of these a large number of her subjects being dissatisfied, they wished to address their Creator according to their own opinions, but were subjected to very rigorous penalties.

Those who dissented from the established church obtained the general name of *Puritans*, a term applied to them because they wished for a *purser* form of discipline and worship. Among the most popular and strenuous declaimers against the established church, were the Brownists, a sect formed about 1581, by Robert Brown, who afterwards renounced his principles of separation, and took orders in the church against which he had so loudly declaimed. The Rev. John Robinson, the father of the first settlement of New England, is said to have been a follower of Brown, but afterwards renounced the principles of the Brownists, and became the founder of a new sect, denominated *Independents*.

Mr. Robinson affirmed that all Christian congregations were so many independent religious societies, that had a right to be governed by their own laws, independent of any foreign

jurisdiction. Being persecuted in England, he, with many others embracing his opinions, removed to Holland, where they formed churches upon their own principles. Remaining there some years, the society were desirous to remove to some other place: they turned their thoughts to America, and applied to James, who, though he refused to give them any positive assurance of toleration, seems to have intimated some promise of passive indulgence.

They readily procured a tract of land from the Plymouth Company. One hundred and twenty persons sailed from Plymouth in 1620, their destination being Hudson's river: by some treachery of the Dutch, who then contemplated, and afterwards effected a settlement at that place, they were carried to the north, and landed on Cape Cod, the eleventh of November of that year.

They chose for their residence a place called by the Indians Patuxet, to which they gave the name of New Plymouth. Before spring, half their number were cut off by famine or disease. In a few days after they landed, Captain Standish was engaged in skirmishing with the Indians; and the many disasters which followed, together with the implacable hostility of the Indians, which always has subsisted, are perhaps more owing to the imprudence of the first settlers, than to the bad disposition of the natives.

This colony, like that of Virginia, at first held their goods and property in common; and their progress was retarded as well by this circumstance, as by the impulse of imaginary inspiration, which regulated all their actions. At the end of ten years, these well-meaning people, when they became incorporated with their more powerful neighbors of Massachusetts Bay, did not exceed three hundred.

In the year 1629, Mr. White, a non-conformist minister at Dorchester, having formed an association, purchased from the Plymouth company a tract extending in length from three miles north of Merrimac river, to three miles south of Charles river, and in breadth from the Atlantic to the Southern ocean; and obtained a charter from Charles, similar to that given to the two Virginian companies by James. Five ships were fitted out, on board of which were embarked upwards of three hundred souls, amongst whom were several eminent non-conforming ministers.

On their arrival, they found the remnant of a small party that had left England the preceding year, under the conduct of Mr. Endicott, who had been appointed by his companions deputy governor. They were settled at a place called by the Indians Naumkeag, to which he had given the

scripture name of Salem. The new colonists immediately formed a church, elected a pastor, teacher, and elder, disregarding the intentions of the king. They disencumbered their public worship of every superfluous ceremony, and reduced it to the lowest standard of Calvinistic simplicity.

But much as we respect that noble spirit which enabled them to part with their native soil, we must condemn the persecuting spirit of the colonists themselves. Some of the colonists, retaining a high veneration for the ritual of the church of England, refused to join the colonial state establishment, and assembled separately to worship; Endicott called before him two of the principal offenders, expelled them from the colony, and sent them home in the first ships returning to England.

The government of the colony was soon transferred to America, and vested in those members of the company who should reside there. John Winthrop was appointed governor, and Thomas Dudley deputy governor, with eighteen assistants. In the course of the next year, 1630, fifteen hundred persons arrived in Massachusetts from England, amongst whom were several distinguished families, some of them in easy, and others in affluent circumstances; and Boston, Charlestown, Dorchester, Roxbury, and other towns were settled.

The first general court, held at Charlestown, ventured to deviate from their charter in a matter of great moment: a law was passed, declaring that none should be freemen, or be entitled to any share in the government, except those who had been received as members of the church.

The fanatical spirit continued to increase. A minister of Salem, named Roger Williams, having conceived an aversion to the cross of St. George, a symbol in the English standard, declaimed against it with great vehemence, as a relic of superstition; and Endicott, in a transport of zeal, cut out the cross from the ensign displayed before the governor's gate. This frivolous matter divided the colony; but the matter was at length compromised by retaining the cross in the ensigns of forts and vessels, and erasing it from the colors of the militia.

*Settlement of Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Hampshire
Maine, Maryland, and North and South Carolina.*

IN 1636, Roger Williams was banished from Salem; and, accompanied by many of his hearers, the exile went south, purchased a tract of land of the natives, to which he gave the name of Providence; and a Mr. Coddington, with seventy-six others, exiled from Boston, bought a fertile island on Narraganset Bay, that acquired the name of Rhode Island. Mr. Coddington embraced the sentiments of the Quakers, or Friends; he received a charter from the British parliament, in which it was ordered, that "none were ever to be molested for any difference of opinion in religious matters:" yet, the very first assembly convened on this authority, excluded Roman Catholics from voting at elections, and from every office in the government!

To similar causes the state of Connecticut is indebted for its origin. Mr. Hooker, a favorite minister of Massachusetts, with about one hundred families, after a fatiguing march, settled on the western side of the river Connecticut, and laid the foundation of Hartford, Springfield, and Weathersfield. Their right to this territory was disputed by the Dutch, who had settled at the mouth of the Hudson; and by the lords Say-and-Seal and Brook. The Dutch were soon expelled; and the others uniting with the colony, all were incorporated by a royal charter.

New Hampshire was first settled in the spring of 1623, under the patronage of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, Captain John Mason, and several others, who sent over David Thompson, a Scot, Edward and William Hilton, and a number of people, furnished with the requisite supplies. One company landed at a place called Little Harbor; the others settled at Dover. Mr. Wheelwright, a clergyman, banished from Massachusetts, founded Exeter in 1638.

Maine was not permanently settled until 1635. Gorges obtained a grant of this territory, which remained under its own government until 1652, when its soil and jurisdiction, as far as the middle of Casco Bay, was claimed by Massachusetts.

The mutual hostility of the English and Indians commenced with the first settlement; but it was not until the year 1637, that a systematic warfare was begun. The Pequods, who brought into the field more than a thousand war-

riors, were exterminated in a few months by the combined troops of Massachusetts and Connecticut. In the night, the Pequods were attacked, near the head of Mystic, by the Connecticut troops and Narraganset Indians, commanded by Captain Mason: in a few moments, five or six hundred lay gasping in their blood, or were silent in the arms of death. "The darkness of the forest," observes a New England author, "the blaze of the dwellings, the ghastly looks of the dead, the groans of the dying, the shrieks of the women and children, and the yells of the friendly savages, presented a scene of sublimity and terror indescribably dreadful."

In 1643, an alliance for mutual defense was formed between the New England colonies, excepting Rhode Island, which Massachusetts was unwilling to admit. This alliance continued until the charters were annulled by James the Second.

Up to 1638, twenty-one thousand British subjects had settled in New England; and the country had begun to extend the fisheries, and to export corn and lumber to the West Indies. In 1656, the persecution of the Quakers was at its height. A number of these inoffensive people having arrived in the Massachusetts colony, from England and Barbadoes and given offense to the clergy of the established church by the novelty of their religion, were imprisoned, and by the first opportunity sent away.

A law was passed, which prohibited masters of ships from bringing Quakers into Massachusetts, and themselves from coming there, under a graduated penalty, rising, in case of a return from banishment to death. In consequence, several were hanged! These proceedings are still the more reprehensible and remarkable, when contrasted with a previous declaration of their government, which tendered "hospitality and succor to all christian strangers, flying from wars, famine. or the tyranny of persecution." The Anabaptists were also persecuted; many were disfranchised, and some were banished.

On the accession of James II., several of the New England colonies were deprived of their charters; but these, with various unimportant modifications, were restored after the revolution. Sir William Phipps, a native of Maine, who rose to wealth and power in a manner the most extraordinary, was the first governor of Massachusetts under the new charter. With a force of seven hundred men, he wrested from the French, L'Acadie, now called Nova Scotia. He afterwards made an unsuccessful attempt on Quebec, with the loss of one thousand men.

The new charter, whilst it curtailed the liberties, extended the territory of Massachusetts; to it were now annexed New Plymouth, Maine, and Nova Scotia, with all the country between the latter and the river St. Lawrence; also Elizabeth Islands, Martha's Vineyard, and Nantucket. The people, however, had just reason to complain that they no longer chose their governor, under whose control was the militia, and who levied taxes without their consent, and tried capital offenses.

About this time the pillars of society were shaken to the foundation, in and about Salem, by imaginary witchcraft. The delusion commenced in Salem village, now Danvers, in the family of Rev. Samuel Paris. Two young girls, one a daughter of Mr. Paris, aged 9, the other a niece, aged 11, were affected with singular nervous disorders, which, as they baffled the skill of the physician, were thought to proceed from an "evil hand." The children were believed by the neighbors to be bewitched, and the belief, sanctioned by the opinion of the physician, became general throughout the vicinity.

The more the girls were noticed and pitied, the more singular and extravagant was their conduct. Upon the advice of the neighboring ministers, two or three private fasts were first kept; afterwards a public one in the village and other congregations; and finally, the general court appointed a fast through the colony. This course gave the occurrences a solemn aspect, and probably contributed to the public credulity, till the supposed witchcraft had extended throughout a great part of the county of Essex. The infatuation prevailed from March to October, 1692, during which time twenty persons, men and women, were executed. It was then that suspicion roused from its lethargy; condemnation ceased; the accusers were silent; those under sentence were relieved, and afterwards pardoned.

In the years 1627, '38, '63, and '70, New England experienced violent earthquakes. In the year 1638, Harvard College, near Boston, the oldest seminary of learning in the United States, was founded. Four hundred pounds were voted to it by the general court; and this sum was nearly doubled by a bequest from Mr. John Harvard, a minister of Charlestown. This institution is now the most richly endowed of all the American colleges.

Yale College, at New Haven, was founded in 1701, ten years after that of William and Mary, in Virginia; and Dartmouth College, in New Hampshire, was founded in 1769. The first printing press established in the British colonies

was in 1639, at Cambridge, superintended by Stephen Daye; but erected chiefly at the expense of Mr. Glover, an English clergyman, who died on his passage to America.

Maryland, the first colony that, from its beginning, was directly governed as a province of the British empire, was founded by Sir George Calvert, baron of Baltimore in Ireland, a Roman Catholic nobleman, born in England. He first went to Virginia; but meeting an unwelcome reception there, on account of his religion, he fixed his attention to the lands north of the Potomac, and obtained a grant of them from Charles I. This country was called Maryland, in honor of the queen, Henrietta Maria.

The religious toleration established by the charter, the first draft of which is said to have been written by Sir George himself, is honorable to his memory. The grant was given to his eldest son, Cecilius, who succeeded to his titles; but Leonard Calvert, brother to Cecilius, was the first governor, and made the first stand, at an island in the Potomac, which he named St. Clement's, in 1633. He made several purchases of the Indians, with whom he cultivated a constant friendship, as well on the Potomac as on both shores of the Chesapeake.

Never did any people enjoy more happiness than the inhabitants of Maryland. Whilst Virginia harassed all who dissented from the English church, and the northern colonies all who dissented from the puritans, the Roman Catholics of Maryland, a sect who in the old world never professed the doctrine of toleration, received and protected their brethren of every christian church, and its population was rapidly increased.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, some emigrants, chiefly from Virginia, began a settlement in the county of Albemarle; and soon afterwards, another establishment was commenced at Cape Fear, by adventurers from Massachusetts. These were held together by the laws of nature without any written code, for some time. But Charles II. compelled the colonists to become subservient to his rule, and granted to Lord Clarendon and others the tract of land which now composes North and South Carolina; perfect freedom in religion was granted in the charter.

The first settlement was placed under the command of Sir William Berkeley, Governor of Virginia, who assigned his authority to Mr. Drummond. In 1671, the proprietors extended their settlements to the banks of Ashley and Cooper rivers, where Charlestown now stands; and eventually this became the separate state of South Carolina. The culture

of cotton commenced here in 1700, and that of indigo in 1748.

Settlement of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Georgia.

NEW YORK was first settled by the Dutch, and was by them held for about half a century. It was however claimed by England as the first discoverer. Peter Stuyvesant, the third and last Dutch governor, began his administration in 1647, and was distinguished no less for his fidelity than his vigilance. In 1664 the colony surrendered to the English; and the whole territory now comprising New York, New Jersey, together with Pennsylvania, Delaware, and a part of Connecticut, was assigned by Charles II. to his brother the Duke of York. The Dutch inhabitants remained; Stuyvesant retained his estate, and died in the colony. The country was governed by the duke's officers until 1688; when representatives of the people were allowed a voice in the legislature.

In 1664, the Duke of York sold that part of his grant now called New Jersey to Lord Berkeley and Sir George Carteret. It had previously been settled by Hollanders, Swedes, and Danes. The county of Bergen was the first inhabited; and very soon the towns of Elizabeth, Newark, Middletown, and Shrewsbury, were settled. The college, originally established at Newark, was, in 1748, finally fixed at Princeton: its chief benefactor was Governor Belcher. Among the governors of New Jersey was the celebrated Barclay, author of the Apology for the Quakers, of which sect a large number had established themselves there.

Pennsylvania was founded by William Penn, son of a distinguished admiral of the same name. From principle this excellent man joined the Quakers, then an obscure and persecuted sect. As one of the members, and a preacher, Penn was repeatedly imprisoned; but he pleaded his own cause with great boldness, and procured his own acquittal

from an independent jury, who with himself were imprisoned until an unjust penalty was paid.

In 1631, he purchased of Charles the tract now called Pennsylvania, for an acquittance of sixteen thousand pounds due to his father: and soon after, he obtained from the Duke of York a conveyance of the town of New Castle, with the country which now forms the state of Delaware. The first colony, which were chiefly of his own sect, began their settlement above the confluence of the Schuylkill and Delaware rivers. In August, 1682, this amiable man embarked, with about two thousand emigrants, and in October, arrived in the Delaware.

Besides his own people, he was aided in the first settlement by Swedes, Dutch, Finlanders, and other English. The first legislative assembly was held at Chester, at that time called Upland. Among the first laws was one which declared "that none, acknowledging one God, and living peaceable in society, should be molested for his opinions or his practice; nor be compelled to frequent or maintain any ministry whatever." Philadelphia was begun in 1683, and in 1699, it contained seven hundred houses, and about four thousand inhabitants.

During the first seventy years of this settlement, no instance occurred of the Indians killing unarmed people. The wise and good man, Penn, made every exertion and sacrifice to promote the peace and prosperity of his favorite colony; and between the persecution he had to encounter in England, and the difficulties in Pennsylvania, his life was a continued scene of vexation—his private fortune was materially injured by the advances he made—he was harassed by his creditors, and obliged to undergo a temporary deprivation of his personal liberty.

He died in London, in 1718, leaving an inheritance to his children ultimately of immense value, which they enjoyed until the revolution, when it was assigned to the commonwealth for an equitable sum of money. In the interval between 1730 and the war of the revolution, in this state, there was a great influx of emigrants, principally from Germany and Ireland; and these people early brought the useful arts and manufactures into Pennsylvania. To the Germans she is indebted for the spinning and weaving of linen and woolen cloths; to the Irish, for various trades indispensable to useful agriculture.

Delaware was first settled in 1627, by the Swedes and Finlanders, and the colony bore the name of New Sweden. It was afterwards conquered by the Dutch from New York.

and remained subservient to that colony, until it passed in to the hands of the English.

Georgia was the last settled of the thirteen colonies that revolted from Britain. It received its name from George II. In November, 1732, one hundred and sixteen persons embarked at Gravesend, under Oglethorpe; and early in the ensuing year arrived at Charleston. From this port they proceeded to their destined territory, and laid the foundation of Savannah.

The Spaniards laid claim to this territory, and made extensive preparations to attack it. But through the finesse of Oglethorpe, in practising an innocent deception, their plans were defeated. For many years, this settlement languished from a variety of causes. General Oglethorpe was distinguished as a soldier, a statesman, and a philanthropist. At the beginning of the American revolution, he was offered the command of the British army in America, but this from principle he declined. After the contest was decided, he died at the age of ninety-seven years, being the oldest general in the British service.

War with France and conquest of Canada.

NEARLY coeval with the first English settlement at James Town, in Virginia, was the establishment of a French colony at Quebec, on the great river St. Lawrence. The question of boundary between England and France, had long been a subject of unavailing negotiation. France, besides having Canada in the north, had also discovered and settled on the Mississippi in the south; and in 1753, she strove, by a military chain, the links of which were to be formed by outposts stretching along the Ohio and the lakes, to connect these two extremities, and thus restrain the British colonists to a small territory on the Atlantic ocean, if not entirely expel them from the country.

The question of jurisdiction remained to be decided by the sword. Repeated complaints of violence having come to the ears of the Governor of Virginia, he determined to send a suitable person to the French commander at Fort Du Quesne, (now Pittsburgh,) demanding the reason of his hostile proceedings, and insisting that he should evacuate the fort which he had recently erected. For this arduous un-

dertaking, George Washington, a major of militia, then little more than twenty-one years of age, offered his services.

The execution of this task seems to have been accomplished with all that prudence and courage, which were so eminently displayed by this hero in after life. At imminent peril, being waylaid and fired at by the Indians, he not only faithfully accomplished the errand on which he had been sent, but gained extensive information of the distances and bearings of places, and of the number, size, and strength of nearly all the enemy's fortresses.

The reply of the French commander brought matters to a crisis; and in 1754, the Virginia assembly organized a regiment, to support the claims of the English over the territory in dispute: of this regiment a Mr. Fry was appointed colonel, and the young Washington lieutenant-colonel. Col. Fry dying, the command of the whole devolved on Washington. The French having been strongly reinforced, Washington was obliged to fall back—was attacked in works which he had not time to complete, and, after a brave defense, was obliged to capitulate,—the enemy allowing him to march out with the honors of war, and retire unmolested to the inhabited parts of Virginia.

The next year, 1755, General Braddock was sent from Europe to Virginia, with two regiments, where he was joined by as many provincials as made his force amount to twenty-two hundred. Braddock was a brave man, but lacked that courtesy which could conciliate the Americans, and that modesty which should profit from the knowledge of those who better knew the ground over which he was to pass, and the mode of French and Indian warfare, than himself. He pushed on incautiously, until within a few miles of fort Du Quesne, he fell into an ambush of French and Indians.

In a short time, Washington, who acted as aid to Braddock, and whose duty called him to be on horseback, was the only person mounted who was left alive, or not wounded. The van of the army was forced back, and the whole thrown into confusion. The slaughter was dreadful. Braddock was mortally wounded. What was remarkable, the provincial troops preserved their order, and covered the retreat under Washington; while the regulars broke their ranks, and could not be rallied.

Three successive campaigns procured nothing but expense and disappointment to the English. With an inferior force, the French had succeeded in every campaign; and gloomy apprehensions were entertained as to the destiny of the British colonies. But in 1756, a change of ministry in

England took place. William Pitt was placed at the helm. To despair, succeeded hope; and to hope, victory. Supplies were granted with liberality, and given without reluctance; soldiers enlisted freely, and fought with enthusiasm.

In a short time the French were dispossessed, not only of all the territories in dispute, but of Quebec, and her ancient province of Canada; so that all which remained to her of her numerous settlements in North America, was New-Orleans, with a few plantations on the Mississippi. Full of youth and spirit, the gallant General Wolf, who led the European and colonial troops to victory, fell before the walls of Quebec, in the moment of success. In 1762, hostilities having raged nearly eight years, a general peace was concluded: France ceded Canada, and Spain relinquished, as the price of recovering Havana, which had been taken by the British, both the Floridas to Great Britain.

Difficulties between Great Britain and the Colonies, and the consequent War of the Revolution.

ALTHOUGH the American colonies had principally contributed to the great extension of the power of Great Britain, co-operating with the vigilance of more than four hundred cruisers on the sea, and furnishing more than twenty-four thousand soldiers; yet the latter regarded her plantations as mere instruments in her hands. On the contrary, the high sentiments of liberty and independence nurtured in the colonies from their local situation and habits, were increased by the removal of hostile neighbors. Ideas favorable to independence increased; and whilst combustible materials were collecting in the new world, a brand to enkindle them was preparing in the old.

In 1765, under the auspices of the minister, George

Grenville, the obnoxious stamp act passed in the British parliament,—by which the instruments of writing in daily use were to be null and void, unless, executed on paper or parchment stamped with a specific duty: law documents, leases, deeds and indentures, newspapers and advertisements, almanacs and pamphlets, executed and printed in America,—all must contribute to the British treasury.

The bill did not pass without the decided opposition of patriots in the British legislature, who foretold the result, and who declared that, the colonies being planted by British oppression, and having assisted the mother country, the mother had no claim on the child to derive from it a revenue. The bill did not take effect until seven months after its passage; thus giving the colonists an opportunity of leisurely examining and viewing the subject on every side.

They were struck with silent consternation; but the voice of opposition was first heard in Virginia. Patrick Henry, on the 20th of May, brought into the house of burgesses in that colony, a number of resolutions, which were adopted, and which concluded with declaring, "That every individual, who, by speaking or acting, should assert or maintain that any person or body of men, except the general assembly of the province, had any right to impose taxation there, should be deemed an enemy to his majesty's colony."

These resolutions were immediately disseminated through the other provinces,—the tongues and the pens of well-informed men labored in the holy cause,—the fire of liberty blazed forth from the press. The assembly of Massachusetts passed a resolution in favor of a continental congress, and fixed a day for its meeting at New-York, in October. The other colonies, with the exception of four, accepted the invitation, and assembled at the appointed place. Here they agreed on a declaration of their rights. There was, however, a considerable degree of timidity evinced in this congress.—The boldest and most impressive arguments were offered by James Otis of Massachusetts.

The time arrived for the act to take effect; and the aversion to it was expressed in still stronger terms throughout the colonies. By a common consent, its provisions were disregarded, and business was conducted, in defiance of the parliament, as if no stamp act was in existence: associations were formed against importing British manufactures until the law should be repealed; and lawyers were prohibited from instituting any action for money due to any inhabitant of England.

The spirited conduct of the colonists affecting the in-

terests of the British merchants, had the desired effect. Warm discussions took place in the British parliament, and the ablest speakers in both houses denied the justice of taxing the colonies. The opposition could not be withstood; and in March, 1766, the law was repealed. Simultaneously, however, with repealing this act, the British Parliament passed another, declaring that the British parliament had a right to make laws binding the colonies in all cases whatever; and soon after another bill was passed, imposing in the colonies duties on glass, paper, painters' colors, and tea.

The fire of opposition was now rekindled with additional ardor, by the same principle, exhibited in its new form.—The best talents throughout the colonies were engaged in the public prints and in pamphlets, to work up the public feeling against the arbitrary measures of the British parliament. New associations were formed to suspend the importation of British manufactures. The Massachusetts assembly, having passed resolutions to this effect, drew forth the marked displeasure of the crown; and, on their refusal to cancel their resolutions, were dissolved.

In 1768, Mr. Hancock's sloop *Liberty* was seized at Boston, for not entering all the wines she had brought from Madeira: this inflamed the populace to a high degree of resentment. Soon afterwards, two British regiments, and some armed vessels, were sent to Boston, to assist the revenue officers. The parliament, encouraged by the expectation of quelling the refractory by their arms, continued to dissolve the opposing assemblies; but the colonies remained firm in their purposes.

Lord North succeeded the Duke of Grafton, as British premier in 1770; and the act was repealed imposing a duty on glass, paper, and painters' colors; but that on tea was retained. Some slight prospect of allaying the difficulties succeeded. But on the second of March an affray took place in Boston, between a private soldier and an inhabitant. This was succeeded, in a few days afterwards, by a mob meeting a party of British soldiers under arms, who were dared to fire, and who at length did fire, and killed five persons. The captain who commanded, and the troops who fired, were afterwards tried for murder, and acquitted.

Things continued in this mode of partial irritation until 1773, when the British East India Company were authorized to export their tea to all places free of duty. As this would enable them to sell that article cheaper in America, with the government exactions, than they had before sold it without them, it was confidently calculated that teas might

be extensively disposed of in the colonies. Large consignments of tea were sent to various ports, and agents appointed for its disposal.

The consignees, in several places, were compelled to relinquish their appointments. Popular vengeance prevented the landing at New York or Philadelphia. In Boston it was otherwise. The tea for the supply of that port was consigned to the sons and particular friends of Governor Hutchinson. The tea was landed by the strenuous exertions of the governor and consignees. But soon a party of men, dressed as Indians boarded the tea ships, broke open the cargoes, and threw the contents into the sea.

Enraged against the people of Boston, the parliament resolved to take legislative vengeance on that devoted town. Disregarding the forms of the British constitution, by which none are to be punished without trial, they passed a bill, closing, in a commercial sense, its port: its custom house and trade were soon after removed to Salem. The charter of the colony was new modelled, so that the whole executive government was taken from the people, and the nomination to all important offices vested in the crown; and it was enacted, that if any person was indicted for any capital offense committed in aiding the magistrates, he might be sent to Great Britain or another colony for trial.

Property, liberty, and life, were thus subject to ministerial caprice. The parliament went still farther, and passed an act extending the boundaries of Canada, southward to the Ohio, westward to the Mississippi, and northward to the borders of the Hudson's Bay Company, assimilating its laws with the French, which dispensed with the trial by jury, and rendering the inhabitants passive agents in the hands of power.

The same subject continued.

THE flame was now kindled in every breast ; and associations were formed, and committees of correspondence were established, which produced a unity of thought and action throughout the colonies. General Gage, the British commander in chief, arrived in Boston, in 1774, with more troops, with the avowed intention of dragooning the refractory Bostonians into compliance. A general sympathy was excited for the suffering inhabitants of Boston : addresses poured in from all quarters ; Marblehead offered to the Boston merchants the use of their wharves, and Salem refused to adopt the trade, the offer of which had been proffered as a temptation to her cupidity.

Affairs rapidly approached a crisis. The preparations for offense and defense, induced General Gage to fortify Boston, and to seize on the powder lodged at the arsenal at Charlestown.

In September, deputies from most of the colonies met in congress, at Philadelphia. These delegates approved of the conduct of the people of Massachusetts ; wrote a letter to General Gage ; published a declaration of rights ; formed an association not to import or use British goods ; sent a petition to the king of Great Britain ; an address to the inhabitants of that kingdom ; another to the inhabitants of Canada ; and another to the inhabitants of the colonies. In the beginning of the next year, (1775,) was passed the *fishery bill*, by which the northern colonies were forbidden to fish on the banks of Newfoundland for a certain time. This bore hard upon the commerce of these colonies, which was in a great measure supported by the fishery.

Soon after, another bill was passed, which restrained the trade of the middle and southern colonies to Great Britain, Ireland, and the West Indies, except under certain conditions. These repeated acts of oppression on the part of Great Britain, alienated the affections of America from her parent and sovereign, and produced a combined opposition to the whole system of taxation. Preparations began to be made to oppose by force the execution of these acts of parliament. The militia of the country were trained to the use of arms—great encouragement was given to the manufacture of gunpowder, and measures were taken to obtain all kinds of military stores.

In February, Colonel Leslie was sent with a detachment of troops from Boston, to take possession of some cannon at Salem. But the people had intelligence of the design—took up the drawbridge in that town, and prevented the troops from passing, until the cannon were secured; so that the expedition failed. In April, Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn were sent with a body of troops, to destroy the military stores which had been collected at Concord, about twenty miles from Boston. At Lexington the militia were collected on a green, to oppose the incursion of the British forces. These were fired upon by the British troops, and eight men killed on the spot.

The militia were dispersed, and the troops proceeded to Concord, where they destroyed a few stores. But on their return they were incessantly harassed by the Americans, who, inflamed with just resentment, fired upon them from houses and fences, and pursued them to Boston. Here was spilled the first blood in the war which severed America from the British empire. Lexington opened the first scene of the great drama, which, in its progress, exhibited the most illustrious characters and events, and closed with a revolution equally glorious for the actors, and important in its consequences to the human race.

This battle roused all America. The militia collected from all quarters, and Boston was in a few days besieged by twenty thousand men. A stop was put to all intercourse between the town and country, and the inhabitants were reduced to great want of provisions. General Gage promised to let the people depart, if they would deliver up their arms. The people complied; but when the general had obtained their arms, he refused to let the people go.

In the mean time, a small number of men, under the command of Colonel Allen and Colonel Easton, without any public orders, surprised and took the British garrison at Concord without the loss of a man.

9. In June following, our troops attempted to fortify Bunker's Hill, which lies in Charlestown, and but a mile and a half from Boston. They had during the night thrown up a small breastwork, which sheltered them from the fire of the British cannon. But the next morning, the British army was sent to drive them from the hill; and landing under cover of their cannon, they set fire to Charlestown, which was consumed, and marched to attack our troops in the entrenchments.

A severe engagement ensued, in which the British suffered a very great loss, both of officers and privates. They

were repulsed at first, and thrown into disorder ; but they finally carried the fortification with the point of the bayonet. The Americans suffered a small loss compared with the British ; but the death of the brave General Warren, who fell in the action, a martyr to the cause of his country, was severely felt and universally lamented.

About this time, the continental congress appointed George Washington, Esq. to the chief command of the continental army. This gentleman had been a distinguished and successful officer in the preceding war, and he seemed destined by Heaven to be the savior of his country. He accepted the appointment with a diffidence which was proof of his prudence and his greatness. He refused any pay for eight years laborious and arduous service ; and by his matchless skill, fortitude, and perseverance, conducted America, through indescribable difficulties, to independence and peace. While true merit is esteemed, or virtue honored, mankind will never cease to revere the memory of this hero ; and while gratitude remains in the human breast, the praises of WASHINGTON shall dwell on every American tongue.

General Washington, with other officers appointed by congress, arrived at Cambridge, and took command of the American army in July. From this time, the affairs of America began to assume the appearance of a regular and general opposition to the forces of Great Britain.

In autumn, a body of troops, under the command of General Montgomery, besieged and took the garrison at St. John's, which commands the entrance into Canada. The prisoners amounted to about seven hundred. General Montgomery pursued his success, and took Montreal, and designed to push his victories to Quebec. A body of troops, commanded by Arnold, was ordered to march to Canada by the river Kennebec, and through the wilderness. After suffering every hardship, and the most distressing hunger, they arrived in Canada, and were joined by General Montgomery before Quebec.

This city, which was commanded by Governor Carleton, was immediately besieged. But there being little hope of taking the town by a siege, it was determined to storm it. The attack was made on the last day of December, but proved unsuccessful, and fatal to the brave general, who with his aid was killed in attempting to scale the walls. Of the three divisions which attacked the town, one only entered, and that was compelled to surrender to superior force. After this defeat, Arnold who now commanded the troops, continued some months before Quebec, although his troops suffer-

ed incredibly by cold and sickness. But the next spring the Americans were obliged to retreat from Canada.

About this time the large and flourishing town of Norfolk, in Virginia, was wantonly burnt by order of Lord Dunmore, the royal governor. General Gage went to England in September, and was succeeded in command by General Howe, Falmouth, a considerable town in the province of Maine, in Massachusetts, shared the fate of Norfolk; being laid in ashes by order of the British admiral.

The British king entered into treaties with some of the German princes for about seventeen thousand men, who were to be sent to America the next year, to assist in subduing the colonies. The British Parliament also passed an act, forbidding all intercourse with America; and while they repealed the Boston port and fishery bills, they declared all American property on the high seas forfeited to the captors.

This act induced congress to change the mode of carrying on the war; and measures were taken to annoy the enemy in Boston. For this purpose batteries were opened on several hills, from whence shot and bombs were thrown into the town. But the batteries which were opened on Dorchester point had the best effect; and soon obliged general Howe to abandon the town. In March, 1776, the British troops embarked for Halifax, and general Washington entered the town in triumph.

In the ensuing summer, a small squadron of ships; under the command of sir Peter Parker, and a body of troops under the generals Clinton and Cornwallis, attempted to take Charleston, the capital of South Carolina. The ships made a violent attack upon the fort on Sullivan's island, but were repulsed with great loss, and the expedition was abandoned.

The same subject continued.

In July, 1776, congress published their Declaration of Independence, which forever separated America from Great Britain. This great event took place two hundred and

eighty-four years after the first discovery of America by Columbus—one hundred and seventy from the first effectual settlements in Virginia—and one hundred and fifty-six from the first settlement of Plymouth in Massachusetts, which were the earliest English settlements in America. Just after this declaration, General Howe, with a powerful force, arrived near New-York, and landed the troops upon Staten Island. General Washington was in New-York, with about thirteen thousand men, encamped either in the city, or in the neighboring fortifications.

The operations of the British began by the action on Long Island, in the month of August. The Americans were defeated, and General Sullivan and Lord Sterling, with a large body of men, were made prisoners. The night after the engagement, a retreat was ordered, and executed with such silence, that the Americans left the Island without alarming their enemies, and without loss. In September, the city of New-York was abandoned by the American army, and taken by the British.

In November, fort Washington, on York Island, was taken, and more than two thousand men made prisoners. Fort Lee, opposite to Fort Washington, on the Jersey shore, was soon after taken, but the garrison escaped. About the same time, General Clinton was sent, with a body of troops, to take possession of Rhode Island, and succeeded. In addition to all these losses and defeats, the American army suffered by desertion, and more by sickness, which was epidemic, and very mortal.

The northern army, at Ticonderoga, was in a disagreeable situation, particularly after the battle on Lake Champlain, in which the American force consisting of a few light vessels under the command of Arnold and General Waterbury, was totally dispersed. But General Carleton, instead of pursuing his victory, landed at Crown Point, reconnoitered our posts at Ticonderoga and Mount Independence, and returned to winter quarters in Canada.

At the close of this year, the American army was dwindled to a handful of men; and General Lee was taken prisoner in New-Jersey. Far from being discouraged at these losses, congress took measures to raise and establish an army. In this critical situation, General Washington surprised and took a large body of Hessians, who were cantoned at Trenton; and soon after, another body of the British troops, at Princeton. The address in planning and executing these enterprises, reflected the highest honor on the commander and the success revived the desponding hopes of

America. The loss of General Mercer, a gallant officer, at Princeton, was the principal circumstance that allayed the joy of victory.

The following year (1777) was distinguished by very memorable events in favor of America. On the opening of the campaign, governor Tryon was sent, with a body of troops, to destroy the stores at Danbury, in Connecticut. The plan was executed, and the town mostly burnt. The enemy suffered in their retreat, and the Americans lost general Wooster, a brave and experienced officer. General Prescott was taken from his quarters on Rhode Island, by the address and enterprise of Col. Barton, and conveyed prisoner to the continent.

General Burgoyne, who commanded the northern British army, took possession of Ticonderoga, which had been abandoned by the Americans. He pushed his successes, crossed lake George, and encamped upon the banks of the Hudson, near Saratoga. His progress was however checked by the defeat of Colonel Baum, near Bennington, in which the undisciplined militia of Vermont under General Stark, displayed unexampled bravery and captured almost the whole detachment.

The militia assembled from all parts of New England, to stop the progress of General Burgoyne. These, with the regular troops, formed a respectable army, commanded by General Gates. After two severe actions, in which the generals Lincoln and Arnold behaved with uncommon gallantry, and were wounded. General Burgoyne found himself enclosed with brave troops, and was forced to surrender his whole army, amounting to seven thousand men, into the hands of the Americans. This happened in October. This event diffused a universal joy over America, and laid a foundation for the treaty with France.

But before these transactions, the main body of the British forces had embarked at New-York, sailed up the Chesapeake, and landed at the head of Elk River. The army soon began their march for Philadelphia. General Washington had determined to oppose them, and for this purpose made a stand upon the heights near Brandywine Creek. Here the armies engaged, and the Americans were overpowered, and suffered great loss.

The enemy soon pursued their march, and took possession of Philadelphia toward the close of September. Not long after, the two armies were again engaged at Germantown, and in the beginning of the action the Americans had the advantage; but by some unlucky accident, the fortune of

the day was turned in favor of the British. Both sides suffered considerable loss ; on the side of the Americans was General Nash.

In an attack upon the forts at Mud Island and Red Bank, the Hessians were unsuccessful, and their commander, Colonel Donop, killed. The British also lost the *Augusta*, a ship of the line. But the forts were afterwards taken, and the navigation of the Delaware opened. General Washington was reinforced with part of the troops which had composed the northern army, under General Gates ; and both armies retired to winter quarters.

In October, the same month in which General Burgoyne was taken at Saratoga, General Vaughan, with a small fleet, sailed up Hudson's River, and wantonly burnt Kingston, a beautiful Dutch settlement, on the west side of the river.

13. The beginning of the next year (1778) was distinguished by a treaty of alliance between France and America ; by which we obtained a powerful ally. When the English ministry was informed that this treaty was on foot, they dispatched commissioners to America to attempt a reconciliation. But America would not now accept their offers. Early in the spring, Count de Estaing, with a fleet of fifteen sail of the line, was sent by the court of France, to assist America.

General Howe left the Army, and returned to England ; the command then devolved upon Sir Henry Clinton. In June, the British army left Philadelphia, and marched for New-York. On their march they were much annoyed by the Americans ; and at Monmouth a very regular action took place between part of the armies ; the enemy were repulsed with great loss ; and had General Lee obeyed his orders, a signal victory must have been obtained. General Lee, for his ill conduct that day, was suspended, and was never afterwards permitted to join the army.

In August, General Sullivan, with a large body of troops, attempted to take possession of Rhode Island, but did not succeed. Soon after the stores and shipping at Bedford, in Massachusetts, were burnt by a party of British troops.—The same year, Savannah, the capital of Georgia, was taken by the British, under the command of Colonel Campbell. In the following year, (1779,) General Lincoln was appointed to the command of the southern army. Governor Tryon and Sir George Collier made an incursion into Connecticut, and burnt with wanton barbarity, the towns of Fairfield and Norwalk.

But the American arms were crowned with success in a bold attack upon Stony Point, which was surprised and

taken by General Wayne, in the night of the 15th of July. Five hundred men were made prisoners, with a small loss on either side. A party of British forces attempted, this summer, to build a fort on Penobscot River, for the purpose of cutting timber in the neighboring forests. A plan was laid, by Massachusetts, to dislodge them, and a considerable fleet collected for the purpose. But the plan failed of success, and the whole marine force fell into the hands of the British, except some vessels which were burnt by the Americans themselves.

In October, General Lincoln and Count de Estaing made an assault upon Savannah; but they were repulsed with considerable loss. In this action, the celebrated Polish Count Polaski, who had acquired the reputation of a brave soldier, was mortally wounded. In this summer, General Sullivan marched with a body of troops into the Indian country, and burnt and destroyed all their provisions and settlements that fell in his way.

On the opening of the campaign, the next year, (1780,) the British troops left Rhode Island. An expedition under General Clinton and Lord Cornwallis, was undertaken against Charleston, South Carolina, where General Lincoln commanded. This town, after a close siege of about six weeks, was surrendered to the British commander; and General Lincoln, and the whole American garrison, were made prisoners.

General Gates was appointed to the command in the southern department, and another army collected. In August, Lord Cornwallis attacked the American troops at Camden, in South Carolina, and routed them with considerable loss. He afterwards marched through the southern states, and supposed them entirely subdued. The same summer, the British troops made frequent incursions from New-York into the Jerseys, ravaging and plundering the country. In some of these descents, the Rev. Mr. Caldwell, a respectable clergyman and warm patriot, and his lady, were inhumanly murdered by the savage soldiery.

In July, a French fleet, under Monsieur de Ternay, with a body of land forces, commanded by Count de Rochambeau, arrived at Rhode Island, to the great joy of the Americans.

This year was also distinguished by the infamous treason of Arnold. General Washington having some business to transact at Wethersfield, in Connecticut, left Arnold to command the important post of West Point, which guards a pass in Hudson's River, about sixty miles from New-York.

Arnold's conduct in the city of Philadelphia, the preceding winter had been censured, and the treatment he received in consequence had given him offense. He determined to have revenge: and for this purpose he entered into a negotiation with Sir Henry Clinton, to deliver West Point and the army into the hands of the British.

While General Washington was absent, he dismounted the cannon in some of the forts, and took other steps to render the taking of the post easy for the enemy. But by a providential discovery the whole plan was defeated. Major Andre, aid to General Clinton, a brave officer, who had been up the river as a spy, to concert the plan of operations with Arnold, was taken, condemned by a court-martial, and executed. Arnold made his escape by getting on board the *Vulture*, a British vessel which lay in the river. His conduct has stamped him with infamy, and, like all traitors, he is despised by all mankind. General Washington arrived in camp just after Arnold had made his escape, and restored order in the garrison.

After the defeat of General Gates, in Carolina, General Green was appointed to the command in the southern department. From this period, things in this quarter wore a more favorable aspect. Colonel Tarleton, the active commander of the British legion, was defeated by General Morgan, the intrepid commander of the riflemen. After a variety of movements, the two armies met Guilford, in North Carolina. Here was one of the best fought actions during the war. General Greene and Lord Cornwallis exerted themselves, at the head of their respective armies; and although the Americans were obliged to retire from the field of battle, yet the British army suffered an immense loss, and could not pursue the victory. This action happened on the 15th of March, 1781.

In the spring, Arnold, who was made a brigadier-general in the British service, with a small number of troops, sailed for Virginia, and plundered the country. This called the attention of the French fleet to that quarter, and a naval engagement took place, between the English and French, in which some of the English ships were much damaged, and one entirely disabled.

After the battle of Guilford, General Greene moved toward South Carolina, to drive the British from their posts in that state. Here Lord Rawdon obtained an inconsiderable advantage over the Americans, near Camden. But General Greene more than recovered this disadvantage, by the brilliant and successful action at the Eutaw Springs, where

General Marion distinguished himself, and the brave Colonel Washington was wounded and taken prisoner. Lord Cornwallis, finding General Greene successful in Carolina, marched to Virginia, collected his forces, and fortified himself in Yorktown.

In the mean time, Arnold made an incursion into Connecticut, burnt a part of New London, took Fort Griswold by storm, and put the garrison to the sword. The garrison consisted chiefly of men suddenly collected from the little town of Groton, which, by the savage cruelty of the British officer who commanded the attack, lost, in one hour, almost all its heads of families. The brave Colonel Ledyard, who commanded the fort, was slain with his own sword after he had surrendered.

The Marquis de la Fayette, the brave and generous nobleman, whose services command the gratitude of every American, had been despatched from the main army to watch the motions of Lord Cornwallis, in Virginia. About the last of August, Count de Grasse arrived with a large fleet in the Chesapeake, and blocked up the British troops at Yorktown. Admiral Greaves, with a British fleet, appeared off the Capes, and an action succeeded, but it was not decisive.

General Washington had before this time moved the main body of his army, together with the French troops, to the southward; and, as soon as he heard of the arrival of the French fleet in the Chesapeake, he made rapid marches to the head of the Elk, where, embarking, the troops soon arrived at Yorktown. A close siege immediately commenced, and was carried on with such vigor by the combined forces of America and France, that Lord Cornwallis was obliged to surrender.

This glorious event, which took place on the 19th of October, 1781, decided the contest in favor of America, and laid the foundation of a general peace. A few months after the surrender of Cornwallis, the British evacuated all their posts in South Carolina and Georgia, and retired to the main army in New-York.

The next spring, (1782,) Sir Guy Carlton arrived in New-York, and took command of the British army in America. Immediately after his arrival, he acquainted General Washington and congress, that negotiations for a peace had been commenced at Paris. On the 30th of November, 1782, the provisional articles of peace were signed at Paris, by which Great Britain acknowledged the independence and sovereignty of the United States of America.

Thus ended a long and arduous conflict, in which Great

Britain expended near a hundred millions of money, with a hundred thousand lives, and won nothing. America endured every cruelty and distress from her enemies—lost many lives and much treasure—but delivered herself from a foreign dominion, and gained a rank among the nations of the earth.

mm

CHAPTER II.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE,

By the representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, July 4, 1776.

WHEN, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires, that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that when any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem

most likely to affect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate, that governments long established, should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly, all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former system of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature—a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies, at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise; the state remaining, in the meantime, exposed to all the danger of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these states; for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependent on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of offices, and sent here swarms of officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction, foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation:

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

For protecting them by a mock trial, from punishment for any murder they should commit on the inhabitants of these states:

For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world:

For imposing taxes on us without our consent:

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury:

For transporting us beyond seas, to be tried for pretended offenses:

For abolishing the free system of English law in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule in these colonies:

For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering fundamentally the forms of our governments:

For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever:

He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is, at this time, transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries, to complete the works of death, desolation and tyranny, already begun, with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy, scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become

the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions, we have petitioned for redress, in the most humble terms: our petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince whose character is thus marked, by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts made by their legislature, to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connexions and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind—enemies in war—in peace, friends.

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connexion between them and the state of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as free and independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

Signed by order and in behalf of the Congress,
JOHN HANCOCK, *President.*

Attest, CHARLES THOMPSON, *Secretary.*

New Hampshire—Josiah Bartlett William Whipple, Matthew Thornton.







PS501

AG

1851



